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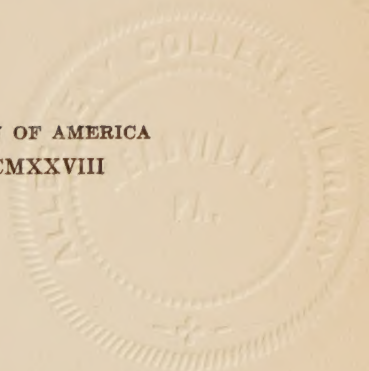
The poems of Mary Tighe
with parallel passages
from the work of
John Keats

EDITED BY
Earle Vonard Weller



THE CENTURY CO.
FOR THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
NEW YORK

MCMXXVIII



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TO SAMUEL H. WELLER (1835-1903), A.B., A.M., WITTENBERG; D.D., MCCORMICK
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY; FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT,
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INTRODUCTION

The story of John Keats possesses an universal appeal. The charm of his letters, the magic of his poetry, the tragedy of his love, and the brevity of his life have woven about his figure a web of romance. He represents the ideal poet, the youthful singer of truth and beauty. Lord Houghton, his first biographer, believed that Keats's diction and expression, extending so far beyond his knowledge of literature was quite inexplicable by the ordinary processes of education. "If his English reading had been more extensive," he said, "his inexhaustible vocabulary of picturesque and mimetic words could more easily be accounted for: but here is a surgeon's apprentice with the ordinary culture of the middle classes . . . reproducing these impressions in a phraseology as complete and unconventional as if he had mastered the whole history and the frequent variations of the English tongue, and elaborated a mode of utterance commensurate with his vast ideas." ¹

Professor Sélincourt, however, saw no such marvelous intuition in the work of Keats. "He was educated almost exclusively by the English poets," he declared. "The ideas which influenced his mind most vitally, the themes which most keenly affected his imagination, the language with which he widened the limited vocabulary of his ordinary life, came to him from the same channel." ² This young disciple of Aesculapius mixed in his poetic crucible the felicity of language of the age of Shakespeare; the delicate elements of medieval romance; the serene dignity of the Hellenic conception of beauty, with that attitude toward natural objects that is peculiar to the author of *The Seasons* and to Wordsworth. The result was what Kipling called "the attar of poetry."

Tracing the influence of the English poets on Keats is like peeping behind the curtain to watch the growth of a masterpiece. It enables us to understand more fully the character of his genius and contributes

¹ Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats, London, 1848, II, p. 104.

² The Poems of John Keats, New York, 1905, p. xx.

to our appreciation of the completed work, just as (and the words are those of Sélincourt) "our appreciation of Greek sculpture or Italian painting would be augmented if we could watch Phidias at work on the Parthenon or be admitted to the studio of Michelangelo."

The *Psyche* of Mary Tighe, published in 1811, was the "spark that fired the train of Keats's poetic tendencies."¹ It forms, therefore, the natural foundation for any study of the genius of Keats since it was the inspiration that led him to poetic composition; it enriched his vocabulary and furnished him with the material from which he fashioned his greatest verse. It was the "Golden Book" from which he gleaned the principles of poetry. Echoes from Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton as well as many other poets are to be found in the poems of Keats but it is doubtful whether any single poet wielded as great a sway over his youthful powers as the Irish lady of Wicklow.

The importance of the Tighe influence on Keats attracted my attention some fifteen years ago while I was engaged upon the preparation of a glossary to the poems of Keats. The publication of the glossary was anticipated by the Keats Concordance of the Carnegie Foundation in 1917 but, in the quest for exact meanings of words and for vocabulary sources, material had been gathered which seemed to throw new light on Keats's inspiration and methods of composition.

All the critics and biographers of Keats have referred to his interest in the poems of Mrs. Tighe: none, however, seems to have realized the far-reaching importance of that interest. Copies of Mrs. Tighe's volume of verse are comparatively rare and this probably accounts for the fact that the critics have consistently accepted Keats's own estimate of the Tighe influence as a passing fancy from which he had quickly recovered. It is, indeed, from Keats's testimony that we learn of his delight in the work of Mrs. Tighe: she is mentioned in one of the poems in the volume of 1817, again in a letter to George Keats, and, a year later, John copied one of her sonnets to send to his brother in America. This sonnet was included by Forman as Keats's own composition in the Library Edition of 1883 and passed unchallenged for a score of years.

The first summary of the Tighe influence on Keats was presented

¹ Charles Cowden Clarke, "Recollections of Keats," *Atlantic Monthly*, Jan., 1861, p. 88. "I cannot at this time remember what was the spark that fired the train of Keats's poetic tendencies."

in a paper read before the English Conference of the University of California in the spring of this year. A revision of the paper incorporating the evidence of parallels in thought and word, phrase patterns, metrical form and rhythm, was printed by the Modern Language Association of America in the Quarterly Publications of December, 1927.

The text of the poems in this edition is a reprint (page for page and line for line) of the octavo edition of 1811. For convenient reference the stanzas are numbered and the parallel word groups in the Tighe text are displayed in italics, but these are the only changes and the spelling of the original edition has been followed throughout. The paging of the quarto edition of 1811, the octavo edition of the same year and the octavo of 1812 are identical. Keats's copy of Mrs. Tighe's poems must have been the quarto of 1811 or one of the octavo editions of 1811-1812 because the parallels show his familiarity with the minor poems which were not included in the limited edition of *Psyche* published in 1805. The sonnet which John Keats copied and sent to his brother George in 1818 does not appear in the edition of 1805.

The original manuscript of Mrs. Tighe's poem "To W. P." (see the facsimile facing page 236), written at Avondale in 1808, came into the possession of Anne Wade Browne, a relative of a King's Messenger in the British Diplomatic Service, in the early part of the nineteenth century. This collection passed through various hands and was finally purchased by Dr. F. L. Pleadwell, now at the Naval Hospital, Boston, Massachusetts, through whose kindness the holograph was loaned for reproduction in this edition. The handwriting is identical with the facsimile of Mrs. Tighe's signature in the 1844 edition of *Psyche*. The poem was first published in the quarto edition of Mrs. Tighe's poems which appeared in 1811.

Nearly four hundred parallel passages from Keats are included in the footnotes and these are cross-indexed in the appendix so that the influence of Mrs. Tighe may be traced in its chronological sequence through the poetical work of Keats. Among the parallels cited are many which are only significant when grouped with others that leave no room for question. My reason for incorporating the less important parallels in this volume is that I have attempted to present as complete a picture as possible of the similarity of word and phrase in the

two poets. The passage in the *Epistle to Mathew* (25 Mathew 37, 41, 42, 45) in which *flowery*, *athwart*, *covert* and *branches* occur and its parallel in *Psyche* (I 2.1-4) may be taken as an example of the word groups which form the proof of a Tighe influence. The inclusion of single words and phrases which may be classed as poetical commonplaces or which may have come to Keats through other channels, however, provides the reader with a complete list of all Tighe expressions which appear in Keats's work. In some cases these parallels are of minor importance but, taken as a whole, they form a comprehensive idea of the influence of the Irish poetess on Keats. Furthermore, a great many of these parallels occur in the same position in the line in both poets. It is difficult to explain this in all cases on the ground of coincidence and there are more than a hundred instances of this double parallel of phrase and position, as follows:

ambition (pg. 101)	doom (50)
anxious fears (140)	dove (46) (93)
as she was wont (225)	downy (86)
at one glance (151)	ease pain (181)
bare (98) (199)	empty air (196)
Beauty's queen (203)	enamoured (27)
bed of snow (57)	enchanted tale (184)
bell . . . midnight (123)	enthusiast (164)
billows rude (103)	envy (49)
breezy sky (183)	ever new (19)
bride (133)	eyelids close (29)
by slow degrees (186)	eyes she bent (203)
can e'er return (228)	fainting (93) (200)
castle gloomy (190)	feathered (199)
cavern's mouth (133)	fierce agony (135)
cell (173)	fixed eyes (86)
censer (99)	flowers (225)
cliff (103)	flowery (10)
cooling (70)	forgetfulness (72)
couch (235)	for . . . sake (7)
coward . . . deformity (51)	gentle heart (114)
crown . . . tower (162)	gentle spirit (75)
cruel pain (184)	gloom (189)
dazzling (100)	golden sands (19)
death (243)	golden tresses (53)
deep repose (187)	holy shrine (25)
despairing heart (61)	human (131)

keel (185)	sandy plain (59)
languid eyes (183)	sea-fowl (169)
lightning plays (52)	secret (231)
listening (93)	secret grief (23)
lonely hours (145)	share (153)
lost repose (171)	silken scarf (155)
lovely bride (39) (187)	smiling day (40)
massive gold (192)	soft embrace (182)
mist (189)	soothed (167)
morning's eye (201)	sovereign's eye (151)
moosy (92)	storm . . . form (224)
moosy tread (92)	strains (98)
mournful throng (27)	stranger (147)
Muse's lore (37)	succours in distress (90)
near allied (134)	sudden as thought (140)
never . . . pure (66)	summer's eve (146)
nimble tread (96)	sweet remembrance (95)
Oh happy (45)	swims (24)
Oh let me (60)	tedious hours (130)
open plains (158)	texture . . . roar (50)
pale cheeks (9)	thick myrtle (14)
pays her vows (204)	thrall (146)
pillowy (76)	trembled (10)
placid lake (234)	'Twas love (134)
portals opened wide (31)	vile impostor (148)
pressure (16)	virgin choir (27)
prized so dear (52)	voice divine (184)
purple couch (21)	wanderings (147)
ravished (146)	warble (234)
ringlets of thine hair (39)	weave (146)
rugged path (90)	withered (132)
sacred fire (162)	youth (206)

In addition to the parallels of word and phrase, the Tighe influence is to be discerned in the similarity of subjects chosen by Keats for his early attempts in verse. Mrs. Tighe wrote sonnets on Fancy, Hope, Joy, Death and Time in the Petrarchan form. Keats, in his early work, followed Mrs. Tighe in his choice of subjects and always employed the Petrarchan rhyme scheme until 1818 when he came under the influence of Shakespeare. Keats's ode form shows a close kinship to the sonnet and his liking for the Spenserian stanza probably came from his early admiration for the *Psyche*. It is not surprising, therefore, to find a great many echoes of Mrs. Tighe's poems in the odes and in *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

The parallel passages reveal that the vivid words and descriptive lines of Mrs. Tighe had been indelibly fixed in Keats's memory during that period in which he was carried away with enthusiasm for the *Psyche*. From that store he drew many an image and many a phrase. These echoes of Mrs. Tighe are scattered throughout the poems of Keats without regard for their original sequence and only by a word for word comparison between the two poets is the importance of the relationship apparent. In the earlier poems and in *Endymion* Keats was content merely to weave the vivid words and phrases of Mrs. Tighe into the fabric of his verse. In *The Eve of St. Agnes*, however, as well as in the odes and *La Belle Dame sans Merci* he draws not only on the phrases but the images as well. *Endymion* wanders like *Psyche* somewhat aimlessly about the universe but the parallels reveal few sustained passages in which the influence of Mrs. Tighe may be traced. There are approximately one hundred parallels in *Endymion* some of which extend to groups of five or six words.

The parallels in the first book of *Endymion* are typical of Keats's early use of the Tighe vocabulary. There is one six-word and one four-word group and the balance is made up of two and three-word combinations. The New English Dictionary records the first use of *poppied* in Keats's *Endymion* but it is also to be found in Mrs. Tighe's volume. The references from *Endymion*, Book I, include:

flowery band	secret grief
cooling covert	winding flood
uncertain path	earth . . . lark
turf and slanting branches	breezy sky
brightness so unsullied	visions . . . sight . . . swim
searching eye	bright . . . dazzled . . . sight . . .
sacred fire	eyes
pay their vows	gentle heart
aged priest	Zephyr . . . fans . . . breeze
purple couch	radiance . . . blend
pallid cheek	ah! whither
eternal spring	laid . . . bower . . . slumbrous
feathery sails	rest . . . sleeping . . . watch

Far more important are the parallels found in Keats's volume of 1820. Keats, listening to the voice of the nightingale in his Hampstead garden, must have unconsciously compared himself to Mrs. Tighe's heroine in her sad plight in the fourth canto of *Psyche*.

Psyche's *heart aches* and a *drowsy dullness benumbs* each torpid *sense*. She has tasted of an *opiate*, of the *bitter cup* of disappointment which overflows with *poison*. She hurries to the *casement* at *midnight* and listens to the *voice* of the *night-bird*. There is *magic* in the air as she hears the *plaintive* notes of Innocence, while the concluding lines of Keats's poem:

Was it a *vision*, or a *waking dream*? (233 Nightingale 8, 9)

recalls a passage in the first canto of *Psyche*:

Of wondrous beauty did the *vision* seem . . .
Such as the close of her distressful *dream* . . .
His form she oft invokes her *waking* eyes to bless.
Nor was it quite a *dream*, . . . (I 31.1, 3, 9; 32.1)

In Mrs. Tighe's poem, too, you will find the word "darkling" used not as an adverb as it is found invariably in Shakespeare and Milton but as an adjective as it always is employed by Keats.

Apart from the startling similarity in word groups, there are echoes that reveal how deeply Keats had absorbed the rhythm of the Tighe poem. The farewell in the *Ode to a Nightingale*:

Adieu! the *fancy* cannot cheat so well
As she is *fam'd to do*, deceiving elf. (232 Nightingale 8, 3, 4)

recalls two lines of one of Mary Tighe's sonnets:

For me would *Fancy* now her chaplet twine.
As she was *wont to do* in gayer hours. (225, 1, 3)

and the haunting repetition of the word "happy" of which Keats was so fond and which he employs in the odes *To Psyche*, *To a Nightingale*, and *On a Grecian Urn*:

But who wast thou, *O happy, happy dove*? (235 Psyche 22, 23)

'Tis not through envy of thy *happy lot*,
But being too *happy in thine happiness*, (230 Nightingale 1, 5, 9)

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves nor *ever* bid the Spring adieu;
And *happy* melodist, unwearied,
For *ever* piping songs for *ever* new;
More *happy* love! more *happy, happy* love! (234 Urn 3, 1-5)

finds its parallel in

Oh happy you! who blest with present bliss. . . .
Oh Psyche, happy in thine ignorance!
Pure spotless dove! (II 1. 1; 3. 1, 5)

while the haunting "for ever" recalls:

And all its banks inwreathed with flowery bands,
 Ambrosial fragrance shed in grateful dew:
 There young Desire enchanted *ever* stands,
 Breathing delight and fragrance *ever new*. . . . (I 21. 5-8)

The "fair youth" of Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn* is the "fond youth" of Mrs. Tighe. In her *Psyche* you will find a peopled town, an altar and a sacrifice:

And on the *altar* must thou place an *urn*
 Filled from *immortal Beauty's* sacred spring (II 42. 1, 2)

The idea of the eternal quality in beauty is a favorite theme of Mrs. Tighe and in a passage in one of her sonnets (228) the urn is combined with the idea of truth.

Keats's *Ode to Psyche* contains many a reminiscence of the earlier poem on the same subject. The *delicious* moan, the *virgin choir*, the *casements* are all in Tighe as are the *shrine*, the *grove*, the *oracle*, the *torch*, and the *holy priests*. *Psyche*

Quaffs with conscious right the *fragrant* fumes,
 Which her attendant from a *censer* flings,
 Who graceful feeds the flame with *incense* while she sings. (III 48. 7-9)

and Keats's

Sweet enforcement and *remembrance dear*

recalls Mrs. Tighe's

While *dear remembrance* made her ever weep

and the *untrodden* forests of Tighe become in Keats "some *untrodden* region of my mind."

Keats's ballad of enchantment, *La Belle Dame sans Merci*, is full of Tighe imagery. *La Belle Dame*, like *Psyche*, is placed upon a *steed* by a *knight-at-arms* and *Psyche's* knight "is lured by a wanton fair to bowers of peaceful state." Both heroines sigh and weep. *La Belle Dame* sighs "full *sore* while no *birds* sing" and *Psyche* is in "*sore* dread" as she tries to "soothe the fluttering *bird*." Keats's

knight sees "*pale kings, death-pale with starved lips*" and Psyche's "*mute, quivering lips a death-like paleness wear.*" Dreams hold Psyche "*in willing thrall*" just as the knight is held by La Belle Dame and, finally,

I dream'd, ah woe betide, . . . and I awoke

(355 La Belle Dame 9. 2; 11. 3)

suggests Mrs. Tighe's

From thy dream of woe awake thee (300.15)

In Mrs. Tighe's work Keats found mystery and melancholy, faery fancy and gloomy foreboding, vivid color, haunting rhythms and a pictorial quality that must have stirred his imagination to the depths. Apart from the parallels of word and phrase, of rhythm and form, there are scores of word pictures in the Tighe poem that are akin to passages in Keats. The portrayal of Saturn "deep in the shady sadness of a vale" in *Hyperion* has a strange likeness to a description in the fourth canto of *Psyche* (IV 39); there is a Lamia transformation there (IV 46) and the enchanted castle of the *Ode to a Nightingale* is far more like the castle in *Psyche* than like a structure of Claude Lorraine's. In the description of Ruth, forlorn, in tears among the alien corn, there is a reminiscence of the Rachel of Mrs. Tighe's *Imitation of Jeremiah* and the "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn" may well have been developed from the vivid descriptions of the fourth canto of *Psyche*.

Of all the poems of Keats, however, *The Eve of St. Agnes* probably owes most to Mrs. Tighe. Madeline is very much like Psyche with her panting and trembling. Porphyro, bending over the sleeping maiden recalls a scene between Psyche and Cupid while the gorgeous banquet hall with its echoing music has its counterpart, too, in Mrs. Tighe's poem. In both poems there are high-domed halls adorned with sculptured pride, there is a lute and a feast of cates, Madeline's from Samarcand and Psyche's from Persia. The flashing color of the description of the palace in the first canto must have been particularly appealing to the artist in Keats.

Keats's use of languor undoubtedly came from his reading of Tighe. The words *slumbry* and *poppied* fixed themselves in his mind and his heroes and heroines, like those of the Irish poetess, are prone to *melt-*

ing, panting, swimming, fainting and trembling. The words *wild, dark, deep, strange, lone and mysterious*, noted by Brydges as common in Keats, appear also in undue proportion in the poems of Mrs. Tighe. Another group suggestive of languor: *quiet, sweet, fair, white, green, old, young, little, tender, gentle, easy, fresh and pleasant* are just as prominent in the *Psyche* as in Keats's poems while both writers enjoy the use of *bright, dazzling, silver, marble, sparkling and gold.* *Moss*, too, is a favorite word. Sight and hearing were as important senses to Mrs. Tighe as they were to Keats.

The Tighe influence is to be found in Keats's sonnet form, in his imagery, phrase and rhythm. The Irish poetess taught him the Celtic felicity of phrase but she was also responsible to a great extent for the languor and sentimentalism that mar his finest work. The pictorial element is strong in the work of Mrs. Tighe as it is in the poems of Keats and medievalism and Greek myth are linked in an incongruous manner. From the *Imitation of Spenser* to *Endymion* and from *Endymion* to *Hyperion* and the *Odes*, Keats grew more and more adept as a poetic craftsman. Refinement in versification, however, did not set aside the impressions of youth, and the language of Mrs. Tighe appears in the *Odes* and *Otho the Great* to almost the same extent as it is to be found in the work of his apprentice years.

The editor wishes to express his appreciation for suggestions and helpful criticism from Professor Carleton Brown, Secretary of the Modern Language Association of America, and Professor Charles Mills Gayley, Professor B. P. Kurtz, and Professor B. H. Lehman, of the University of California. Furthermore, without the encouragement and assistance of Ella Fraser Weller, my mother, this work could not have been completed.

EARLE VONARD WELLER.

Berkeley, California,
February, 1928.

MEMOIR OF MARY TIGHE

Theodosia, daughter of William Tighe, was born at Rosanna, County Wicklow, in the middle part of the eighteenth century. She came of distinguished ancestry. Her father was one of the landed gentry, her grandfather was the first earl of Darnley, and she could trace her descent from Edward Hyde, first earl of Clarendon. Brought up in the Protestant faith, with an education far beyond that of the average woman of her time, she identified herself with the Methodist movement in Ireland and, in the course of her activity in church affairs, met the Reverend William Blachford, Librarian of St. Marsh's and St. Patrick's in the city of Dublin. Their interests were mutual and their association soon led to marriage.

A daughter, Mary, was born on October 9, 1772. This child was raised in an atmosphere of eighteenth century classicism. Books were her earliest recollection and the Greek and Latin classics were her very birthright. French, Italian and German literature were included in her education. Yet she was no browsing bookworm, no dull grammarian. She reveled in the beauty of the district in which she lived. The peaceful meadow-lands of the winding Avoca, the Meeting of the Waters, the dim recesses of Devil's Glen—these were a constant stimulus to her imagination and here she found a store of beauty to form a natural background for her verse.

The county of Wicklow, on the east coast of Ireland, is mountainous. Deep ravines cut through the mountain groups to form channels for the winding rivers that flow to the sea. The district is one to inspire poetry. Thomas Moore and Felicia Hemans fell under its spell. In the summer of 1807 Moore visited Wicklow and wrote one of his Irish melodies:

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
(The Meeting of the Waters, 1-4)

Between Rathdrum and Arklow the Avonberg and the Avonmore are united, the two streams forming the river Avoca which flows through a succession of lovely landscapes. The banks are heavily wooded and one of the most charming panoramas in all Ireland is to be found within a short distance of the Tighe home in the Vale of Avoca. The second river of Wicklow, the Vartree, rises on the eastern slopes of Douce Mountain (2,384 feet in height) and flows southward, supplying the city of Dublin with water. The river flows through the Devil's Glen, a narrow and tortuous ravine of great beauty and reaches the sea near the town of Wicklow.

On many an expedition over the picturesque mountain trails and the paths that followed the river-banks Mary was accompanied by her cousins, William and Henry. The former was a poet, the latter a politician who represented the borough of Inistioge, Kilkenny, in the Irish Parliament, of 1790. Mary preferred Henry, the practical man-of-affairs, to William, the dreamer, and in 1793 they were married. They seem at first to have been happy. There were still exploring expeditions to be made through Wicklow, visits to ruined castles about which countless legends had been spun, trips through vales of faery fancy where elf and fay might weave their mystic spells and enchanting rambles through ancient forests where the hamadryads harkened to the Arcadian music of a Celtic Pan. Mary had been re-reading Apuleius and was planning a poem on the theme of the story of Cupid and Psyche which she had found in the *Metamorphoses*.

A visiting curate has preserved for us the only picture of the Tighe family in this happy period of their lives. Crowned with a chaplet of roses, a vision of loveliness and youthful charm, Mary made a striking impression upon the guest of the day. The hostess was "a widow lady of about forty-five years of age, of strong sense, friendly manners, and, above all, a heart warmly devoted to religion," he records. "She has three sons: one has a seat in the House of Parliament; the youngest lives with her; another, Mr. Henry Tighe, having lately married, is building himself a house near his mother's. Of all the men I ever saw, I never was so much interested at the glance of a moment as when my eyes first fell on him. I fancied I perceived all the dignity and frankness of a Roman in his countenance and bearing; nor was I disappointed. I found him the idol of his ac-

quaintance. . . . His lady is young, lovely, and of sweet manners, united with as sweet a form. She entered the room, soon after I came to Rosanna, with a chaplet of roses about her head. 'Where,' I thought, 'were the beauties of the garden and the parlour so united before?' Indeed, I felt myself as on enchanted ground, amused with a pleasing dream, too romantic to be true."

The *Psyche* was completed in 1795 but only a few copies were printed for the family circle and intimate friends. There was no public sale of the poems of Mrs. Tighe until after her death. Tom Moore seems to have received a copy of the first issue for he wrote in 1802 the lines "To Mrs. Henry Tighe on reading her *Psyche*."

Tell me the witching tale again,
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear!

It was not long after these lines were written that Mary Tighe developed the disease that was to make the remainder of her years full of sorrow and pain. Moore, in a letter to his mother, written on August 22, 1805, says: "Poor Mrs. T(ighe) is ordered to the Madeiras, which makes me despair of her, for she will not go, and another winter will inevitably be her death." (Russell, *Memoirs of Moore*, 1.185). The poems of her last few years reflect that melancholy and despair common to all consumptives. She died in the home of her brother-in-law, William Tighe, at Woodstock, County Kilkenny, and was buried in the churchyard at Inistioge. A monument, said to have been carved by Flaxman, marks the grave.

The *Psyche* was first offered to the public in a handsome quarto edition in 1811, the year after the death of the author. It was edited by William Tighe. The public sale was remarkable for a volume of this character and an octavo edition was published to meet the demand. A fourth edition was issued in 1812. An American publisher brought out the volume in the same year. A new edition was called for in 1816 and another in 1843 and 1853.

The *Psyche*, for "elegance of design and accuracy of execution . . . much exceeds any poetical composition of the present day." These are the words of an article in the *Monthly Review* for 1811 (Vol. LXVI, pp. 138-152). "While hearts of our countrymen," the writer continues, "shall beat at the sweetest sounds of their native language,

conveying, as nature dictates, the feelings of the purest passions, so long shall this tale of Psyche dwell on their ears, and they shall think the angel still is speaking!" The *Quarterly* added its meed of praise:

The most obvious characteristics of the poem before us, are a pleasing repose of style and manner, a fine purity of innocence and feeling, and a delightful ease of versification. Passages certainly occur, distinguished by force of expression, or by considerable descriptive energy; but these are not predominant, and their effect is quenched by the not uncommon intervention of languor. With several individual exceptions, therefore, the poem is, on the whole, pleasing rather than great, amiable rather than captivating.

The learned reviews were not alone in their favorable opinion. The poem was well received by the public and was the topic at tea table and daily discussion. The following entry in the diary of Sir James Mackintosh dated January 27, 1812, reveals the opinion of an educated man of the day:

Sorrow seems to be the muse of song, and from Philomela to Mrs. Tighe the most plaintive notes are the most melodious. I have read Psyche; I am sorry that Mrs. Tighe chose such a story: it is both too mystical and too much exhausted. For the first three cantos I felt a sort of languid elegance and luscious sweetness, which had something of the same effect as if I had been overpowered by perfumes; but the three last are of such exquisite beauty that they quite silence me. They are beyond all doubt the most faultless series of verses ever produced by a woman. All writers so elegant appear to have less genius than they really have; it is so with Virgil, Racine and Gray; but I cannot consent to depose Madame de Staël, or even Joanna Baillie, to make room for your Irish queen. The masculine understanding of the one and the Shakespearian genius of the other, place them, in my opinion, above this most elegant poetess. Some of her small poems are beautiful. Chaulieu, Michael Bruce, and Mrs. Tighe have written verses on the prospect of death, and hers are not the least affecting. How beautiful is the description of the dwelling and appearance of the prude Castabella!

A generation later came William Howitt who included the home of Mrs. Tighe in his volume on the *Homes and Haunts of English Poets* and he added his tribute to those which had already been paid:

The poem of Psyche was one which charmed me intensely at an early age. There was a tone of deep and tender feeling pervading it, which touched the youthful heart, and took possession of every sensibility. There was a tone of melancholy music in it, which seemed the regretful expression of the consciousness of a not far-off death. It was now well known that the young

and beautiful poetess was dead. The life which she lived was snatched away, and there was a sad fascination thrown over both her fate and her work. The delicacy, the pathos, the subdued and purified, yet intense passion of the poem, were all calculated to seize on the kindred spirit of youth, and to make you in love with the writer. She came before the imagination in the combined witchery of brilliant genius, and the pure loveliness of a seraph, which had but touched upon the earth on some celestial mission, and was gone for ever. Her own Psyche, in the depth of her saddest hour, yearning for the restoration of the lost heaven and the lost heart, was not more tenderly beautiful to the imagination than herself. . . .

After the lapse of many years, after the disenchanting effects of experience, after the enjoyment of a vast quantity of new poetry of a splendour and power such as no one age of the world ever before witnessed, we return to the poem of Mrs. Tighe, and still find it full of beauty. There is a graceful fluency of diction, a rich and deep harmony, that are the fitting vehicle of a story full of interest, and scenery full of enchantment.

The vogue of Mrs. Tighe's poetry was short-lived. Her popularity paled before the growing appreciation for Scott and Byron, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats and Shelley and faded into oblivion with the rise of the Victorians, Browning and Tennyson. Yet in the poetry of at least one of the outstanding figures in Nineteenth Century Literature, the echoes of her voice are heard, her plaintive notes reborn.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE POEMS BY MARY TIGHE

1. *Psyche or the Legend of Love*, by Mary Tighe. The first edition was printed in 1805 for private circulation. Only fifty copies were issued and none of these seems to be extant.
2. *Psyche, with Other Poems*. By the Late Mrs. Henry Tighe. London: Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Pater-noster-Row. 1811.

Collation: 4to (9½" x 7½"); pp. xii and 314. P. (i) Title as above; (ii) blank with imprint T. Davison, Lombard-street, Whitefriars, London; (iii) and (iv) To the Reader; (v) Half Title *Psyche*; or, *The Legend of Love—Castos docet et pios Amores. Martial*; (vi) blank; (vii–xi) Preface to the copies of *Psyche* which were printed in 1805. P. (1) Sonnet addressed to My Mother; (2) Quotation from Ariosto; (3) *Psyche*; (4) Argument; (5–209) Text of *Psyche*; (210) blank; (211–215) Notes; (216) blank; (217) Half Title *Sonnets*; (218) blank; (219–310) *Sonnets and Miscellaneous poems*; (311) Lines by W. T.; (312) blank; (313–314) Notes; (315) blank; (316) Imprint T. Davison, Lombard-street, Whitefriars, London.

3. Title as above after author's name is *The Third Edition*.

Collation: 8vo. (8¼" x 5¼"); Frontispiece engraving of Mrs. Tighe Comerford after Romney pinxt Caroline Watson Engraver to Her Majesty sculpt; (i) Title as above, (ii) T. Davison, imprint; (iii–v) To the Reader; (vi) blank; (vii) Half Title; (viii) blank; (ix–xv) Preface; (xvi) blank. Pagination of text is identical with quarto edition described above except that p. 314 has *The End* without an imprint. This was probably the edition used by Keats.

4. Title as above except after author's name is *The Fourth Edition* 1812.

Collation: 8vo. identical in size with third edition. Frontispiece Engraved by Scriven from a miniature by Comerford after a picture by Romney. Published by Longman & Co., June 6, 1812. (ii) Edinburgh Printed by James Ballantyne & Co. The lines by W. T. and notes are omitted. The Ballantyne imprint appears again on p. 312.

5. Title as above except after author's name is *The Fifth Edition* 1816.

Collation: 8vo. identical in size with third edition. Frontispiece same as fourth edition. Published by Longman, June 6, 1812. (ii) T. Davison,

imprint; (iii) To the Reader. The lines by W. T. and the notes are omitted. Davison imprint appears again on p. 312.

6. 12mo. 1844. This edition is probably identical in size and form with the first edition of 1805. There is a colored frontispiece in red, green, gold and black printed in colors by Smart and Holmes, 10 Leather Lane.

Psyche By Mrs. Tighe, London, H. G. Clarke & Co., 66, Old Bailey.

Collation: (3) Psyche or The Legend of Love by M. Tighe (in script) London: H. G. Clarke & Co., 66, Old Bailey. 1844. (5) Contents; (6) blank; (7) Memoir; (9) Half Title Psyche, or The Legend of Love—Castos etc.; (10) blank; (11)–(14) Preface; (15) To My Mother; (16) Quotation from Ariosto; (17) Psyche; (18) Argument; (19) Psyche Proem; (21–159) Psyche text; (160) blank; (161–4) Notes.



Engraved after Romney pen &c

Caroline Watson Engraver to her Majesty

Psyche,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

BY THE LATE MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

THE THIRD EDITION.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN.

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1811.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-Street,
Whitefriars, London.

TO THE READER

To possess strong feelings and amiable affections, and to express them with a nice discrimination, has been the attribute of many female writers; some of whom have also participated with the author of *Psyche* in the unhappy lot of a suffering frame and a premature death. Had the publication of her poems served only as the fleeting record of such a destiny, and as a monument

of private regret, her friends would not have thought themselves justified in displaying them to the world. But when a writer intimately acquainted with classical literature, and guided by a taste for real excellence, has delivered in polished language such sentiments as can tend only to encourage and improve the best sensations of the human heart, then it becomes a sort of duty in surviving friends no longer to withhold from the public such precious relics.

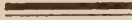
The copies of *Psyche* printed for the author in her lifetime were borrowed with avidity, and read with delight; and the partiality of friends has been already outstripped by the applause of admirers.

The smaller poems which complete this volume may perhaps stand in need of that indulgence which a posthumous work always demands when it did not receive the correction of the author. They have been selected from a larger number of poems, which were the occasional effusion of her thoughts, or productions of her leisure, but not originally intended or pointed out by herself for publication.

Psyche;

OR,

THE LEGEND OF LOVE.



—Castos docet et pios amores.

MARTIAL.



PREFACE

TO THE

COPIES OF PSYCHE WHICH WERE PRINTED IN 1805.



THE author, who dismisses to the public the darling object of his solitary cares, must be prepared to consider, with some degree of indifference, the various reception it may then meet. But from those who write only for the more interested eye of friendship,

no such indifference can be expected. I may therefore be forgiven the egotism which makes me anxious to recommend to my readers the tale with which I present them, while I endeavour to excuse in it all other defects but that, which I fear cannot be excused—the deficiency of genius.

In making choice of the beautiful ancient allegory of Love and the Soul, I had some fears lest my subject might be condemned by the frown of severer moralists; however, I hope that if such have the condescension to read through a poem which they may perhaps think too long, they will yet do me the justice to allow, that I have only pictured innocent love, such love as the

purest bosom might confess. "Les jeunes femmes, qui ne veulent point paroître coquettes, ne doivent jamais parler de l'amour comme d'une chose ou elles puissent avoir part," says La Rochefoucault; but I believe it is only the false refinement of the most profligate court which could give birth to such a sentiment, and that love will always be found to have had the strongest influence where the morals have been the purest.

I much regret that I can have no hope of affording any pleasure to some, whose opinion I highly respect, whom I have heard profess themselves ever disgusted by the veiled form of allegory, and yet

Are not the choicest fables of the poets,
Who were the fountains and first springs of wisdom,
Wrapt in perplexed allegories?

But if I have not been able to resist the seductions of the mysterious fair, who perhaps never appears captivating except in the eyes of her own poet, I have however remembered that my verse cannot be worth much consideration, and have therefore endeavoured to let my meaning be perfectly obvious. The same reason has deterred me from using the obsolete words which are to be found in Spenser and his imitators.

Although I cannot give up the excellence of my subject, I am yet ready to own that

the stanza which I have chosen has many disadvantages, and that it may, perhaps, be as tiresome to the reader as it was difficult to the author. The frequent recurrence of the same rhymes is by no means well adapted to the English language; and I know not whether I have a right to offer as an apology the restraint which I had imposed upon myself of strictly adhering to the stanza which my partiality for Spenser first inclined me to adopt.

The loves of Cupid and Psyche have long been a favourite subject for poetical allusion, and are well known as related by Apuleius: to him I am indebted for the outline of my tale in the two first cantos;

but even there the model is not closely copied, and I have taken nothing from Moliere, La Fontaine, Du Moustier, or Marino. I have seen no imitations of Apuleius except by those authors; nor do I know that the story of Psyche has any other original.

I should willingly acknowledge with gratitude those authors who have, perhaps, supplied me with many expressions and ideas; but if I have subjected myself to the charge of plagiarism, it has been by adopting the words or images which floated upon my mind, without accurately examining, or being indeed able to distinguish, whether I owed them to my memory or my imagination,

*Si id est peccatum, peccatum imprudentia est
Poetæ, non qui furtum facere studuerit.*

TERENTIUS.

And when I confess that all I have is but the fruit of a much indulged taste for that particular style of reading, let me be excused if I do not investigate and acknowledge more strictly each separate obligation.

M. T.

SONNET

ADDRESSED

TO MY MOTHER.

OH, thou! whose tender smile most partially
Hath ever blessed thy child: to thee belong
The graces which adorn my first wild song,
If aught of grace it knows: nor thou deny
Thine ever prompt attention to supply.
But let me lead thy willing ear along,
Where virtuous love still bids the strain prolong
His innocent applause; since from thine eye
The beams of love first charmed my infant breast,
And from thy lip Affection's soothing voice
That eloquence of tenderness expressed,
Which still my grateful heart confessed divine:
Oh! ever may its accents sweet rejoice
The soul which loves to own whate'er it has is thine!

Chi pensa quanto un bel desio d'amore
Un spirto pellegrin tenga sublime;
Non vorria non averne acceso il core;
Chi gusta quanto dolce il creder sia
Solo esser caro a chi sola n'e cara,
Regna in un stato a cui null' altro e pria.

ARIOSTO, ELEG. XII.

Psyche.

ARGUMENT.

Proem—Psyche introduced—Her royal origin—Envy of Venus—Her instructions to Cupid—The island of Pleasure—The fountains of Joy and of Sorrow—The appearance of Love—Psyche asleep—Mutually wounded—Psyche reveals her dream to her Mother—The Oracle consulted—Psyche abandoned on the Rock by its decree—Carried by Zephyrs to the island of Pleasure—The Palace of Love—Banquet of Love—Marriage of Cupid and Psyche—Psyche's daily solitude—Her request to her Lover—His reluctant consent.

Psyche.

[1]

LET not the rugged brow the rhymes accuse,
Which speak of *gentle knights* ¹ and *ladies* ² fair,
Nor scorn the lighter labours of the muse,
Who yet, for cruel battles would not dare
The low-strung chords of her weak lyre prepare;
But loves to court repose in *slumbery* lay,³
To tell of goodly bowers and gardens rare,
Of gentle *blandishments* and amorous play,⁴
And all the *lore of love*, in courtly verse essay.⁵

¹ Wherefore more proudly does the *gentle knight*, (10 Induction 47)

² *Knights, ladies*, praying in dumb orat'ries, (212 St. Agnes 2. 7)

³ To *slumbery* pout; just as the morning south (94 End. 2. 406)

⁴ Full of adoring tears and *blandishment* (174 Lamia 1. 135)

⁵ A virgin purest lipp'd, yet in the *lore*
Of love deep learned . . . (176 Lamia 1. 189)

[2]

And ye whose gentle hearts in thraldom held
The power of mighty Love already own,
When you the pains and dangers have beheld,
Which erst your lord hath for his Psyche known,
For all your sorrows this may well atone,
That he you serve the same hath suffered;
And sure, your fond applause the tale will crown
In which your own distress is pictured,
And all that weary way which you yourselves must tread.

[3]

Most sweet would to my soul the hope appear,
That sorrow in my verse a charm might find,
To smooth the brow long bent with bitter cheer,
Some short distraction to the joyless mind
Which grief, with heavy chain, hath fast confined
To sad remembrance of its happier state;
For to myself I ask no boon more kind
Than power another's woes to mitigate,
And that soft soothing art which anguish can abate.

[4]

And thou, sweet sprite, whose sway doth far extend,
 Smile on the mean *historian* of thy fame! ¹
My heart in each distress and fear befriend,²
 Nor ever let it feel a fiercer flame
 Than innocence may cherish free from blame,
 And hope may nurse, and sympathy may own;
 For, as thy rights I never would disclaim,
 But true allegiance offered to thy throne,
 So may I love but one, by one beloved alone.

[5]

That anxious torture may I never feel,
 Which, doubtful, watches o'er a wandering heart.
 Oh! who that bitter torment can reveal,
 Or tell the pining anguish of that smart!
 In those affections may I ne'er have part,
 Which easily transferred can learn to rove:
 No, dearest Cupid! when I feel thy dart,
For thy sweet Psyche's sake may no false love ³
 The tenderness I prize lightly from me remove!

¹ *Sylvan historian*. . . . (233 Urn 1. 3)

² *My heart aches*. . . . (230 Nightingale 1. 1)

³ . . . *for sacred Phœbus' sake!* (120 End. 3. 292)

. . . *for Cupid's sake!* (123 End. 3. 430)

. . . *for Love's sake,* (172 Lamia 1. 65)

CANTO I.

[1]

MUCH wearied with her long and dreary way,
And now with toil and sorrow well nigh spent,
Of sad regret and wasting grief the prey,
Fair Psyche through *untrodden* forests went,¹
To lone shades uttering oft a vain lament.
And oft in hopeless *silence sighing* deep,²
As she her fatal error did repent,
While *dear remembrance* bade her ever weep,³
And her *pale cheek* in ceaseless showers of sorrow steep.⁴

¹ In some *untrodden* region of my mind (236 Psyche 51)

² Born of the very *sigh* that *silence* heaves (3 I stood 12)

³ By sweet enforcement and *remembrance dear* (235 Psyche 2)
Cp. III 40.6

⁴ For one as *sorrowful*: thy *cheek* is *pale* (114 End. 3. 75)

For one whose *cheek* is *pale*: thou dost bewail (114 End. 3. 76)

Show'd her *pale cheeks* and all her forehead wan, (265 Hyp. 2. 114)

The second was Ambition, *pale of cheek* (347 Indolence 3. 6)

[2]

'Mid the thick *covert* of that woodland shade,
 A *flowery* bank there lay undressed by art,
 But of the mossy *turf* spontaneous made;
 Here the young *branches* shot their arms *athwart*,^{1 2}
 And wove the bower so thick in every part,
 That the fierce beams of Phœbus glancing strong
 Could never through the leaves their fury dart;
 But the sweet creeping shrubs that round it throng,
 Their loving fragrance mix, and trail their flowers along.

[3]

And close beside a little fountain played,
 Which through the *trembling leaves* all joyous shone,³
 And with the cheerful birds *sweet music* made,⁴
 Kissing the surface of each polished stone
 As it flowed past: sure as her favourite throne
 Tranquillity might well esteem the bower,
 The fresh and cool retreat have called her own,
 A pleasant shelter in the sultry hour,
 A refuge from the blast, and angry tempest's power.

¹ Some *flowery* spot, sequester'd, wild, romantic,
 . . . Where the dark-leav'd laburnum's drooping clusters
 Reflect *athwart* the stream their yellow lustres,
 . . . Where on one side are *covert branches* hung, (25 Mathew 37-45)

² Of *turf* and slanting *branches*: who could tell (59 End. 1. 84)

³ Of *leaves* and *trembled* blossoms, where there ran (235 Psyche 11)

⁴ Fresh garlands: for *sweet music* has been heard (48 Sleep 223)
Sweet music breath'd her soul away and sigh'd (132 End. 3. 767)
 An echo of *sweet music* doth create (316 Reynolds 62)
 He tells of the *sweet music*, and the spot, (317 Reynolds 65)

[4]

Wooed by the soothing silence of the scene
 Here Psyche stood, and looking round, lest aught
 Which threatened danger near her might have been,
 Awhile to rest her in that quiet spot
 She laid her down, and piteously bethought
 Herself on the sad changes of her fate,
 Which in so short a space so much had wrought,
 And now had raised her to such high estate,
 And now had plunged her low in sorrow desolate.

[5]

Oh! how refreshing seemed the breathing wind
 To her faint limbs! and while her snowy hands
 From her fair brow her golden hair unbind,
 And of her *zone* *unloose* the silken bands,¹
 More passing bright unveiled her beauty stands;
 For faultless was her form as *beauty's queen*,²
 And every winning grace that Love demands,
 With mild attempered dignity was seen
 Play o'er each lovely limb, and deck her angel mien.

¹ With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her *zone*
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet, (239 Fancy 84-87)

² From silv'ry ripple, up to *beauty's queen*; (31 Clarke 39)
 Cp. I 13. 9, I 41. 7 and VI 48. 5.

[6]

Though solitary now, dismayed, forlorn,
Without attendant through the forest rude,
The peerless maid of royal lineage born
By many a royal youth had oft been wooed;
Low at her feet full many a prince had sued,
And homage paid unto her beauty rare;
But all their blandishments her heart withstood;
And well might mortal suitor sure despair,
Since mortal charms were none which might with hers
compare.

[7]

Yet nought of insolence or haughty pride
Found ever in her gentle breath a place;
Though men her wondrous beauty deified,
And rashly deeming such celestial grace
Could never spring from any earthly race,
Lo! all forsaking Cytherea's shrine,
Her sacred altars now no more embrace,
But to fair Psyche pay those rites divine,
Which, Goddess! are thy due, and should be only thine.

[8]

But envy of her beauty's growing fame
Poisoned her sisters' hearts with secret gall,
And oft with seeming piety they blame
The worship which they justly impious call;
And oft, lest evil should their sire befall,
Besought him to forbid the erring crowd
Which hourly thronged around the regal hall,
With incense, gifts, and invocations loud,
To her whose guiltless breast, ne'er felt elation proud.

[9]

For she was timid as the wintry flower,
That, whiter than the snow it blooms among,
Droops its fair head submissive to the power
Of every angry blast which sweeps along
Sparing the lovely trembler, while the strong
Majestic tenants of the leafless wood
It levels low. But, ah! the pitying song
Must tell how, than the tempest's self more rude,
Fierce wrath and cruel hate their suppliant prey pursued.

[10]

Indignant quitting her deserted fanes,
 Now Cytherea sought her favourite isle,
 And there from every eye her secret pains
 'Mid her *thick myrtle* bowers concealed awhile; ¹
 Practised no more the glance, or witching smile,
 But nursed the pang she never felt before,
 Of mortified disdain; then to beguile
 The hours which mortal flattery soothed no more,
 She various plans revolved her influence to restore.

[11]

She called her son with unaccustomed voice;
 Not with those thrilling accents of delight
 Which bade so oft enchanted Love rejoice,
 Soft as the breezes of *a summer's night*: ²
 Now choked with rage its change could Love affright;
 As all to sudden discontent a prey,
 Shunning the cheerful day's enlivening light,
 She felt the angry power's malignant sway,
 And bade her favourite boy her vengeful will obey.

¹ To where *thick myrtle* branches, 'gainst his head (94 End. 2. 378)

² When Cynthia smiles upon *a summer's night* (32 Clarke 93)

[12]

Bathed in those tears which vanquish human hearts,
 "Oh, son beloved!" (the suppliant goddess cried,)
 "If e'er thy too indulgent mother's arts
 "Subdued for thee the potent deities
 "Who rule my native deep, or haunt the skies;
 "Or if to me the grateful praise be due,
 "That to thy sceptre bow the great and wise,
 "Now let thy fierce revenge my foe pursue,
 "And let my rival scorned her vain presumption rue.

[13]

"For what to me avails my former boast
 "That, fairer than the wife of Jove confest,
 "I gained the prize thus basely to be lost?
 "With me the world's devotion to contest
 "Behold a mortal dares; though on my breast
 "Still vainly brilliant shines the magic zone.
 "Yet, yet I reign: by you my wrongs redrest,
 "The world with humbled Psyche soon shall own
 "That Venus, *beauty's queen*, shall be adored alone.¹

¹ From silv'ry ripple, up to *beauty's queen*; (31 Clarke 39)
 Cp. I 5. 6 I 41. 7 and VI 48. 5.

[14]

"Deep let her drink of that dark, bitter spring,
 "Which flows so near thy bright and crystal tide;
 "Deep let her heart thy sharpest arrow sting,
 "Its tempered barb in that black poison dyed.
 "Let her, for whom contending princes sighed,
 "Feel all the fury of thy fiercest flame
 "For some base wretch to foul disgrace allied,
 "Forgetful of her birth and her fair fame,
 "Her honours all defiled, and sacrificed to shame."

[15]

Then, with sweet *pressure* of her rosy lip,¹
 A kiss she gave bathed in ambrosial dew;
 The thrilling joy he would for ever sip,
 And his moist eyes in ecstasy imbrue.
 But she whose soul still angry cares pursue,
 Snatched from the soft caress her glowing charms;
 Her vengeful will she then enforced anew,
 As she in haste dismissed him from her arms,
 The cruel draught to seek of anguish and alarms.

¹ By tenderest *pressure*, a faint damask mouth (94 End. 2. 405)

[16]

'Mid the blue waves by circling seas embraced
 A chosen spot of fairest land was seen;
 For there with favouring hand had Nature placed
 All that could lovely make the varied scene:
Eternal Spring there spread her mantle green; ¹
 There high surrounding hills deep-wooded rose
 O'er *placid lakes*; while marble rocks between ²
 The fragrant shrubs their pointed heads disclose,
 And balmy breathes each gale which o'er the island blows.

[17]

Pleasure had called the fertile lawns her own,
 And thickly strewed them with her choicest flowers;
 Amid the quiet glade her *golden throne*
Bright shone with *lustre* through o'erarching bowers: ³
 There her fair train, the ever downy Hours,
 Sport on light wing with the young Joys entwined;
 While Hope delighted from her full lap showers
 Blossoms, whose fragrance can the ravished mind
 Inebriate with dreams of rapture unconfined.

¹ Another wish'd mid that *eternal spring*. (66 End. 1. 378)

² The youth at once arose: a *placid lake* (140 End. 3. 1028)

³ Dissolv'd or *brighter shone*, or interwreathed
 Their *lustres* with the gloomier tapestries

. . . "I saw thee sitting, on a *throne of gold* (172 *Lamia* 1. 52, 53, 70)

[18]

And in the grassy centre of the isle,
 Where the thick verdure spreads a damper shade,
 Amid their native rocks concealed awhile,
 Then o'er the plains in devious streams displayed,
 Two gushing fountains rise; and thence conveyed,
 Their waters through the woods and vallies play,
 Visit each *green recess* and secret glade,¹
 With still unmingled, still meandering way,
 Nor widely wandering far, can each from other stray.

[19]

But of strange contrast are their virtues found,
 And oft the lady of that isle has tried
 In rocky dens and caverns under ground,
 The black deformed stream in vain to hide;
 Bursting all bounds her labours it defied;
 Yet many a flowery sod its course conceals
 Through plains where deep its silent waters glide,
 Till secret ruin all corroding steals,
 And every treacherous arch the hideous gulph reveals.

¹ Though scarcely heard in many a *green recess* (275 Hyp. 3. 41)

[20]

Forbidding every kindly prosperous growth,
 Where'er it ran, a channel bleak it wore;
 The gaping banks receded, as though loth
 To touch the poison which disgraced their shore:
 There deadly anguish pours unmixed his store
 Of all the ills which sting the human breast,
 The hopeless tears which past delights deplore,
 Heart-gnawing jealousy which knows no rest,
 And self-upbraiding shame, by stern remorse opprest.

[21]

Oh, how unlike the pure transparent stream,
 Which near it bubbles *o'er its golden sands!*¹
 The impeding stones with pleasant music seem
 Its progress to detain from other lands;
 And all its banks, inwreathed with *flowery bands*,²
 Ambrosial fragrance shed in grateful dew:
 There young Desire enchanted *ever* stands,
 Breathing delight and fragrance *ever new*,³
 And bathed in constant joys of fond affection true.

¹ A *flowery band* to bind us to the earth, (57 End. 1. 7)

² Than the shell from the bright *golden sands* of the ocean (16 Ladies 23)
 O'er pebbly crystal, and o'er *golden sands*; (26 Mathew 92)

³ Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor *ever* bid the Spring adieu;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 For *ever* piping songs for *ever new*; (234 Urn 3. 1-4)

[22]

But not to mortals is it e'er allowed
 To drink unmingled of that current bright;
 Scarce can they taste the pleasurable flood,
 Defiled by angry Fortune's envious spite;
 Who from the cup of amorous delight
 Dashes the sparkling draught of brilliant joy,
 Till, with dull sorrow's stream despoiled quite,
 No more it cheers the soul nor charms the eye,
 But 'mid the poisoned bowl distrust and anguish lie.

[23]

Here Cupid tempers his unerring darts,
 And in the fount of bliss delights to play;
 Here mingles balmy sighs and pleasing smarts,
 And here the honied draught will oft allay
 With that black poison's all-polluting sway,
 For wretched man. Hither, as Venus willed,
 For Psyche's punishment he bent his way:
 From either stream his amber vase he filled,
 For her were meant the drops which grief alone distilled.

[24]

His quiver, sparkling bright with gems and gold,
 From his fair plumed shoulder graceful hung,
 And from its top in brilliant chords enrolled
 Each little vase resplendently was slung:
 Still as he flew, around him sportive clung
 His frolic train of winged Zephyrs light,
 Wafting the fragrance which his tresses flung:
 While odours dropped from every ringlet bright,
 And from his blue eyes beamed ineffable delight.

[25]

Wrapt in a cloud unseen by mortal eye,
 He sought the chamber of the royal maid;
 There, lulled by careless soft security,
 Of the impending mischief nought afraid,
 Upon her *purple couch* was Psyche laid,¹
 Her radiant eyes a downy slumber sealed;
 In light transparent veil alone arrayed,
 Her bosom's opening charms were *half revealed*,²
 And scarce the lucid folds her polished limbs concealed.

¹ For the sun's *purple couch*; to emulate (66 End. 1. 365)

² Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed, (222 St. Agnes 26. 4-6)

[26]

A placid smile plays o'er each roseate lip,
 Sweet severed lips! while thus your pearls disclose,
 That slumbering thus unconscious she may sip
 The cruel presage of her future woes?
 Lightly, as fall the dew upon the rose,
 Upon the coral gates of that sweet cell
 The fatal drops he pours; nor yet he knows,
 Nor, though a God, can he presaging tell
 How he himself shall mourn the ills of that sad spell!

[27]

Nor yet content, he from his quiver drew,
 Sharpened with skill divine, a shining dart:
 No need had he for bow, since thus too true
 His hand might wound her all-exposed heart;
 Yet her fair side he touched with gentlest art,
 And half relenting on her *beauties* gazed; ¹
 Just then awaking with a sudden start
 Her opening eye in humid lustre blazed,
 Unseen he still remained, enchanted and amazed.

¹ With those *beauties*, scarce discern'd. (19 Hadst thou 26)
 And couch supine their *beauties*, lilly white; (214 St. Agnes 6. 7)

[28]

The dark which in his hand now trembling stood,
 As o'er the couch he bent with *ravished eye*,¹
 Drew with its daring point celestial blood
 From his smooth neck's unblemished ivory:
 Heedless of this, but with a pitying sigh
 The evil done now anxious to repair,
 He shed in haste the balmy drops of joy
 O'er all the silky ringlets of her hair;
 Then stretched his plumes divine, and breathed celestial
 air.

[29]

Unhappy Psyche! soon the latent wound
 The *fading roses* of her *cheek* confess,²
 Her eyes bright beams, in swimming sorrows drowned,
 Sparkle no more with life and happiness
 Her parents fond exulting heart to bless;
 She shuns adoring crowds, and seeks to hide
 The pining sorrows which her soul oppress,
 Till to her mother's tears no more denied,
 The *secret grief* ³ she owns, for which she lingering sighed.

¹ As when with *ravished*, aching, vassal *eyes* (343 Fanny 2. 6)
 Cp. II 5. 4.

² And on thy *cheek* a *fading rose* (354 Belle Dame 3. 3)

³ Of *secret grief*, here in this bowery nest. (71 End. 1. 539)

[30]

A dream of mingled terror and delight
 Still heavy hangs upon her troubled soul,
 An angry form still *swims before her sight*,¹
 And still the vengeful thunders seem to roll;
 Still crushed to earth she feels the stern control
 Of Venus unrelenting, unappeased:
 The dream returns, she feels the fancied dole;
 Once more the furies on her heart have seized,
 But still she views the youth who all her sufferings eased.

[31]

Of wondrous beauty did the *vision* seem,
 And in the freshest prime of youthful years;
 Such at the close of her distressful *dream*
 A graceful champion to her eyes appears;
 Her loved deliverer from her foes and fears
 She seems in grateful transport still to press;
 Still his soft voice sounds in her *ravished ears*; ²
 Dissolved in fondest tears of tenderness
 His form she oft invokes her *waking* eyes to bless.³

¹ When a new planet *swims into his ken* (39 Chapman 10)

And shaping visions all about my *sight*

. . . And then were gulph'd in a tumultuous *swim*: (72 End. 1. 568, 571)

² So sweetly to these *ravish'd ears* of mine (178 Lamia 1. 268)

Cp. VI 52. 2.

³ Was it a *vision* or a *waking dream*? (233 Nightingale 8. 9)

[32]

Nor was it quite a dream, for as she woke,
 Ere heavenly mists concealed him from her eye,
 One sudden transitory view she took
 Of Love's most radiant bright divinity;
 From the fair image never can she fly,
 As still consumed with vain desire she pines;
 While her fond parents heave the anxious sigh,
 And to avert her fate seek *holy shrines* ¹
 The threatened ills to learn by auguries and signs.

[33]

And now, the royal *sacrifice* prepared,
 The milk-white bull they to the *altar* lead,²
 Whose youth the galling yoke as yet had spared,
 Now destined by the sacred knife to bleed:
 When lo! with sudden spring his horns he freed,
 And head-long rushed amid the frightened throng:
 While from the *smoke-veiled shrine* such sounds
 proceed ³
 As well might strike with awe the soul most strong;
 And thus divinely spoke the heaven inspired tongue.

¹ Then lastly to his *holy shrine* (342 St. Mark 117)

² Who are these coming to the *sacrifice*?

To what green *altar*, O mysterious priest,

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies, (234 Urn 4. 1-3)

³ And *clouded* all the *altar* with soft *smoke*; (446 Fall Hyp. 1. 105)

[34]

“On nuptial couch, in nuptial vest arrayed,
“On a tall rock’s high summit Psyche place:
“Let all depart, and leave the fated maid
“Who never must a mortal Hymen grace:
“A winged monster of no earthly race
“Thence soon shall bear his trembling bride away;
“His power extends o’er all the bounds of space,
“And Jove himself has owned his dreaded sway,
“Whose flaming breath sheds fire, whom earth and
 heaven obey.”

[35]

With terror, anguish, and astonishment
The oracle her wretched father hears;
Now from his brow the regal honours rent,
And now in frantic sorrow wild appears,
Nor threatened plagues, nor punishment he fears,
Refusing long the sentence to obey,
Till Psyche, trembling with submissive tears,
Bids them the sacrifice no more delay,
Prepare the funeral couch, and leave the destined prey.

[36]

Pleased by the ambiguous doom the Fates promulge,
 The angry Goddess and *enamoured* Boy ¹
 Alike content their various hopes indulge;
 He, still exploring with an anxious eye
 The future prospect of uncertain joy,
 Plans how the tender object of his care
 He may protect from threatened misery;
 Ah sanguine Love! so oft deceived, forbear
 With flattering tints to paint illusive hope so fair.

[37]

But now what lamentations rend the skies!
 In amaracine wreaths the *virgin choir* ²
 With Io Hymen mingle funeral cries:
 Lost in the sorrows of the Lydian Lyre
 The *breathing flutes'* melodious notes expire; ³
 In sad procession pass the *mournful throng* ⁴
 Extinguishing with tears the torches' fire,
 While the mute victim weeping crowds among,
 By unknown fears oppressed, moves silently along.

¹ I sat a weeping: what *enamour'd* bride, (146 End. 4. 189)

² Nor *virgin choir* to make delicious moan (236 Psyche 30)
 Cp. V 34. 5.

³ "Breathe softly, *flutes*: (138 End. 3. 968)

⁴ And there her women in a *mournful throng* (406 Otho 4. 2. 3)

[38]

But on such scenes of terror and dismay
 The mournful Muse delights not long to dwell;
 She quits well pleased the melancholy lay,
 Nor vainly seeks the parents' woes to tell:
 But what to wondering Psyche then befel
 When thus abandoned, let her rather say,
 Who shuddering looks to see some monster fell
 Approach the desert rock to seize his prey,
 With cruel fangs devour, or tear her thence away.

[39]

When lo! a gentle *breeze* began to rise,
Breathed by obedient *Zephyrs* round the maid,¹
Fanning her bosom with its softest sighs ²
 Awhile among her fluttering robes it strayed,
 And boldly sportive latent charms displayed:
 And then, as Cupid willed, with tenderest care
 From the tall rock, where weeping she was laid,
 With gliding motion through the yielding air
 To Pleasure's blooming isle their lovely charge they bear.

¹ In which the *Zephyr breathes* the loudest song, (275 Hyp. 3. 26)

² . . . as when *Zephyr* bids

A little *breeze* to creep between the *fans* (77 End. 1. 763, 764)

[40]

On the green bosom of the *turf* reclined,
 They lightly now the astonished virgin lay,
 To placid rest they *sooth* her troubled mind;
 Around her still with watchful care they stay,
 Around her still in quiet whispers play;
 Till lulling slumbers bid her *eyelids close*,¹
 Veiling with silky fringe each brilliant ray,
 While soft tranquillity divinely flows
 O'er all her soul serene, in visions of repose.

[41]

Refreshed she rose, and all enchanted gazed ²
 On the *rare beauties* of the pleasant scene.³
 Conspicuous far a lofty palace blazed
 Upon a *sloping* bank of softest *green*; ⁴
 A fairer edifice was never seen;
 The high ranged columns own no mortal hand,
 But seem a temple meet for *Beauty's queen*.⁵
 Like polished snow the marble pillars stand
 In grace attempered majesty sublimely grand.

¹ Or on the open *turf* their *soothed eyelids closed* (482 Cap and Bells 77. 9)

² And up I *rose refresh'd*, and glad, and gay (53 Sleep 401)

³ A splendid company! *rare beauties* here! (418 Otho 5. 5. 22)

⁴ Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread, (176 Lamia 1. 181)
 Cp. III 34. 2-4; 35. 1.

⁵ From silv'ry ripple, up to *beauty's queen*; (31 Clarke 39)
 Cp. I. 5. 6, I 13. 9 and VI 48. 5.

[42]

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
 Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
 The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
 And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
 The passing breezes with their odours fill;
 Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
 And here all flowers which from their leaves distil
 Ambrosial dew in sweet succession blow,
 And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

[43]

The sun looks glorious mid a sky serene,
 And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
 The clear blue ocean at a distance seen
 Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
 While closing round it with majestic pride,
 The lofty rocks mid citron groves arise;
 "Sure some divinity must here reside,"
 As *tranced* in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
 And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her *charmed* eyes.¹

¹ As when, upon a *tranced* summer-night, . . .

Tall oaks, branch-*charmed* by the earnest stars, (251 Hyp. 1. 72-74)
 (Forests) (452 Fall Hyp. 1. 372, 373)

[44]

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
 From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;
 "Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
 "At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
 "And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
 "For thee the palace rose at his command,
 "For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
 "He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand
 "Prompt every wish to serve, a fond obedient band."

[45]

Increasing *wonder* filled her *ravished* soul,¹
 For now the pompous *portals opened wide*,²
 There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
 Through halls high domed, enriched with sculptured pride,
 While gay saloons appeared on either side
 In splendid vista opening to her sight;
 And all with precious gems so beautified,
 And furnished with such exquisite delight,
 That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

¹ The silver lamp,—the *ravishment*,—the *wonder*—(6 I stood 147)

² When these enchanted *portals opened wide* (27 Full many 33)

[46]

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play;
The snow white jasper, and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate grey,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death by Phœbus mourned ensured him death-
less fame.

[47]

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can shew,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charmed mariner's half dazzled sight:
The coral paved baths with diamonds blaze:
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that Luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

[48]

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
 And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands,
 Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl,
 The lute and viol touched by unseen hands
 Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
 O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
 Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:
 For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
 To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

[49]

But when meek Eve hung out her dewy star,
 And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
 Lo! the bright *folding doors* ¹ retiring far,
 Display to Psyche's captivated eye
 All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
 To sooth the spirits in serene repose:
 Beneath the velvet's purple canopy
 Divinely formed a downy couch arose,
 While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

¹ And scarcely stays to ope the *folding doors* (13 Calidore 70)

[50]

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain;
Far other voices now attune the lay;
The swelling sounds approach, awhile remain,
And then retiring faint dissolved away:
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie:
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy,
But softly rustling sounds declare some Being nigh.

[51]

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of Love:
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels
When Love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals.

[52]

"'Tis he, 'tis *my deliverer!* deep imprest ¹
 "Upon my heart those sounds I well recal,"
 The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
 A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
 But, ere the breezes of the morning call
 Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
 Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall,
 Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
 While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eye-lids spread.

[53]

Again the band invisible attend,
 And female voices sooth the *mournful bride*; ²
 Light hands to braid her hair assistance lend,
 By some she sees the glowing bracelet tied,
 Others officious hover at her side,
 And each bright gem for her acceptance bring,
 While some, the balmy air diffusing wide,
 Fan softer perfumes from each odorous wing
 Than the fresh bosom sheds of earliest, sweetest spring.

¹ Think, *my deliverer*, how desolate (127 End. 3. 561)

² Your *mournful Psyche*, nor the downy owl (247 Melancholy 1. 7)

[54]

With songs divine her anxious soul they cheer,
And woo her footsteps to delicious bowers,
They bid the fruit more exquisite appear
Which at her feet its bright profusion showers:
For her they cull unknown, celestial flowers;
The gilded car they bid her fearless guide,
Which at her wish self-moved with wondrous powers,
The rapid bird's velocity defied,
While round the blooming isle it rolled with circuit wide.

[55]

Again they spread the feast, they strike the lyre,
But to her frequent questions nought reply,
Her lips in vain her lover's name require,
Or wherefore thus concealed he shuns her eye.
But when reluctant twilight veils the sky,
And each pale lamp successively expires;
Again she trembling hears the voice of joy,
Her spouse a tender confidence inspires,
But with a fond embrace ere dawn again retires.

[56]

To charm the languid hours of solitude
 He oft invites her to the *Muse's lore*,¹
 For none have vainly e'er the Muse pursued,
 And those whom she delights, regret no more
 The social, joyous hours, while rapt they soar
 To worlds unknown, and live in fancy's dream:
 Oh, Muse divine! thee only I implore,
 Shed on my soul thy sweet inspiring beams,
 And pleasure's gayest scene insipid folly seems!

[57]

Silence and solitude the Muses love,
 And whom they charm they can alone suffice;
 Nor ever tedious hour their votaries prove:
 This solace now the lonely Psyche tries,
 Or, while her hand the curious needle plies,
 She learns from lips unseen celestial strains;
 Responsive now with their soft voice she vies,
 Or bids her plaintive harp express the pains
 Which absence sore inflicts where Love all potent reigns.

¹ The Classic page, or *Muses' lore* (284 Bowl 20)

[58]

But melancholy poisons all her joys,
 And secret sorrows all her hopes depress,
 Consuming languor every bliss destroys,
 And sad she droops repining, comfortless.
 Her tender lover well the cause can guess,
 And sees too plain inevitable fate
 Pursue her to the bowers of happiness.
 "Oh, Psyche! most beloved, ere yet too late,
 "Dread the impending ills and prize thy tranquil state."

[59]

In vain his weeping love he thus advised;
 She longs to meet a parent's sweet embrace,
 "Oh, were their sorrowing hearts at least apprised
 "How Psyche's wondrous lot all fears may chase;
 "For whom thy love prepared so fair a place!
 "Let but my bliss their fond complaints repress,
 "Let me but once behold a mother's face,
 "Oh, spouse adored! and in full happiness
 "This love-contented heart its solitude shall bless.

[60]

"Oh, by those beauties I must ne'er behold!
 "The spicy-scented *ringlets of thine hair*:¹
 "By that soft neck my loving arms enfold,
 "Crown with a kind consent thy Psyche's prayer!
 "Their dear embrace, their blessing let me share;
 "So shall I stain our couch with tears no more:
 "But, blest in thee, resign each other care,
 "Nor seek again thy secret to explore,
 "Which yet, denied thy sight, I ever must deplore."

[61]

Unable to resist her fond request,
 Reluctant Cupid thus at last complied,
 And sighing clasped her closer to his breast.
 "Go then, my Psyche! go, my *lovely bride*!²
 "But let me in thy faith at least confide,
 "That by no subtle, impious arts betrayed,
 "Which, ah! too well I know will all be tried,
 "Thy simply trusting heart shall e'er be swayed
 "The secret veil to rend which fate thy screen hath made.

¹ All finish'd but some *ringlets of her hair*; (299 Builder 39)

"If one of her soft *ringlets* I displace, (218 St. Agnes 17. 4)

² My Madeline! sweet dreamer! *lovely bride*! (227 St. Agnes 38. 1)
 Cp. VI 58. 2.

[62]

"For danger hovers o'er thy *smiling days*,¹
 "One only way to shield thee yet I know;
 "Unseen, I may securely guard thy ways
 "And save thee from the threatened storm of woe;
 "But forced, if known, my Psyche to forego,
 "Thou never, never must again be mine!
 "What mutual sorrows hence must ceaseless flow!
 "Compelled thy dear embraces to resign,
 "While thou to anguish doomed for lost delights shalt
 pine.

[63]

"Solace thy mind with hopes of future joy!
 "In a dear infant thou shalt see my face;
 "Blest mother soon of an immortal boy,
 "In him his father's features thou shalt trace!
 "Yet go! for thou art free, the bounds of space
 "Are none for thee: attendant Zephyrs stay,
 "Speak but thy will, and to the wished for place
 "Their lovely mistress swift they shall convey:
 "Yet hither, ah! return, ere fades the festive day."

¹ Into the east, to meet the *smiling day*; (2 Dedication 4)

[64]

"Light of my soul, far dearer than the day!"
 (Exulting Psyche cries in grateful joy)
 "Me all the bliss of earth could ill repay
 "For thy most sweet, divine society;
 "To thee again with rapture will I fly,
 "Nor with less pleasure hail the star of eve
 "Than when in tedious solitude I sigh;
 "My vows of silent confidence believe,
 "Nor think thy Psyche's faith will e'er thy love deceive."

[65]

Her suit obtained, in full contentment blest,
 Her eyes at length in placid slumbers close.
 Sleep, hapless fair! sleep on thy lover's breast!
 Ah, not again to taste such pure repose!
 Till thy sad heart by long experience knows
 How much they err, who to their interest blind,
 Slight the calm peace which from retirement flows;
 And while they think their fleeting joys to bind,
 Banish the tranquil bliss which heaven for man designed!

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—Dangers of the World—Psyche conveyed by Zephyrs awakes once more in the paternal mansion—Envy of her Sisters—They plot her ruin—Inspire her with suspicion and terror—Psyche's return to the Palace of Love—Her disobedience—Love asleep—Psyche's amazement—The flight of Love—Sudden banishment of Psyche from the island of Pleasure—Her lamentations—Comforted by Love—Temple of Venus—Task imposed on Psyche conditional to her reconciliation with Venus—Psyche soothed and attended by Innocence—Psyche wandering as described in the opening of the first Canto.

CANTO II.

[1]

Oh happy you! who blest with present bliss ¹
See not with fatal prescience future tears,
Nor the dear moment of enjoyment miss
Through gloomy discontent, or sullen fears
Foreboding many a storm for coming years;
Change is the lot of all. Ourselves with scorn
Perhaps shall view what now so fair appears;
And wonder whence the fancied charm was born
Which now with vain despair from our fond grasp is torn!

¹ But who wast thou, *O happy, happy dove?* (235 *Psyche* 22, 23)

'Tis not through envy of thy *happy* lot,

But being too *happy in thine happiness*,— (230 *Nightingale* 1. 5, 6)

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;

And *happy* melodist, unwearied,

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More *happy* love! more *happy, happy* love! (234 *Urn* 3. 1-5)

[2]

Vain schemer, think not to prolong thy joy!
 But cherish while it lasts the heavenly boon;
 Expand thy sails! thy little bark shall fly
 With the full tide of pleasure! though it soon
 May feel the influence of the changeful moon,
 It yet is thine! then let not doubts obscure
 With cloudy vapours veil thy brilliant noon,
 Nor let suspicion's tainted breath impure
 Poison the favouring gale which speeds thy course
 secure!

[3]

Oh, Psyche, happy in thine ignorance! ¹
 Couldst thou but shun this heart tormenting bane;
 Be but content, nor daringly advance
 To meet the bitter hour of threatened pain;
 Pure spotless *dove!* seek thy safe *nest* again; ²
 Let true affection shun the public eye,
 And quit the busy circle of the vain,
 For there the treacherous snares concealed lie;
 Oh timely warned escape! to safe retirement fly!

¹ See p. 45 n.

² Warm as a *dove's nest* among summer trees (159 End. 4. 665)

[4]

Bright shone the morn! and now its golden ray
 Dispelled the slumbers from her radiant eyes,
 Yet still in dreams her fancy seems to play,
 For lo! she sees with rapture and surprise
 Full in her view the well-known mansion rise,
 And each loved scene of first endearment hails;
 The air that first received her infant sighs
 With wondring ecstasy she now inhales,
 While every trembling nerve soft tenderness assails.

[5]

See from the dear pavilion, where she lay,
 Breathless she flies with scarce assured feet,
 Swift through the garden wings her eager way,
 Her mourning parents *ravished eyes* to greet¹
 With loveliest apparition strange and sweet:
 Their days of anguish all o'erpaid they deem
 By one blest hour of ecstasy so great:
 Yet doubtingly they gaze, and anxious seem
 To ask their raptured souls, "Oh, is this all a dream?"

¹ As when with *ravished*, aching, vassal *eyes*, (343 Fanny 2. 6)
 Cp. I 28. 2.

[6]

The wondrous tale attentively they hear,
Repeated oft in broken words of joy,
She in their arms embraced, while every ear
Hangs on their Psyche's lips, and earnestly
On her is fixed each wonder speaking eye;
Till the sad hour arrives which bids them part,
And twilight darkens o'er the ruddy sky;
Divinely urged they let their child depart,
Pressed with a fond embrace to each adoring heart.

[7]

Trusting that wedded to a spouse divine
Secure is now their daughter's happiness,
They half contentedly their child resign,
Check the complaint, the rising sigh suppress,
And wipe the silent drops of bitterness.
Nor must she her departure more delay,
But bids them now their weeping Psyche bless;
Then back to the pavilion bends her way
Ere in the fading west quite sinks expiring day.

[8]

But, while her parents listen with delight,
 Her sisters hearts the Furies agitate:
 They look with *envy* on a *lot so bright*,¹
 And all the honours of her splendid fate,
 Scorning the meanness of their humbler state;
 And how they best her ruin may devise
 With hidden rancour much they meditate,
 Yet still they bear themselves in artful guise,
 While 'mid the feigned caress, concealed the venom lies.

[9]

By malice urged, by ruthless envy stung,
 With secret haste to seize their prey they flew,
 Around her neck as in despair they clung;
 Her soft complying nature well they knew,
 And trusted by delaying to undo;
 But when they found her resolute to go,
 Their well laid stratagem they then pursue,
 And, while they bid their treacherous sorrows flow,
 Thus fright her simple heart with images of woe.

¹ 'Tis not through *envy* of thy *happy lot* (230 Nightingale 1. 5)

[10]

"Oh, *hapless* Psyche! *thoughtless of thy doom!*¹
 "Yet hear thy sisters who have *wept for thee*,²
 "Since first a victim to thy living tomb,
 "Obedient to the oracle's decree,
 "Constrained we left thee to thy destiny.
 "Since then no comfort could our woes abate;
 "While thou wert lulled in false security
 "We learned the secret horrors of thy fate,
 "And heard prophetic lips thy future ills relate.

[11]

"Yet fearing never to behold thee more,
 "Our filial care would fain the truth conceal;
 "But from the sages cell this ring we bore,
 "With power each latent magic to reveal:
 "Some hope from hence our anxious bosoms feel
 "That we from ruin may our Psyche save,
 "Since Heaven propitious to our pious zeal,
 "Thee to our frequent prayers in pity gave,
 "That warned thou yet mayest shun thy sad untimely grave.

¹ *Happy and thoughtless of thy day of doom!* (325 Cottage 4)

² *Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud* (157 End. 4. 607)

[12]

"Oh! how shall we declare the fatal truth?
 "How wound thy tender bosom with alarms?
 "Tell how the graces of thy blooming youth,
 "Thy more than mortal, all-adored charms
 "Have lain enamoured in a sorcerer's arms?
 "Oh, Psyche! seize on this decisive hour,
 "Escape the mischief of impending harms!
 "Return no more to that enchanted bower,
 "Fly the magician's arts, and dread his cruel power.

[13]

"If, yet reluctant to forego thy love,
 "Thy furtive joys and solitary state,
 "Our fond officious care thy doubts reprove,
 "At least let some precaution guard thy fate,
 "Nor may our warning love be prized too late;
 "This night thyself thou mayst convince thine eyes,
 "Hide but a lamp, and cautiously await
 "Till in deep slumber thy magician lies,
 "This ring shall then disclose his foul *deformities*.¹

¹ Be but the essence of *deformity*.
 A coward, (50 Sleep 298, 299)
 See also II 14. 7.

[14]

"That monster by the oracle foretold,
 "Whose cursed spells both gods and men must fear,
 "In his own image thou shalt then behold,
 "And shuddering hate what now is *prized so dear*; ¹
 "Yet fly not then, though loathsome he appear,
 "But let this dagger to his breast strike deep;
 "Thy *coward* terrors then thou must not hear,²
 "For if with life he rouses from that sleep
 "Nought then for thee remains, and we must hopeless
 weep."

[15]

Oh! have you seen, when in the northern sky
 The transient flame of lambent *lightning plays*,³
 In quick succession lucid streamers fly,
 Now flashing roseate, and now milky rays,
 While struck with awe the astonished rustics gaze?
 Thus o'er her cheek the fleeting signals move,
 Now pale with fear, now glowing with the blaze
 Of much indignant, still confiding love,
 Now horror's lurid hue with shame's deep blushes strove.

¹ How she might find the clay, *so dearly prized* (206 Isa. 43. 3)

² See p. 51 n.

³ On the far depth where sheeted *lightning plays* (26 Full many 6)

[16]

On her cold, passive hand the ring they place,
 And hide the dagger in her folding vest;
 Pleased the effects of their dire arts to trace
 In the mute agony that swells her breast,
 Already in her future ruin blest:
 Conscious that now their poor deluded prey
 Should never taste again delight or rest,
 But sickening in suspicion's gloom decay,
 Or urged by terrors rash their treacherous will obey.

[17]

While yet irresolute with sad surprise,
 Mid doubt and love she stands in strange suspense,
 Lo! gliding from her sisters wondering eyes
 Returning Zephyrs gently bear her thence;
 Lost all her hopes, her joys, her confidence,
 Back to the earth her mournful eyes she threw,
 As if imploring pity and defence;
 While bathed in tears her *golden tresses* flew,¹
 As in the breeze dispersed they caught the precious dew.

¹ His very hair, his *golden tresses* famed (279 Hyp. 3. 131)

[18]

Illumined *bright* now shines the splendid dome,
 Melodious accents her arrival hail:
 But not the *torches*' blaze can chase the gloom,¹
 And all the soothing powers of music fail;
 Trembling she seeks her couch with horror pale,
 But first a lamp conceals in secret shade,
 While unknown terrors all her soul assail.
 Thus half their treacherous counsel is obeyed,
 For still her *gentle soul* abhors the murderous blade.²

[19]

And now, with *softest* whispers of delight,
 Love welcomes Psyche still more *fondly* dear;³
 Not unobserved, though hid in deepest night,
 The silent anguish of her secret fear.
 He thinks that tenderness excites the tear
 By the late image of her parents' grief,
 And half offended seeks in vain to cheer,
 Yet, while he speaks, her sorrows feel relief,
 Too soon more keen to sting from this suspension brief.

¹ A *bright torch*, and a casement ope at night, (237 Psyche 66)

² Yet did she merely weep—her *gentle soul* (153 End. 4. 470)

³ So *fondly* I'll breathe, and so *softly* I'll sigh, (290 Wylie 4. 1)

[20]

Allowed to settle on celestial eyes
Soft Sleep exulting now exerts his sway,¹
 From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
 To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
 The powers of heaven submissively obey.
 Trembling and breathless then she softly rose
 And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
 With hand too rashly daring to disclose
 The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

[21]

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
 The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
 As though it warned her from her rash intent:
 And twice she paused, and on its trembling beam
 Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
 With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
 As one just waking from a troublous dream,
 With palpitating heart and straining eye,
 Still fixed with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

¹ What, but thee Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes! (43 Sleep 11)

[22]

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
 To paint the wonders which that lamp could shew?
 And canst thou hope in living words to say
 The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
 Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
 That splendid vision could be well exprest,
 The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
 Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
 When *Love's* all *potent charms* divinely stood confest.¹

[23]

All imperceptible to human touch,
 His wings display celestial essence light,
 The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
 The *brilliant plumage* shines so heavenly *bright* ²
 That mortal *eyes* turn *dazzled* from the *sight*; ³
 A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years;
 Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
 Each *golden curl* resplendently appears,⁴
 Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears.

¹ O *Love!* how *potent* hast thou been to teach (115 End. 3. 92)
 This is the magic, this the *potent charm*, (477 Cap and Bells 58. 5)

² There the king-fisher saw his *plumage bright*
 Vieing with fish of *brilliant* dye below; (21 Now Morning 10, 11)

³ So passionately *bright*, my *dazzled* soul
 . . . To commune with those orbs, once more I rais'd
 My *sight* right upward: but it was quite dazed
 . . . Making me quickly veil my *eyes* and face; (73 End. 1. 594-603)

⁴ *Golden* his hair of short Numidian *curl* (273 Hyp. 2. 371)

[24]

Or o'er his guileless front the *ringlets bright*
 Their rays of *sunny lustre* seem to throw,¹
 That front than polished ivory more white!
 His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
 Than roses scattered o'er *a bed of snow*:²
 While on his lips, distilled in balmy dews,
 (Those lips divine that even in silence know
 The heart to touch) persuasion to infuse
 Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

[25]

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
 Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
 But from their silky veil there seemed to peep
 Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
 Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
 And all his polished limbs suffuse with light.
 Thus through some narrow space the azure day
 Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
 Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night.

¹ Had marr'd his *glossy hair* which once could shoot
Lustre into the *sun*. . . . (204 Isa. 35. 4, 5)
 Cp. 264. 11.

² Fallen on *a bed of snow*. (18 Hadst thou 12)

[26]

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
 Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
 Nor needs the god his dazzling arms, to show
 His glorious birth, such beauty round him shone
 As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;
 The gloom which glowed o'er all of soft desire,
 Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherished son;
 And *Beauty's self* will oft these charms admire,¹
 And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

[27]

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost
 Long Psyche stood with *fixed* adoring eye;²
 Her limbs immoveable, her senses tost
 Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
 She hangs enamoured o'er the Deity.
 Till from her trembling hand extinguished falls
 The fatal lamp—He starts—and suddenly
 Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
 While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted
 walls.

¹ Sorrow more beautiful than *Beauty's self* (250 Hyp. 1. 36)

² Till the fond, *fixed eyes*, forget their stare (23 Woman 18)
 Cp. III 23. 5.

[28]

Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
 A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
 Her soul shrinks fainting from death's icy dart,
 The groan scarce uttered dies but half exprest,
 And down she sinks in deadly swoon opprest:
 But when at length, awaking from her trance,
 The terrors of her fate stand all confest,
 In vain she casts around her timid glance,
 The rudely frowning scenes her former joys enhance.

[29]

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
 A desert solitude alone appears.
 No verdant shade relieves the *sandy plain*,¹
 The wide spread waste no gentle fountain cheers,
 One barren face the dreary prospect wears;
 Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye
 To calm the dismal tumult of her fears,
 No trace of human habitation nigh,
 A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

¹ Like melodies upon a *sandy plain*, (103 End. 2. 683)

[30]

The mists of morn yet chill the gloomy air,
 And heavily obscure the clouded skies;
 In the mute anguish of a fixed despair
 Still on the ground immoveable she lies;
 At length, with *lifted hands* and streaming eyes,¹
 Her mournful prayers invoke offended Love,
 “*Oh, let me hear thy voice once more,*” she cries,²
 “In death at least thy pity let me move,
 “And death, if but forgiven, a kind relief will prove.

[31]

“For what can life to thy lost Psyche give,
 “What can it offer but a gloomy void?
 “Why thus abandoned should I wish to live?
 “To mourn the pleasure which I once enjoyed,
 “The bliss my own rash folly hath destroyed;
 “Of all my soul most prized, or held most dear,
 “Nought but the sad remembrance doth abide,
 “And late repentance of my impious fear;
 “Remorse and vain regret what living soul can bear!

¹ And *lifted hands*, and trembling lips he stood; (88 End. 2. 196)

² *O let me once more hear* the linnet's note! (92 End. 2. 322)

“*O let me hear thee speak*, for Cupid's sake! (123 End. 3. 430)

Let, let me hear his voice; this cannot last (416 Otho 5. 4. 40)

O let me catch his voice—for lo! I *hear* (416 Otho 5. 4. 43)

[32]

"Oh, art thou then indeed for ever gone!
 "And art thou heedless of thy Psyche's woe!
 "From these fond arms for ever art thou flown,
 "And unregarded must my sorrows flow!
 "Ah! why too happy did I ever know
 "The rapturous charms thy tenderness inspires?
 "Ah! why did thy affections stoop so low?
 "Why kindle in a mortal breast such fires,
 "Or with celestial love inflame such rash desires?

[33]

"Abandoned thus for ever by thy love,
 "No greater punishment I now can bear,
 "From fate no farther malice can I prove;
 "Not all the horrors of this desert drear,
 "Nor death itself can now excite a fear;
 "The peopled earth a solitude as vast
 "To this *despairing heart* would now appear; ¹
 "Here then, my transient joys for ever past,
 "Let thine expiring bride thy pardon gain at last!"

¹ From my *despairing heart* to charm (283 Bowl 9)

[34]

Now prostrate on the bare unfriendly ground,
 She waits her doom in silent agony;
 When lo! the well known soft celestial sound
 She hears once more with breathless ecstasy,
 "Oh! yet too dearly loved! Lost Psyche! Why
 "With cruel fate wouldst thou unite thy power,
 "And force me thus thine arms adored to fly?
 "Yet cheer thy drooping soul, some *happier hour* ¹
 "Thy banished steps may lead back to thy lover's
 bower.

[35]

"Though angry Venus we no more can shun,
 "Appease that anger and I yet am thine!
 "Lo! where her temple glitters to the sun;
 "With humble penitence approach her shrine,
 "Perhaps to pity she may yet incline;
 "But should her cruel wrath these hopes deceive,
 "And thou, alas! must never more be mine,
 "Yet shall thy lover ne'er his Psyche leave,
 "But, if the fates allow, unseen thy woes relieve.

¹ I prithee, why? What *happier hour* of time (375 Otho 1. 3. 7)

[36]

“Stronger than I, they now forbid my stay;
“Psyche beloved, adieu!” Scarce can she hear
The last faint words, which gently melt away;
And now more faint the dying sounds appear,
Borne to a distance from her longing ear;
Yet still attentively she stands unmoved,
To catch those accents which her soul could cheer,
That soothing voice which had so sweetly proved
That still his tender heart offending Psyche loved!

[37]

And now the joyous sun had cleared the sky,
The mist dispelled revealed the splendid fane;
A palmy grove majestically high
Screens the fair building from the desert plain;
Of alabaster white and free from stain
Mid the tall trees the tapering columns rose;
Thither, with fainting steps, and weary pain,
Obedient to the voice at length she goes,
And at the threshold seeks protection and repose.

[38]

Round the soft scene immortal roses bloom,
 While lucid myrtles in the breezes play;
 No savage beast did ever yet presume
 With foot impure within the grove to stray,
 And far from hence flies every bird of prey;
 Thus, mid the sandy Garamantian wild,
 When Macedonia's lord pursued his way,
 The sacred temple of great Ammon smiled,
 And green encircling shades the long fatigue beguiled:

[39]

With awe that fearfully her doom awaits
 Still at the portal Psyche timid lies,
 When lo! advancing from the hallowed gates
 Trembling she views with reverential eyes
 An *aged priest*. A myrtle bough supplies ¹
 A wand, and roses bind his snowy brows:
 "Bear hence thy feet profane (he sternly cries)
 "Thy longer stay the goddess disallows,
 "Fly, nor her fiercer wrath too daringly arouse!"

¹ Where sat Endymion and the *aged priest* (66 End. 1. 357)

[40]

His pure white robe imploringly she held,
And, bathed in tears, embraced his sacred knees;
Her mournful charms relenting he beheld,
And melting pity in his eye she sees;
“Hope not (he cries) the goddess to appease,
“Retire at awful distance from her shrine,
“But seek the refuge of those sheltering trees,
“And now thy soul with humble awe incline
“To hear her sacred will, and mark the words divine.”

[41]

“Presumptuous Psyche! whose aspiring soul
“The God of Love has dared to arrogate;
“Rival of Venus! whose supreme control
“Is now asserted by all ruling fate,
“No suppliant tears her vengeance shall abate
“Till thou hast raised an altar to her power,
“Where perfect happiness, in lonely state,
“Has fixed her temple in secluded bower,
“By foot impure of man untrodden to this hour!

[42]

"And on the altar must thou place an urn
 "Filled from immortal Beauty's sacred spring,
 "Which foul deformity to grace can turn,
 "And back to fond affection's eyes can bring
 "The charms which fleeting fled on transient wing;
 "Snatched from the rugged steep where first they rise,
 "Dark rocks their crystal source o'ershadowing,
 "Let their clear water sparkle to the skies
 "Where cloudless lustre beams which happiness supplies!

[43]

"To Venus thus for ever reconciled,
 "(This one atonement all her wrath disarms,)
 "From thy loved Cupid then no more exiled
 "There shalt thou, free from sorrow and alarms,
 "Enjoy for ever his celestial charms.
 "But *never* shalt thou taste a *pure* repose,¹
 "Nor ever meet thy lover's circling arms,
 "Till, all subdued that shall thy steps oppose,
 "Thy perils there shall end, escaped from all thy foes."

¹ Yet did I *never* breathe its *pure* serene (39 Chapman 7)

[44]

With meek submissive woe she heard her doom,
Nor to the holy minister replied;
But in the myrtle grove's mysterious gloom
She silently retired her grief to hide.
Hopeless to tread the waste without a guide,
All unrefreshed and faint from toil she lies:
When lo! her present wants are all supplied,
Sent by the hand of Love a turtle flies,
And sets delicious food before her wondering eyes.

[45]

Cheered by the favouring omen, softer tears
Relieve her bosom from its cruel weight:
She blames the sad despondence of her fears,
When still protected by a power so great,
His tenderness her toils will mitigate.
Then with renewed strength at length she goes,
Hoping to find some skilled in secret fate,
Some learned sage who haply might disclose
Where lay that blissful bower the end of all her woes.

[46]

And as she went, behold, with hovering flight
 The dove preceded still her doubtful way;
 Its spotless plumage of the purest white,
 Which shone resplendent in the blaze of day,
 Could even in darkest gloom a light display;
 Of heavenly birth, when first to mortals given
 Named Innocence. But ah! too short its stay;
 By ravenous birds it fearfully was driven
 Back to reside with Love, *a denizen of heaven*.¹

[47]

Now through the trackless wild, o'er many a mile
 The messenger of Cupid led the fair,
 And cheered with hope her solitary toil,
 Till now a brighter face the prospects wear,
 Past are the sandy wastes and deserts bare,
 And many *a verdant hill*, and grassy dale,²
 And trace, that mortal culture might declare,
 And many *a wild wood dark*, and joyous vale³
 Appeared her soul to sooth, could soothing scenes avail.

¹ That am not yet *a glorious denizen*
Of thy wide heaven— (44 Sleep 48, 49, 54, 55)
 Cp. VI 58. 9.

² And her first footsteps touch'd *a verdant hill* (21 Now Morning 2)

³ Into the dungeon core of that *wild wood*: (127 End. 3. 565)

[48]

But other fears her timid soul distress,
Mid strangers unprotected and alone,
The desert wilderness alarmed her less
Than cities, thus unfriended and unknown;
But where the path was all by moss o'ergrown,
There still she chose her solitary way,
Where'er her faithful Dove before had flown
Fearful of nought she might securely stray,
For still his care supplied the wants of every day.

[49]

And still she entered every sacred grove
And homage paid to each divinity,
But chief the altar of almighty Love
Weeping embraced with fond imploring eye;
To every oracle her hopes apply,
Instructions for her dangerous path to gain:
Exclaiming oft, with a desponding sigh,
“Ah! how through all such dangers, toil and pain,
“Shall Psyche's helpless steps their object e'er attain!”

[50]

And now remote from every peopled town
 One sultry day a *cooling bower* she found: ¹
 There as I whilom sung, she laid her down,
 Where rich profusion of gay flowers around
 Had decked with artless shew the sloping ground;
 There the wild rose and modest violet grow,
 There all thy charms, Narcissus! still abound:
 There wrapt in verdure fragrant lilies blow,
 Lilies that love the vale, and hide their bells of snow.

[51]

Thy flowers, Adonis! bright vermilion shew;
 Still for his love the yellow Crocus pines;
 There, while indignant blushes seem to glow,
 Beloved by Phœbus his acanthus shines;
 Reseda still her drooping head reclines
 With faithful homage to his golden rays,
 And, though mid clouds their lustre he resigns,
 An image of the constant heart displays,
 While silent still she turns her fond pursuing gaze.

¹ That for themselves a *cooling covert* make (57 End. 1. 17)

[52]

And every sweet that Spring with fairy hands
Scatters in thy green path, enchanting May!
And every flowering shrub there clustering stands
As though they wooed her to a short delay,
Yielding a charm to sooth her weary way;
Soft was the tufted moss, and sweet the breeze,
With lulling sound the murmuring waters play,
With lulling sound from all the rustling trees
The fragrant gale invites to cool refreshing ease.

[53]

There as she sought repose, her sorrowing heart
Recalled her absent love with bitter sighs;
Regret had deeply fixed the poisoned dart,
Which ever rankling in her bosom lies;
In vain she seeks to close her weary eyes,
Those eyes still swim incessantly in tears,
Hope in her cheerless bosom fading dies,
Distracted by a thousand cruel fears,
While banished from his love for ever she appears.

[54]

Oh! thou best comforter of that sad heart
 Whom fortune's spite assails; come, gentle *Sleep*,
 The weary mourner *sooth!* for well the art
 Thou knowest in *soft forgetfulness* to steep
 The *eyes* which sorrow taught to watch and weep; ¹
 Let blissful visions now her spirits cheer,
 Or lull her cares to peace in slumbers deep,
 Till from fatigue refreshed and anxious fear
 Hope like the morning star once more shall re-appear.

¹ O *soft* embalmer of the still midnight,
 Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
 Our gloom-pleas'd *eyes*, embower'd from the light,
 Enshaded in *forgetfulness* divine:
 O *soothes* *Sleep!* . . . (344 O soft 1-5)

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

Praise of Love—Psyche's Champion, with his attendant Constance, described—The Knight assumes the command of Passion, who appears as a Lion—Psyche proceeds under the protection of the Knight—Persuaded to repose in the Bower of loose Delight—Her escape from thence—Led by Innocence to Retirement—Psyche meets Vanity and Flattery—Betrayed by them into the power of Ambition—Rescued by her Knight.

CANTO III.

[1]

Oh, who art thou who darest of Love complain?
He is a *gentle spirit* ¹ and injures none!
His foes are ours; from them the bitter pain,
The keen, deep anguish, the heart-rending groan,
Which in his milder reign are never known.
His tears are softer than the April showers,
White-handed ² Innocence supports his throne,
His sighs are sweet as breath of earliest flowers,
Affection guides his steps, and peace protects his bowers.

¹ Call on thy *gentle spirit* to hover nigh (10 Induction 56)

² Catch the *white-handed* nymphs in shady places, (45 Sleep 105)

[2]

But scarce admittance he on earth can find,
 Opposed by vanity, by fraud ensnared,
 Suspicion frights him from the gloomy mind,
 And jealousy in vain his smiles has shared,
 Whose sullen frown the gentle godhead scared;
 From passion's rapid blaze in haste he flies,
 His wings alone the fiercer flame has spared;
 From him ambition turns his scornful eyes,
 And avarice, slave to gold, a generous lord denies.

[3]

But chief Inconstancy his power destroys;
 To mock his lovely form, an idle train
 With magic skill she dressed in transient toys,
 By these the selfish votaries she can gain
 Whom Love's more simple bands could ne'er detain.
 Ah! how shall Psyche through such mortal foes
 The fated end of all her toils attain?
 Sadly she ponders o'er her hopeless woes,
 Till on the *pillowy* turf she sinks to short repose.¹

¹ And from the *pillowy* silkiness that rests (8 I stood 188)
 We put our eyes into a *pillowy* cleft (205 Isa. 41. 5)

[4]

But, as the careless lamb whom playful chance
 Thoughtless of danger has enticed to rove,
 Amidst her gambols casts a sudden glance
 Where lurks her wily foe within the grove,
 Anxious to fly, but still afraid to move,
 All hopeless of escape—so looks the maid,
 Such dread her half-awakened senses prove,
 When roused from sleep before her eyes dismayed
 A knight all armed appears close mid the embowering
 shade.

[5]

Trembling she *gazed*, until the stranger knight ¹
 Tempering with mildest courtesy, the awe
 Which majesty inspired, low in her sight
 Obeisance made; nor would he nearer draw,
 Till, half subdued surprise and fear, he saw
 Pale terror yielding to the rosy grace,
 The pure congealed blood begin to thaw,
 And flowing through her crystal veins apace
 Suffuse with mantling blush her mild celestial face.

¹ I sat her on my pacing *steed*.

. . . And there she *gaz'd* and *sighed* deep

(And there *she wept*, and *sigh'd* full sore,

. . . And no *birds* sing. (355, 356 Belle Dame 5. 1; 8. 2; 12. 4)

See also III 13. 2; 17. 6; 22. 1; 22. 9; 24. 4; 32. 8.

[6]

Gently approaching then with fairest speech
He proffered service to the lonely dame,
And prayed her that she might not so impeach
The honour of his youth's yet spotless fame,
As aught to fear which might his knighthood shame;
But if her unprotected steps to guard,
The glory of her champion he might claim,
He asked no other guerdon or reward,
Than what bright honour's self might to his deeds award.

[7]

Doubting, and musing much within her mind,
With half suspicious, half confiding eye,
Awhile she stood; her thoughts bewildered find
No utterance, unwilling to deny
Such proffered aid, yet bashful to reply
With quick assent, since though concealed his face
Beneath his helm, yet might she well espy
And in each fair proportion plainly trace
The symmetry of form, and perfect youthful grace.

[8]

Hard were it to describe the nameless charm
 That o'er each limb, in every action played,
 The softness of that voice, which could disarm
 The hand of fury of its deadly blade:
 In shining armour was the youth arrayed,
 And on his shield a bleeding heart he bore,
 His *lofty crest* light *plumes* of azure shade,¹
 There shone a wounded dragon bathed in gore,
 And bright with silver beamed the *silken scarf* he wore.²

[9]

His *milk-white steed* with glittering *trappings* blazed,³
 Whose reins a beauteous boy attendant held,
 On the fair squire with wonder Psyche gazed,
 For scarce he seemed of age to bear the shield,
 Far less a ponderous lance, or sword to wield;
 Yet well this little *page* his lord had served,¹
 His youthful arm had many a foe repelled,
 His watchful eye from many a snare preserved,
 Nor ever from his steps in any danger swerved.

¹ See p. 85 n.

² Then in a *silken scarf*,—sweet with the dews (208 Isa. 52. 1)
 Cp. V 20. 3.

³ Comes thine *alabaster steed*;
 Servant of heroic deed!
 O'er his loins, his *trappings* glow (19 Hadst thou 57–59)

[10]

Graced with the gift of a perpetual youth,
 No lapse of years had power his form to change;
 Constance was named the boy, whose matchless truth
 Though oft inticed with other lords to range
 Nor fraud, nor force could from that knight estrange;
 His mantle of *celestial blue* was made,¹
 And its *bright texture* wrought with art so strange ¹
 That the fresh brilliant gloss could never fade,
 And lustre yet unknown to Psyche's eyes displayed.

[11]

Thus while she gazed, behold with *horrid roar* ¹
 A lion from the neighbouring forest rushed,
 A *golden chain* around his neck he bore,¹
 Which richly glowing with carbuncles blushed,
 While his fierce eye-balls fiery rage had flushed:
 Forth steps the youth before the affrighted fair,
 Who in his mighty paw already crushed
 Seems in the terrors of her wild despair,
 And her mute quivering *lips a death-like paleness wear*.²

¹ . . . with *fearful roar*,
 Above the lintel of their chamber door.
 And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor.
 For all this came a ruin: side by side
 They were enthroned, in the even tide,
 Upon a couch, near to a curtaining
 Whose *airy texture*, from a *golden string*,
 Floated into the room, and let appear
 Unveil'd the summer *heaven, blue* and clear. (182 *Lamia* 2. 13–21)

² I saw *pale* kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, *death-pale* were they all;
 . . . I saw their starv'd *lips* in the gloom (356 *Belle Dame* 10. 1, 2; 11. 1)

[12]

But scarce the kingly beast the knight beheld,
 When crouching low, submissive at his feet,
 His wrath extinguished, and his valour quelled,
 He seemed with reverence and obeisance sweet
 Him as his long acknowledged lord to greet.
 While, in acceptance of the new command,
 Well pleased the youth received the homage meet,
 Then seized the splendid chain with steady hand
 Full confident to rule, and every foe withstand.

[13]

And, when at length recovered from her fear
 The timid Psyche mounts his docile *steed*,¹
 Much prayed, she tells to his *attentive ear* ²
 (As on her purposed journey they proceed)
 The doubtful course the oracle decreed:
 And how observant of her friendly guide,
 She still pursued its flight, with all the speed
 Her fainting strength had hitherto supplied:
 What *pathless wilds* ³ she crossed! What forest *dark-*
 ling wide! ⁴

¹ See p. 77 n.

² A meek *attentive ear*, so that they treat (432 Stephen 4. 11)

³ In noisome alley, and in *pathless wood*: (40 Haydon 4)

⁴ Down the wide stairs a *darkling* way they found.—(228 St. Agnes 40. 4)
Darkling I listen; and, for many a time (232 Nightingale 6. 1)

[14]

Which having heard, the *courteous knight* began¹
 With counsel sweet to sooth her wounded heart;
 Divinely eloquent, persuasion ran
 The herald of his words ere they depart
 His lips, which well might confidence impart,
 As he revealed how he himself was bound
 By *solemn vow*, that neither force nor art²
 His helmet should unloose, till he had found
 The bower of happiness, that long sought fairy ground.

[15]

"I too (he said) divided from my love,
 "The offended power of Venus deprecate,
 "Like thee, through paths *untrodden*,³ sadly *rove* ⁴
 "In search of that fair spot prescribed by fate,
 "The blessed term of my afflicted state,
 "Where I the mistress of my soul shall find,
 "For whose dear sake no toil to me seems great,
 "Nor any dangers to my search assigned
 "Can from its purpose fright *my ardent* ⁴ longing *mind*.³

¹ Ah! *courteous Sir Knight*, with large joy thou are crown'd; (17 *Shell* 17)

² You must make here a *solemn vow* to me. (365 *Otho* 1. 1. 27)

³ In some *untrodden* region of *my mind*, (236 *Psyche* 51)

⁴ Ye *ardent* marigolds!

. . . So haply when I *rove* in some far vale, (4 *I stood* 48, 55)

[16]

"Psyche! thy soft and sympathising heart
 "Shall share the rapture of thy loyal knight;
 "He too, in thy content shall bear a part,
 "Blest witness of thy new restored delight;
 "My vows of true allegiance here I plight,
 "Ne'er to forsake thee till thy perils end,
 "Thy steps to guard, in thy protection fight,
 "By counsel aid, and by my arm defend,
 "And prove myself in all, thy champion and thy friend."

[17]

So on they went, her cheerless heart revived
 By promised succour in her doubtful way;
 And much of hope she to herself derived,
 From the warm eagerness his lips display
 In their pursuit to suffer no delay:
 "And sure, (*she softly sighed*) my dearest Lord,¹
 "Thy watchful love still guides me as I stray,
 "Not chance alone could such an aid afford,
 "Lo! beasts of prey confess the heaven-assisted sword."

¹ So fondly I'll breathe, and so *softly* I'll *sigh*, (290 Wylie 4. 1)
 See also p. 77 n.

[18]

Now from his crystal urn, with chilling hand,
Vesper had sprinkled all the earth with dew,
A misty veil obscured the neighbouring land,
And shut the fading landscape from their view;
A beaten path they eagerly pursue,
(For now refreshment and repose they need
As Psyche weary of long travel grew)
Where by a river's bank it seemed to lead,
Along its sinuous course they heedlessly proceed.

[19]

At length the lordly beast that bore the knight
Explored the river's depth with sudden bound:
Psyche, who heard the plunge with strange affright,
Her champion re-assured with welcome sound,
That he the other bank had safely found;
And, while he spoke, emerging from the shade,
A joyous goodly train appear around,
Of many a gallant youth and white robed maid,
Who grateful welcome gave, and courteous greeting paid.

[20]

Quick through the trees a thousand *torches* blazed ¹
 The gloom to banish, and the scene disclose
 To Psyche all irresolute, amazed:
 A bridge with stately arch at distance rose,
 Thither at once the gay assembly goes,
 Not unattended by the charmed knight,
 Inviting Psyche to partake repose,
 Pointing where shone their bower illumined bright,
 Their bower so passing fair, the bower of loose Delight.

[21]

At length with timid foot the bridge she past,
 And to her guardian *knight* clung fearfully,¹
 While many a doubting glance around she cast,
 If still her watchful dove she might espy;
 Feebly it seemed on labouring wing to fly,
 Till, dazzled by the sudden *glare* around,¹
 In painful trance is closed its dizzy eye,
 And had it not fair Psyche's bosom found,
 Its drooping pinion soon had touched the unhallowed
 ground.

¹ Amid the *pages* and the *torches' glare*

There stood a knight, patting the flowing hair

Of his proud horse's mane: he was withal

A man of elegance, and *stature tall*:

So that the waving of his *plumes* would be,

High as the berries of the wild ash-tree, (14 Calidore 109-114)

² See also III 8. 7; 9. 6.

[22]

Hence there arose within her heart *sore* dread ¹
 Which no alluring pleasure could dispel;
 The splendid hall with luscious banquet spread,
 The soft-breathed flutes which in sweet concert swell,
 With melody of song unspeakable;
 Nor the light dancing troop in roses drest,
 Could chase the terrors which she dared not tell,
 While fondly cherished in her anxious breast
 She strove in vain to sooth the fluttering *bird* to rest.¹

[23]

On a soft *downy* couch the guests are placed,²
 And close behind them stands their watchful *page*,
 But much his strict attendance there disgraced,
 And much was scorned his green and tender age,
 His calm *fixed eye*, and steady aspect sage:³
 But him nor *rude* disdain, nor *mockery*,⁴
 Nor soothing blandishments could e'er engage
 The wanton *mazes* of their sports to try,⁵
 Or from his lord to turn his firm adhering eye.

¹ See p. 77 n.

² Nor to such *downy* rest can he allure them (30 Clarke 12)
 Fair Isabella in her *downy* nest? (199 Isa. 18. 2)

³ Till the fond, *fixed eyes*, forget their stare. (23 Woman 18)
 Cp. II 27. 2.

⁴ Nay, open speech, *rude mockery* grown common (395 Otho 3. 2. 131)

⁵ Follow'd their *languid mazes*, till well nigh (110 End. 2. 929)

[24]

White bosomed nymphs around with loosened zones
 All on the guests obsequiously tend,
 Some sing of love with *soft expiring* tones,¹
 While Psyche's *melting eyes* the strain commend;²
 Some o'er their *heads* the *canopy* suspend,³
 Some hold the sparkling *bowl*, while some with skill²
 Ambrosial showers and balmy juices blend,
 Or the gay lamps with liquid odours fill
 Whose many coloured fires divinest sweets distil.

[25]

And now a softer light they seemed to shed,
 And sweetest music ushered in their queen:
 Her *languid*⁴ steps by *winged boys*⁵ are led,
 Who in their semblance might have Cupids been;
*Close wrapt in veils*⁴ her following train was seen;
 Herself looked lovely in her loose attire,
 Her smiling eyes gave lustre to the scene,
 And still, where'er they turned their wanton fire,
 Each thrilling nerve confessed the rapture they inspire.

¹ . . . for I heard a lyre,
 And over it a sighing voice *expire* (123 End. 3. 421, 422)

² Fill for me a brimming *bowl*
 . . . The *melting softness* of that face,
 The beaminess of those bright *eyes* (283, 284 Bowl 1, 14, 15)
 See also p. 77 n.

³ Beneath thy pinions *canopy* my head! (21 Hope 36)

⁴ 'Twas with slow, *languid* paces, and face hid (108 End. 2. 872)

⁵ The *winged boy* I knew; (235 Psyche 21)

[26]

The stranger *guests* she viewed with welcome glad,¹
 And crowned the banquet with reception sweet,
 To fill the glowing bowl her nymphs she bad,
 And graceful rising from her splendid seat
 She would herself present the sparkling treat;
 When lo! the dove alarmed with sudden start,
 Spurned the bright cup and dashed it at her feet,
 For well he knew 'twas mixed with treacherous art
 To sting his Psyche's breast with agonizing smart.

[27]

Regardless of her supplicating tears
 Each eye with vengeful rage the insult sees,
 Her knight's protection now in vain appears;
 The offended sovereign anxious to appease,
 A *thousand hands* prepare the dove to seize: ¹
 Nor was this all, for as the tumult rose,
 Sudden more thick than swarm of summer bees,
 The secret dens their venomed hoards disclose,
 And horror at the sight her vital spirits froze.

¹ Were glowing to receive a *thousand guests*: (213 St. Agnes 4. 6)

[28]

Hissing aloud with undulations dire,
Their forked tongues unnumbered serpents show,
Their tainted breath emitting poisonous fire,
All turn on Psyche as their mortal foe;
But he, whose arm was never weak or slow,
Now rushed before her with resistless spring,
On either side the oft-repeated blow
Repulsed the malice of their deadly sting,
While sparks of wrathful fire from their fierce jaws they
 fling.

[29]

“Fly, Psyche! these are slander’s hellish brood!
“Contest I know is vain,” her champion cried.
Her passage now the opposing train withstood;
Struck with disgust their hideous forms she spied,
For lo! each silken veil is thrown aside,
And foul deformity, and filth obscene,
With monstrous shapes appear on every side;
But vanished is their fair and treacherous queen,
And with her every charm that decked the enchanted scene.

[30]

Meanwhile the dove had soared above their reach,
 But hovered still in anxious Psyche's sight,
 Precursor of escape, it seemed to teach
 Whither she safest might direct her flight,
 And find a passport in her foes' despite;
 One *rugged path* there lay with *briars* o'ergrown,¹
 Then dark and dismal with the shades of night,
 Thither the dove on rapid wing had flown,
 Conspicuous mid the gloom its silver plumage shone.

[31]

Yet she delayed, o'ercome by terror's power,
 And scarce her fainting form the knight could shield,
 When lo! still active in the trying hour,
 Constance rushed fearless through the dreadful field,
 With breast-plate firm invulnerably steeled,
 He heeded not the storms which round him press,
 To any perils he disdained to yield,
 Endued with prudence as with hardiness,
 And ever skilled to bring due *succour in distress*.²

¹ His *briar'd path* to some tranquillity. (160 End. 4. 723)
 His *rugged path*; nor dare he view alone (283 Death 2. 3)

² A hand heaven made to *succour the distress'd*; (14 Calidore 106)

[32]

Lo! swift returning on his master's steed,
 In his right hand he held the lion's chain,
 The mighty beast his gentleness could lead,
 Though little used to bear the curb or rein,
 And mid those groves accustomed to remain,
 Yet now prepared, with sweet submissive grace,
 He ready stands the knight to bear again,
 While trembling Psyche *on the steed they place*,¹
 Which swift as lightning flies far from the dreadful chase.

[33]

Rough was the rude wild way, and many a thorn
 Tore her loose garments in their rapid flight,
 O'er many a league the *panting* fair is borne,^{2 3}
 Till now, emerging from the shades of night,
 The grey-eyed morn stole forth her *pallid* light.³
 Then first she paused, unable to proceed,
 Exhausted with fatigue, and *pain*, and fright.³
 "Turn, Psyche," cried the youth, "relax thy speed,
 "And see thyself at length from thy pursuers freed."

¹ See p. 77 n.

² For ever *panting*, and for ever young; (234 Urn 3. 7)

³ She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;

Its little smoke in *pallid* moonshine, died:

She clos'd the door, she *panted*, all akin

To spirits of the air, and visions wide:

No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!

But to her heart, her heart was voluble,

Paining with eloquence her balmy side;

As though a tongueless nightingale should swell

Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her *dell*.

(221 St. Agnes 22. 9; 23. 1-9)

Cp. III 34. 1, 5.

[34]

Mid the thick forest was a lonely *dell*,¹
 Where foot of man was seldom known to *tread*,²
 The *sloping* ² hills all round in graceful swell
 The little *green* ² with woods environed;
 Hither the *dove* their passive course had led:¹
 Here the thin smoke blue rising mid the trees,
 Where broad and brown the deepest umbrage spread,
 Spoke the abode of safe retired ease,
 And Psyche gladly there her dove descending sees.

[35]

In lowly cottage, walled with *mossy* sod,^{2 3}
 Close by a little spring's perpetual rill,
 A *hermit* ² dwelt, who many a year had trod
 With sacred solitude that *pine-clad* hill,⁴
 And loved with holy images to fill
 His soul enrapt; yet courteous then besought
 A while secluded here to rest; and still
 Replete with kind and hospitable thought,
 To a sequestered bower the wearied Psyche brought.

¹ See p. 91, n. 3.

² Fair, on a *sloping green of mossy tread*, (176 *Lamia* 181)

³ A hermit young, I'll live in a *mossy* cave, (164 *End.* 4. 860)
 Through verdurous glooms and winding *mossy* ways (231 *Nightingale* 4. 10)

⁴ Instead of *pin*es shall murmur in the wind (236 *Psyche* 53)

[36]

Skilled in the virtue of each healing flower,
 And the wild fruit's restoring juice to blend,
 He spreads the frugal fare of wholesome power,
 And heedfully his cares their wants attend;
 A docile ear to his advice they lend,
 And sage instruction from his precepts take,
 Which much their future journey may befriend;
 Wisdom with *soothing* eloquence he speak,¹
 Pleased to resolve their doubts, and all their cares partake.

[37]

In those sweet *placid* scenes awhile they rest,¹
 Till Psyche finds her *fainting* strength revive;²
 And here her *dove*, as in a quiet nest,^{3 4}
 Delighted seems to sportive joy alive;
 And hence they surest confidence derive.
 He *plumes his wings*,³ and through his swelling throat
 (No more a ruffled, fearful fugitive)
 In gentle murmurs pours his dulcet note,
 While Psyche *listening sits in some still vale remote*.⁵

¹ *Soothing* with *placid* brow our late distress, (284 Peace 3)

² And, on a sudden, *fainting* with surprise, (235 Psyche 8)

³ "Each like a *dove* leaving its olive perch,
 "With *music wing'd* instead of *silent plumes*, (271 Hyp. 2. 286, 287)

⁴ Warm as a *dove's nest* among summer trees, (159 End. 4. 666)

⁵ So haply when I rove *in some far vale*,
 His mighty voice may come upon the gale. (4 I stood 55, 56)

Such as *sat listening* . . .

. . . through the *vales* of Thessaly (60 End. 1. 141, 144)

[38]

Oh! have you never known the silent charm
That undisturbed retirement yields the soul,
Where no intruder might your peace alarm,
And tenderness hath wept without control,
While melting fondness o'er the bosom stole?
Did fancy never, in some lonely grove,
Abridge the hours which must in absence roll?
Those pensive pleasures did you never prove,
Oh, you have never loved! you know not what is love!

[39]

They do not love who can to these prefer
The tumult of the gay, or folly's roar;
The Muse they know not; nor delight in her
Who can the troubled soul to rest restore,
Calm contemplation: Yes, I must deplore
Their joyless state, even more than his who mourns
His love for ever lost; delight no more
Unto his widowed heart indeed returns,
Yet, while he weeps, his soul their cold indifference spurns.

[40]

But if soft *hope* illumines *fancy's* dream,¹
 Assuring him of love and constancy,
 How exquisite do then the moments seem,
 When he may hide himself from every eye,
 And cherish the dear thought in secrecy!
 While *sweet remembrance* soothes his thrilling heart,²
 And brings once more past hours of kindness nigh,
 Recals the looks of love when forced to part,
 And turns to drops of joy the tears that sadly start.

[41]

Forgetful of the dangers of her way,
 Imagination oft would Psyche bear
 To her long travel's end, and that blest day
 When Love unveiled should to her eyes appear;
 When she might view his charms exempt from fear,
 Taste his pure kisses, feel his balmy sighs,
 Rest in the fond embrace of arms so dear,
 Gaze with soft rapture on his melting eyes,
 And hear his voice divine, the music of the skies!

¹ O bright-eyed *Hope*, my morbid *fancy* cheer; (20 *Hope* 21)

² By *sweet* enforcement and *remembrance* dear (235 *Psyche* 2)
 Cp. I 1. 8.

[42]

Their destined course impatient to achieve,
 The knight is urgent onward to proceed:
 Cheered with recruited strength they take their leave
 Of their kind host, and pay their grateful meed
 Of warmest thanks sincere; onward they speed
 Their sunless journey long through *forests* green,
 And tangled thickets *rank* with many a *weed*; ¹
 And when at closing day a hut is seen,
 They seek the humble roof, nor scorn its welcome mean.

[43]

It happened once that early roused from sleep,
 (Ere her damp veil the virgin morn had cast
 From her pale face, not yet with blushes deep
 Lovely suffused, as when approaching fast
 His herald star proclaims her spouse at last)
 Psyche forsaking soon her homely bed,
 Alone had fearless the low threshold past,
 And, to beguile the hours which lingering fled,
 Light o'er the dewy plain walked forth with *nimble tread*.²

¹ Unown'd of any *weedy*-haired gods;

. . . Whose *rank*-grown *forests*, frosted, black and blind,

(439 What can 36, 39)

² Another, bending o'er her *nimble tread*, (46 Sleep 113)

[44]

Yet though the knight close wrapt in slumber lay,
 Her steps, at distance, still the page pursued,
 Fearful that danger might befall her way,
 Or lest, entangled in the mazy wood,
 Returning she should miss the pathway rude.
 The *lark* now hails the sun with rapturous song,
 The *cheerful earth* resounds with gratitude,¹
 O'er the gay scene, as Psyche tript along,
 She felt her spirits rise, her lightened heart grow strong.

[45]

And hark, soft music steals upon the ear!
 'Tis woman's voice most exquisitely sweet!
 Behold two female forms approaching near
 Arrest with wonder Psyche's timid feet;
 On a gay car, by speckled panthers fleet
 Is drawn in gallant state a seeming queen,
 And at her foot on low but graceful seat
 A gentle nymph of lovely form is seen,
 In robe of fairest white, with scarf of pleasant green.

¹ *The earth is glad*: the merry *lark* has pour'd
 His early song against yon breezy sky. (72 End. 1. 220, 221)

[46]

In *strains* of most bewitching *harmony*,¹
 And still adapted to her sovereign's praise,
 She filled the *groves* with such sweet *melody*,²
 That, quite o'ercome with rapture and amaze,
 Psyche stood listening to the warbled lays;
 Yet with a sullen, scarce approving ear
 Her mistress sits, but with attentive gaze,
 Her *eyes* she *fixes* on a mirror clear ³
 Where still by fancy's spell unrivalled charms appear.

[47]

And, as she looked with aspect ever new,
 She seemed on change and novel grace intent,
 Her robe was formed of ever varying hue,
 And whimsically placed each ornament;
 On her attire, with rich luxuriance spent,
 The treasures of the earth, the sea, the air,
 Are vainly heaped her wishes to content;
 Yet were her arms and *snowy bosom bare*,⁴
 And both in painted pride shone exquisitely fair.

¹ Its *strain*, when other *harmonies*, stopt short, (266 Hyp. 2. 127)

² *Groves*, meadows, *melodies*, and arbour roses; (166 End. 4. 939)

³ Till the fond, *fixed eyes*, forget their stare. (23 Woman 18)
 Cp. II 27. 2 and III 23. 5.

⁴ And panting *bosoms bare*! (138 End. 3. 985)

Put your soft hand upon your *snowy side* (344 Fanny 5. 2)

[48]

Her braided tresses in profusion drest,
 Circled with diadem, and nodding plumes,
 Sported their artful ringlets o'er her breast,
 And to the breezes gave their rich perfumes;
 Her cheek with tint of borrowed roses blooms:
 Used to receive from all rich offerings,
 She quaffs with conscious right the fragrant fumes
 Which her attendant from a *censer* flings,¹
 Who graceful feeds the flame with *incense* while she sings.¹

[49]

Soon as her glance fair Psyche's form had caught,
 Her soft attendant smiling she addressed:
 "Behold, Lusinga! couldst thou e'er have thought
 "That these wild woods were so in beauty blest?
 "Let but that nymph in my attire be drest
 "And scarce her loveliness will yield to mine!
 "At least invite her in our bower to rest,
 "Before her eyes let all my splendor shine,
 "Perhaps to dwell with us her heart we may incline."

¹ Like pious *incense* from a *censer* old. (212 St. Agnes l. 7)
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy *incense* sweet
 From swinged *censer* teeming; (236 Psyche 46, 47)

[50]

With softest smile applauding all she heard,
 Lusinga bowing left her golden seat,
 And Psyche, who at first in doubt had feared
 While listening to the lay so silver sweet,
 Now passive followed with unconscious feet;
 Till Constance, all alarmed, impatient flew,
 And soft his whispers of the maid entreat
 To fly the Syren's song, for well he knew
 What lurking dangers hence would to his Lord ensue.

[51]

"Oh, do not trust her treacherous lips," he cried,
 "She is the subtle slave of Vanity,
 "Her queen, the child of folly, and of pride,
 "To lure thee to her power each art will try,
 "Nor ever will release thee peaceably."
 He spoke, but spoke in vain, for lo! from far,
 Of giant port they fast approaching spy
 A knight, high mounted on a glittering car,
 From whose conspicuous *crest flames wide a dazzling star*.¹

¹ She was a gordian shape of *dazzling* hue,
 . . . Upon her *crest* she wore a wannish *fire*
 Sprinkled with *stars*. . . . (172 *Lamia* 1. 47, 57, 58)

[52]

"Psyche, escape! *Ambition* is at hand!" ¹

The page exclaims: while *swift as thought* he flies; ²

She would have followed, but with parley bland

Lusinga soon her terrors pacifies.

"Fair nymph, ascend my car," the sovereign cries,

"I will convey thee where thy wishes lead,

"Haply the safest course I may advise

"How thou thy journey mayst perform with speed;

"For ne'er in woods to dwell such beauty was decreed."

[53]

So gently urgent her consent they wooed

With much persuasion of the stranger knight,

That yielding Psyche now no more withstood,

But pointing out to her observant sight

The humble cot where she had passed the night,

She prayed her kind conductress there to turn,

And promised to herself what vast delight

Her wondering knight would feel at her return,

And with what blushing shame the timid page would
burn.

¹ The first was a fair Maid, and Love her name;

The second was *Ambition*, pale of cheek. (347 *Indolence* 3. 5, 6)

² A quick plot, *swift as thought* . . . (393 *Otho* 3. 2. 66)

Cp. IV 11. 4.

[54]

But scarcely had she climbed the fatal car
When swifter than the wind the panthers flew,
The traversed plains and woods, receding far,
Soon shut from trembling Psyche's anxious view
The spot where she had left her guardian true;
With desperate efforts, all in vain she tries
To escape the ills which now too sure she knew
Must from her ill-placed confidence arise:
Betrayed—Ah! self-betrayed, a wretched sacrifice.

[55]

She strove to quit the car with sudden bound,
Ah, vain attempt! she now perceived too late
A thousand silken trammels, subtly wound
O'er her fair form, detained her as she sate:
Lost in despair she yields to her sad fate,
And silent hears but with augmented fright
The queen describe her brother's splendid state,
Who now outstripped them by his rapid flight,
And prest his foaming steeds to gain the arduous height.

[56]

High o'er the spacious plain a mountain rose,
 A stately castle on its summit stood:
 Huge craggy *cliffs* behind their strength oppose
 To the rough *surges* of the dashing flood;
 The rocky shores a boldly rising wood
 On either side conceals; bright shine the *towers* ¹
 And seem to smile upon the *billows rude*.²
 In front the eye, with comprehensive powers,
 Sees wide extended plains enriched with splendid bowers.

[57]

Hither they bore the sad reluctant fair,
 Who mounts with dizzy eye the awful steep;
 The blazing structure seems high poised in air,
 And its light pillars tremble o'er the deep:
 As yet the heavens are calm, the tempests sleep,
 She knows not half the horrors of her fate:
 Nor feels the approaching ruin's whirlwind sweep:
 Yet with ill-boding fears she past the gate,
 And turned with sickening dread from scenes of gorgeous
 state.

¹ *Towers* like an *ocean-cliff*, and whence he seeth
 A hundred waterfalls, whose voices come
 But as the murmuring *surge*. (89 End. 2. 241-243)

² Me back to Scylla o'er the *billows rude* (124 End. 3. 462)

[58]

In vain the haughty master of the hall
Invites her to partake his regal throne,
With cold indifference she looks on all
The gilded trophies, and the well-wrought stone
Which in triumphal arches proudly shone:
And as she casts around her timid eye,
Back to her knight her trembling heart is flown,
And many an anxious wish, and many a sigh
Invokes his gallant arm protection to supply.

[59]

Sudden the lurid heavens obscurely frown,
And sweeping gusts the coming storm proclaim;
Flattery's soft voice the howling tempests drown,
While the roofs catch the greedy lightning's flame.
Loud in their fears, the attendant train exclaim
The light built fabric ne'er can stand the blast,
And all its insecure foundations blame:
Tumultuously they rush: the chief aghast
Beholds his throne o'erturned, his train dispersing fast.

[60]

Psyche dismayed, yet thoughtful of escape,
In anxious silence to the portal prest;
And freedom would have hailed in any shape
Though seen in death's tremendous colours drest:
But ah! she feels the knight's strong grasp arrest
Her trembling steps. "Think not," he cries, "to fly
"With yon false crowd who by my favours blest,
"Can now desert me when with changeful eye
"Inclement fortune frowns from yon dark angry sky."

[61]

While yet he spoke loud bursts the groaning hall,
With frightful peal the thundering domes resound,
Disjointed columns in wild ruin fall,
While the huge arches tremble to the ground.
Yet unappalled amid the crush is found
The daring chief: his hold he firm maintains
Though hideous devastation roars around;
Plunged headlong down his prey he still sustains,
Who in his powerful grasp in death-like swoon remains.

[62]

Down sinks the palace with its mighty lord,
 Hurl'd from the awful steep with vehemence
 Even to the floods below, which angry roared
 And *gaping wide* received the weight immense: ¹
 Indignant still, with fearless confidence
 He rose, high mounting o'er the heaving waves;
 Against their rage one arm is his defence,
 The other still his lovely burden saves,
 Though strong the billows beat, and fierce the tempest
 raves.

[63]

The blazing star yet shone upon his brow,
 And flamed triumphant o'er the dashing main;
 He rides secure the watery waste, and now
 The sheltering shore he might in safety gain;
 The sheltering shore he shuns with proud disdain,
 And breasts the adverse tide. Ah, rash resource!
 Yon vessel, Prince, thou never shalt attain!
 For plunging 'mid the deep, with generous force,
 See where the lion's lord pursues thy hardy course!

¹ With horrid warning *gaped wide*. (356 Belle Dame 11. 2)

[64]

Psyche a well known voice to life restores,
Once more her eyes unclosing view the light,
But not the waters, nor receding shores,
One only object can arrest her sight,
High o'er the flood she sees her valiant knight,
And sudden joy, and hopes scarce trusted cheer
Even in that awful moment's dread affright;
Her feeble cry indeed he cannot hear,
But sees her out-stretched arms, and seems already near.

[65]

In vain the giant knight exerts his strength;
Urged by the impetuous youth the lion prest,
And gaining fast upon his flight, at length
Prepared his daring progress to arrest,
And seized with furious jaw his struggling breast;
Gasping he loosed his hold—and Psyche lost
The o'erwhelming wave with ruin had opprest,
But Constance, ever near when needed most,
The sinking beauty caught and bore her to the coast.

[66]

Stung with the shame of the relinquished prey,
Mad with revenge, and hate, and conscious pride,
The knight, recovered from his short dismay,
Dashes resistless through the foaming tide;
The billows yielding to his arm divide,
As rushing on the youth he seeks the shore;
But now a combat strange on either side
Amid the waves begins; each hopes no more
The engulphing deep his foe shall e'er to light restore.

[67]

Beside the cold inhospitable lands
Where suns long absent dawn with lustre pale,
Thus on his bark the bold Biscayen stands,
And bids his javelin rouse the parent whale:
Fear, pain, and rage at once her breast assail,
The agitated ocean foams around
Lashed by the sounding fury of her tail,
Or as she mounts the surge with frightful bound,
Wide echoing to her cries the bellowing shores resound.

[68]

Fierce was the contest, but at length subdued,
The youth exulting sees his giant foe.
With wonder still the enormous limbs he viewed
Which lifeless now the waves supporting show;
His starred helm, that now was first laid low,
He seized as trophy of the wonderous fight,
And bade the sparkling gem on Constance glow,
While Psyche's *eyes, soft beaming* with delight,¹
Through tears of grateful praise applaud her gallant
knight.

¹ The melting *softness* of that face,
The *beaminess* of those bright *eyes* (284 Bowl 14, 15)

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—Sympathy—Suspicion—Psyche benighted—Credulity represented, according to a Picture by Apelles, as an old Woman the devoted prey of Slander, or the Blatant Beast—Contest between the Knight and Slander—The Knight wounded—Slander flies—Credulity leads Psyche to the Castle of Suspicion—Psyche deluded, laments the desertion of her Knight to the train of Inconstancy—Psyche betrayed by Suspicion into the power of Jealousy—Persuaded by him that her Knight, by whom she was then abandoned, was indeed Love—Psyche delivered by her Knight—Reconciliation.

CANTO IV.

[1]

FULL gladsome was my heart ere while to tell
How proud Ambition owned superior Love;
For ah! too oft his sterner power could quell
The mild affections which more gently move,
And rather silent fled than with him strove:
For Love content and tranquil saw with dread
The busy scenes Ambition's schemes approve,
And, by the hand of Peace obscurely led,
From pride of public life disgusted ever fled.

[2]

There are who know not the delicious charm
 Of sympathising hearts; let such employ
 Their active minds; the trumpet's loud alarm
 Shall yield them hope of honourable joy,
 And courts may lure them with each splendid toy:
 But ne'er may vanity or thirst of fame
 The dearer bliss of loving life destroy!
 Oh! blind to man's chief good who Love disclaim,
 And barter pure delight for glory's empty name!

[3]

Blest Psyche! thou hast 'scaped the tyrants power!
Thy gentle heart shall never know the pain ¹
 Which tortures pride in his most prosperous hour:
 Yet dangers still unsung for thee remain;
 Nor must thou unmolested hope to gain
 Immortal beauty's never failing spring;
 Oh! no—nor yet tranquillity attain:
 But though thy heart the pangs of doubt may sting,
 Thy faithful knight shall yet thy steps in safety bring.

¹ Thine ear, and find *thy gentle heart*; so well (34 Had I 3)
 The *gentle heart*, as northern blasts do roses (76 End. 1. 734)
 Such as once heard, in *gentle heart*, destroys (172 Lamia 1. 36)
 Cp. IV 44. 5.

[4]

Warned by late peril now she scarcely dares
 Quit for one moment his protecting eye:
 Sure in his sight, her soul of nought despairs,
 And nought looks dreadful when that arm is nigh
 On which her hopes with confidence rely;
 By his advice their constant course they bend,
 He points where hidden danger they should fly,
 On him securely, as her heaven-sent friend,
 She bids her grateful heart contentedly depend.

[5]

Oh! who the exquisite delight can tell,
 The joy which mutual confidence imparts!
 Or who can paint the charm unspeakable
 Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts?
 In vain assailed by fortune's envious darts,
 Their mitigated woes are sweetly shared,
 And doubled joy reluctantly departs:
 Let but the sympathising heart be spared,
 What sorrow seems not light, what peril is not dared?

[6]

Oh! never may suspicion's gloomy sky
 Chill the sweet glow of fondly trusting love!
 Nor ever may he feel the scowling eye
 Of dark distrust his confidence reprove!
 In pleasing error may I rather rove,
 With blind reliance on the hand so dear,
 Than let cold prudence from my eyes remove
 Those sweet delusions, where nor doubt nor fear
 Nor foul disloyalty nor cruel change appear.

[7]

The noble mind is ever prone to trust;
 Yet love with fond anxiety is joined;
 And timid tenderness is oft unjust;
 The coldness which it dreads too prompt to find,
 And torture the too susceptible mind.
 Hence rose the gloom which oft o'er Psyche stole
 Lest he she loved, unmindful or unkind,
 Should careless slight affection's soft control,
 Or she long absent lose her influence o'er his soul.

[8]

'Twas evening, and the shades which sudden fell
 Seemed to forebode a dark unlovely night;
 The sighing wood-nymphs from their caves foretel
 The storm which soon their quiet shall affright:
 Nor cheering star nor moon appears in sight,
 Nor taper twinkles through the *rustling leaves* ¹
 And sheds afar its hospitable light:
 But hark! a dismal sound the ear receives,
 And through the obscuring gloom the eye strange forms
 perceives.

[9]

It was a helpless female who exclaimed,
 Whose blind and *aged form* an ass sustained: ²
 Misshaped and timorous, of light ashamed,
 In darksome woods her hard-earned food she gained,
 And her voracious appetite maintained,
 Though all devouring, yet unsatisfied;
 Nor aught of hard digestion she disdained,
 Whate'er was offered greedily she tried,
 And meanly served, as slave, whoever food supplied.

¹ Or of the dead *leaves rustling* drearily, (38 Keen, fitful 6)

A *rustling* noise of *leaves*, and out there flutter'd (97 End. 2. 496)

² He spake, and walking to that *aged form*, (119 End. 3. 281)

[10]

A cruel monster now her steps pursued,
Well known of yore and named the Blatant Beast;
And soon he seized his prey with grasp so rude,
So fiercely on her feeble body prest,
That had the courteous knight not soon released
Her unresisting limbs from violence,
She must have sunk by his rough jaws opprest:
The spiteful beast, enraged at the defence,
Now turned upon the knight with foaming vehemence.

[11]

But, when his fury felt the couched spear,
On Psyche's unarmed form he bellowing flew;
'Twas there alone the knight his rage could fear;
Swifter than thought his flaming sword he drew,
And from his hand the doubtful javelin threw
Lest erring it might wound the trembling fair:
Eager the cruel monster to subdue
He scorned to use his shield's protecting care,
And rashly left his side in part exposed and bare.

[12]

Sharp were the wounds of his avenging steel,
 Which forced the roaring beast to quit the field:
 Yet ere he fled, the knight unused to feel
 The power of any foe, or e'er to yield
 To any arm which sword or spear could wield,
 Perceived the *venom* of his *tooth* impure; ¹
 But, with indignant silence, unrevealed
 The pain he bore, while through the gloom obscure
 The beast, in vain pursued, urged on his flight secure.

[13]

And now the hag, delivered from her fear,
 Her grateful thanks upon the knight bestowed,
 And, as they *onward went*, in Psyche's ear ²
 Her tongue with many a horrid tale o'erflowed,
 Which warned her to forsake that venturous road,
 And seek protection in the neighbouring grove;
 Where dwelt a prudent dame, who oft bestowed
 Her *sage advice*, when pilgrims doomed to rove, ³
 Benighted there, had else with lurking dangers strove.

¹ Showing *tooth*, tusk, and *venom*-bag, and sting: (125 End. 3. 502)

² And *onward went* upon his high employ (133 End. 3. 783)

³ And do its ruddy office. *Sage advice*; (415 Otho 5. 4. 24)

[14]

The knight now softly bade his charge beware,
 Nor trust Credulity whom well he knew:
 Yet he himself, harassed with pain and care,
 And heedful of the storm which fiercer grew,
 Yielded, a path more sheltered to pursue:
 Now soon entangled in a gloomy maze
 Psyche no longer has her knight in view,
 Nor sees his page's *star-crowned* helmet blaze; ¹
 Close at her side alone the hag loquacious stays.

[15]

Fearful she stops, and calls aloud in vain,
 The *storm-roused woods* roar only in reply; ²
 Anxious her loved protector to regain
 She trembling listens to Credulity,
 Who points where they a glimmering light may spy;
 Which, through the shade of intervening trees
 And all the misty blackness of the sky,
 Casting a weak and dubious ray she sees,
 And fain by this would seek her terrors to appease.

¹ "And by thine eyes, and by thy *starry crown!*" (173 *Lamia* 1. 90)
 Cp. V 17. 6.

² Show'd her *pale* cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
 Her eye-brows thin and jet, and *hollow eyes*.
 There is a *roaring* in the *bleak-grown pines* (265 *Hyp.* 2. 114-116)
 See also IV 17. 9.

[16]

Yet hoping that, allured by that same light
 Which singly seemed through all the gloom to shine,
 She there at last might meet her wandering knight,
 Thither her footsteps doubtingly incline
 As best the *uncertain path* they could divine,¹
 All tangled as it wound through brake and briar:
 While to affright her soul at once combine
 A thousand shapeless forms of terror dire,
 Here shrieks the ill-omened bird, there glares the me-
 teor's fire.

[17]

In the deep centre of the mazy wood,
 With matted ivy and wild vine o'ergrown,
 A Gothic castle solitary stood,
 With massive walls built firm of murky stone;
 Long had Credulity its mistress known,
 Meagre her form and tawny was her hue,
 Unsociably she lived, unloved, alone,
 No cheerful prospects gladdened e'er her view,
 And her *pale hollow eyes* oblique their glances threw.²

¹ My *uncertain path* with green, that I may speed (58 End. l. 61)

² See p. 120, n. 2.

[18]

Now had they reached the sad and dreary bower
 Where dark Disfida held her gloomy state:
 The grated casements strong with iron power,
 The huge port-cullis creaking o'er the gate,
 The surly guards that round the draw-bridge wait,
 Chill Psyche's heart with sad foreboding fears;
 Nor ever had she felt so desolate
 As when at length her guide the porter hears,
 And at the well known call reluctantly appears.

[19]

In hall half lighted with uncertain rays,
 Such as expiring tapers transient shed,
 The glommy princess sat, no social blaze
 The unkindled hearth supplied, no table spread
 Cheered the lone guest who *weetless* wandered,
 But *melancholy* silence reigned around,¹
 While on her arm she leaned her pensive head,
 And anxious watched, as sullenly she frowned,
 Of distant whispers low to catch the doubtful sound.

¹ He is to *weet* a *melancholy* carle: (352 Brown l. 1)

[20]

Startled to hear an unaccustomed noise
 Sudden she rose, and on the intruders bent
 Her prying eye askance; but soon the voice
 Of her old slave appeased her discontent,
 And a half welcome to her guests she lent:
 Her frequent questions satisfied at last,
 Through all the neighbouring woods her scouts she sent
 To seek the knight, while Psyche's tears flowed fast,
 And all the live-long night in anxious woe she past.

[21]

The sullen *bell* had told the *midnight* hour,¹
 And *sleep* ² had *laid* ² the *busy world* ³ to *rest*,²
 All but the *watchful* ² lady of that *bower* ²
 And wretched Psyche: her distracted breast
 The agony of sad suspense opprest,
 Now to the *casement* ⁴ eagerly she flies,
 And now the wished-for *voice* ⁵ her fancy blest:
 Alas! the screaming night-*bird* ⁶ only cries;
 Only the drear obscure there meets her straining eyes.⁶

¹ "Whose passing-bell may ere the *midnight* toll; (219 St. Agnes 18. 3)

² So she was gently glad to see him *laid*

Under her favourite *bower's* quiet shade,

. . . Soon was he quieted to *slumbrous rest*:

. . . And still, a *sleeping*, held her finger-tips . . .

A patient *watch* o'er the stream that creeps (68, 69 End. 1. 436-447)

³ Shut from the *busy world* of more incredulous. (181 Lamia l. 397)

⁴ See p. 236. 13.

⁴ A bright torch, and a *casement* ope at night, (237 Psyche 66)

⁵ No *voice*, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet (236 Psyche 32)

⁶ My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains

My sense, as though of *hemlock* I had drunk,

Or emptied *some dull opiate* to the drains

. . . To cease upon the *midnight* with no pain,

. . . Thou wast not born for death, immortal *Bird!*

. . . *The voice* I hear *this passing night* was heard

. . . Through the sad *heart* of Ruth, when, *sick* for home,

. . . Charm'd *magic casements*, opening on the foam

. . . Adieu! adieu! thy *plaintive* anthem fades

(230, 232, 233 Nightingale 1. 1-3; 6. 6; 7. 1, 3, 6, 9; 8. 5)

See also IV 22. 1-9; 23. 4.

[22]

Has thy *heart sickened* with deferred hope?
 Or felt the impatient anguish of suspense?
 Or hast thou tasted of *the bitter cup*
 Which *disappointment's* withered hands dispense?
 Thou knowest the *poison* which o'erflowed from hence
 O'er Psyche's tedious, miserable hours.
 The unheeded notes of *plaintive* Innocence
 No longer sooth her soul with wonted powers,
 While false Disfida's tales her *listening* ear devours.¹

[23]

Of rapid torrents and deep marshy fens,
 Of ambushed foes and unseen pits they tell,
 Of ruffians rushing from their secret dens,
 Of foul *magicians* ¹ and of wizard spell,
 The poisoned lance and net invisible;
 While Psyche shuddering sees her knight betrayed
 Into the snares of some enchanter fell,
 Beholds him bleeding in the treacherous shade,
 Or hears his dying voice implore in vain for aid.

¹ See p. 123, n. 6.

[24]

At length the cruel messengers return,
 Their trampling steeds sound welcome in her ear;
 Her rapid *feet* the ground impatient *spurn*,¹
 As eagerly she flies their news to hear.
 Alas! they bring *no tidings* which may cheer²
 Her sorrowing soul opprest, disconsolate!
 "Dismiss," they cry, "each idly timid fear!
 "No dangers now thy faithless knight await,
 "Lured by a wanton fair to bowers of peaceful state.

[25]

"We saw him blithely follow where she led,
 "And urged him to return to thee in vain:
 "Some other knight, insultingly he said,
 "Thy charms might soon for thy protection gain,
 "If still resolved to tread with weary pain
 "The tedious road to that uncertain land;
 "But he should there contentedly remain;
 "No other bliss could now his heart demand
 "Than that new lady's love and kindly proffered hand."

¹ "*Spurn* the green turf as hateful to my *feet*? (277 Hyp. 3. 94)

² What then! *No tidings* of my friendly Arab? (370 Otho 1. 2. 36)

[26]

A while she stood in silent wonder lost,
 And scarce believes the strange abandonment;
 No fears like this her heart had ever crost,
 Nor could she think his mind so lightly bent
 Could swerve so quickly from its first intent;
 Till sudden *bursting forth* in angry mood ¹
 Disfida gave her indignation vent,
 "Ah, well I know," she cried, "that wicked brood
 "Whose cursed ensnaring arts in vain my cares with-
 stood,

[27]

"Vile Varia's fickle and inconstant train,
 "Perpetual torments of my harassed days:
 "Their nightly thefts my fruits, my flowers sustain,
 "Their wanton goats o'er all my vineyards graze,
 "My corn lies scattered, and my fences blaze,
 "My friends, my followers they basely lure;
 "I know their mischievous detested ways!
 "My castle vainly have I built so sure
 "While from their treacherous wiles my life is insecure.

¹ "How was it nurtur'd to such *bursting forth*. (252 Hyp. 1. 104)

[28]

“But I will lead thee to the glittering sands,
“Where shines their hollow many-coloured fane:
“There, as the circling group fantastic stands,
“Thy truant knight perhaps thou mayst regain
“From the light arts of that seductive train.”
She paused—but Psyche spoke not in reply;
Her noble heart, which swelled with deep disdain,
Forbad the utterance of a single sigh,
And shamed the indignant tear which started to her eye.

[29]

At length with firm, but gentle dignity
And cold averted eye she thus replies:
“No! let him go: nor power nor wish have I
“His conduct to control. Let this suffice;
“Before my path a surer guardian flies,
“By whose direction onward I proceed
“Soon as the morn’s first light shall clear the skies.”
She ceased, then languishing her griefs to feed,
Her cold dark chamber sought from observation freed.

[30]

'Twas there regret indulged the bitter tear;
 She feels herself forsaken and alone:
 "Behold," she cries, "fulfilled is every fear,
 "Oh! wretched Psyche, now indeed undone!
 "Thy love's protecting care no more is shown,
 "He bids his servant leave thee to thy fate,
 "Nor longer will the hopeless wanderer own:
 "Some fairer, nobler spouse, some worthier mate,
 "At length by Venus given shall share his heavenly
 state.

[31]

"Oh! most adored! Oh! most regretted love!
 "Oh! joys that never must again be mine,
 "And thou lost hope, farewell!—vainly I rove,
 "For never shall I reach that land divine,
 "Nor ever shall thy beams celestial shine
 "Again upon my sad unheeded way!
 "Oh! let me here with life my woes resign,
 "Or in this gloomy den for ever stay,
 "And shun the scornful world, nor see detested day."

[32]

"But no! those scenes are hateful to mine eyes,
 "And all who spoke or witnessed my disgrace;
 "My soul with horror from this dwelling flies
 "And seeks some tranquil, solitary place
 "Where grief may finish life's unhappy race!"
 So past she the long night, and soon as morn
 Had first begun to show his cheerful face,
 Her couch, which care had strewn with every thorn,
 With heavy heart she left, disquieted, forlorn.

[33]

Not thus Disfida suffered her to part,
 But urged her there in safety to remain,
 Repeating oft to her foreboding heart
 That fairy land she never could attain:
 But when she saw dissuasion was in vain,
 And Psyche bent her journey to pursue,
 With *angry brow* she called a trusty train ¹
 And bade them keep the imprudent fair in view,
 And guard her dangerous path with strict observance true.

¹ Sullen against the wind! If in two *angry brows* (381 Otho 2. 1. 58)

[34]

In vain their proffered service she declines,
 And dreads the convoy of the scowling band;
 Their hateful presence with her loss combines,
 She feels betrayed to the destroyer's hand,
 And trembling wanders o'er the dreary land;
 While as she seeks to escape Disfida's power,
 Her efforts still the officious guards withstand,
 Led in vain circles many a *tedious hour*,¹
 Undistanced still she sees the gloomy turrets lower.

[35]

Till wearied with her fruitless way, at length
 Upon the ground her fainting limbs she threw;
 No wish remained to aid exhausted strength,
 The mazy path she cared not to pursue,
 Since unavailing was the task she knew:
 Her murmuring guards to seek for food prepare,
 Yet mindful of their charge, still keep in view
 The drooping victim of their cruel care,
 Who sees the day decline in terror and despair.

¹ But for one moment in the *tedious hours*, (215 St. Agnes 9. 7)

[36]

Hark! a low hollow groan she seems to hear
 Repeated oft; wondering she looks around:
 It seemed to issue from some cavern near,
 Or low hut hidden by the rising ground;
 For, though it seemed the melancholy sound
 Of *human* voice, no *human* form was nigh;
 Her eye no *human* habitation found,
 But as she *listening* gazed attentively,¹
 Her shuddering ears received the deep and long drawn
 sigh.

[37]

The guard who nearest stood now whispering said,
 "If aught of doubt remain within thy mind,
 "Or wish to know why thus thou wert betrayed,
 "Or what strange cause thy faithless knight inclined
 "To leave the charge he with such scorn resigned,
 "Each curious thought thou now mayst satisfy,
 "Since here the entrance of a cave we find,
 "Where dwells, deep hid from day's too garish eye,
 "A sage whose magic skill can solve each mystery."

¹ There was a *listening* fear in her regard
 . . . One hand she press'd upon that aching spot
 Where beats the *human* heart (250 Hyp. l. 37, 42, 43)

[38]

He staid not her reply, but urged her on
 Reluctant to the dark and dreary cave;
 No beam of cheerful Heaven had ever shone
 In the recesses of that gloomy grave,
 Where screaming owls their daily dwelling crave.
 One sickly lamp the wretched master shewed;
 Devouring fiend! Who now the prey shall save
 From his fell gripe, whose hands in blood imbrued,
 In his own bosom seek his lacerated food?

[39]

On the damp ground he sits in sullen woe,
 But wildly rolls around his frenzied eye,
 And gnaws his *withered lips*, which still o'erflow ¹
 With bitter gall; in foul disorder lie
 His black and matted locks; anxiety
 Sits on his wrinkled brow and sallow cheek;
 The wasted form, the *deep-drawn*, frequent *sigh*,²
 Some slow consuming malady bespeak,
 But medicinal skill the cause in vain shall seek.

¹ Till round his *wither'd lips* had gone a smile. (118 End. 3. 225)

² With *deep-drawn sighs* was quieting, he went (90 End. 2. 255)

[40]

"Behold," the treacherous guard exclaimed, "behold,
 "At length Disfida sends thy promised *bride*!
 "Let her, deserted by the knight, be told
 "What *peerless* lady lured him from her side; ¹
 "Thy cares her future safety must provide."
 Smiling maliciously as thus he spoke,
 He seemed her helpless anguish to deride;
 Then swiftly rushing from the den he broke,
 Ere from the sudden shock astonished she awoke.

[41]

She too had fled; but when the wretch escaped
 He closed the *cavern's mouth* with cruel care; ²
 And now the monster placed his form mis-shaped
 To bar the passage of the affrighted fair:
 Her spirits die, she breathes polluted air,
 And vaporous *visions swim before her sight*: ³
 His magic skill the sorcerer bids her share,
 And lo! as in a glass, she sees her knight
 In bower remembered well, the bower of loose Delight.

¹ And win perhaps that night a *peerless bride* (219 St. Agnes 19. 5)

² That, near a *cavern's mouth*, for ever pour'd (85 End. 2. 85)

³ When a new planet *swims into his ken* (39 Chapman 10)

And shaping *visions all about my sight*

. . . And then were gulph'd in a tumultuous *swim*: (72 End. 1. 568, 571)

[42]

But oh! what words her feelings can impart!
 Feelings to hateful envy *near allied*! ¹
 While on her knight her anxious glances dart:
 His *plumed helmet*, lo! he lays aside; ²
 His face with torturing agony she spied,
 Yet cannot from the sight her eyes remove;
 No mortal knight she sees had aid supplied,
 Nor mortal knight in her defence had strove;
 'Twas Love! 'twas Love himself, her own adored Love. ³

[43]

Poured in soft dalliance at a lady's feet,
 In fondest rapture he appeared to lie,
 While her fair neck with inclination sweet
 Bent o'er his graceful form her melting eye,
 Which his looked up to meet in ecstasy.
 Their words she heard not; words had ne'er exprest,
 What well her sickening fancy could supply,
 All that their silent eloquence confest,
 As breathed the sigh of fire from each impassioned breast.

¹ To think that I must be so *near allied* (466 Cap and Bells 19. 4)

² Thou superb, *plum'd*, and *helmeted* renown, (431 Stephen 3. 10)

³ 'Twas love; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethroned. (207 Isa. 50. 8)

[44]

While thus she gazed, her quivering lips turn pale;
 Contending passions rage within her breast,
 Nor ever had she known such bitter bale,
 Or felt by such *fierce agony* opprest.¹
 Oft had her *gentle heart* been sore distress,²
 But meekness ever has a lenient power
 From anguish half his keenest darts to wrest;
 Meekness for her had softened sorrow's hour,
 Those furious fiends subdued which boisterous souls
 devour.

[45]

For there are hearts that, like some sheltered *lake*,
 Ne'er swell with rage, nor foam with violence;
 Though its sweet *placid* calm the tempests shake,³
 Yet will it ne'er with furious impotence
 Dash its rude waves against the rocky fence,
 Which nature placed the limits of its reign:
 Thrice blest! who feel the peace which flows from
 hence,
 Whom meek-eyed gentleness can thus restrain;
 Whate'er the storms of fate, with her let none complain!

¹ Until 'twas too *fierce agony* to bear (123 End. 3. 410)

² Thine ear, and find thy *gentle heart*; so well (34 Had I 3)
 The *gentle heart*, as northern blasts do roses; (76 End. 1. 734)
 Such as once heard, in *gentle heart*, destroys (172 Lamia 1. 36)
 Cp. IV 3. 2.

³ The youth at once arose: a *placid lake* (140 End. 3. 1028)

[46]

That mild associate Psyche now deserts,
Unlovely passions agitate her soul,
The vile magician all his art exerts,
And triumphs to behold his proud control:
Changed to a serpent's hideous form, he stole
O'er her fair breast to suck her vital blood;
His poisonous involutions round her roll:
Already is his forked tongue imbrued
Warm in the stream of life, her heart's pure purple flood.

[47]

Thus wretchedly she falls Geloso's prey!
But her, once more, unhop'd for aid shall save!
Admitted shines the clear blue light of day
Upon the horrors of that gloomy grave;
Her knight's soft voice resounds through all the cave,
The affrighted serpent quits his deadly hold,
Nor dares the vengeance of his arm to brave,
Shrunk to a spider's form, while many a fold
Of self-spun web obscene the sorcerer vile enrolled.

[48]

Scarce had the star of his attendant youth
 Blazed through the cavern and proclaimed the knight,
 When all those spells and visions of untruth,
 Bred in dark Erebus and nursed in night,
 Dissolving vanished into vapour light;
 While Psyche, quite exhausted by her pains,
 And hardly trusting her astonished sight,
 Now faint and speechless in his arms remains,
 Nor memory of the past, nor present sense retains.

[49]

Borne from the cavern, and to life restored,
 Her opening eyes behold her knight once more,
 She sees whom lost with anguish she deplored;
 Yet a half-feigned resentment still she bore,
 Nor sign of joy her *face averted* wore,¹
 Though joy unuttered panted at her heart;
 In sullen silence much she pondered o'er
 What from her side induced him to depart,
 And all she since had seen by aid of magic art.

¹ To woo sweet kisses from *averted faces*,— (45 Sleep 106)

[50]

Was it then all a false deluding dream
 That wore the semblance of celestial Love?
 On this her wavering thoughts bewildered seem
 At length to rest; yet onward as they move,
 Though much his tender cares her doubts reprove,
 And though she longs to hear, and pardon all,
 Silence she still preserves: awhile he strove
 Her free and cheerful spirits to recall,
 But found the task was vain; his words unnoticed fall.

[51]

Now in his turn offended and surprised,
 The knight in silence from her side withdrew;
 With pain she marked it, but her pain disguised,
 And heedless seemed her journey to pursue,
 Nor backward deigned to turn one anxious view
 As oft she wished; till mindful of his lord,
 Constance alarmed affectionately flew,
 Eager to see their mutual peace restored,
 And blamed her cold reserve in many a *soft breathed*
 word.¹

¹ Enchantment *softly breathe*, and tremblingly expire (287 Ode: Apollo 6. 6)

[52]

"O Psyche! wound not thus thy faithful knight,
 "Who fondly sought thee many an anxious hour,
 "Though bleeding yet from that inglorious fight,
 "Where thou wert rescued from the savage power
 "Of that fell beast who would thy charms devour:
 "Still faint with wounds, he ceased not to pursue
 "Thy heedless course: let not displeasure lower
 "Thus on thy brow: think not his heart untrue!
 "Think not that e'er from thee he willingly withdrew!"

[53]

With self-reproach and sweet returning trust,
 While yet he spoke, her generous heart replies,
Soft melting pity bids her now be just ¹
 And own the error which deceived her eyes;
 Her little pride she longs to sacrifice,
 And ask forgiveness of her suffering knight;
 Her suffering knight, alas! no more she spies,
 He has withdrawn offended from her sight,
 Nor can that gentle voice now hope to stay his flight.

¹ *Soft*, plaintive, and *melting*, for ever will sigh; (17 Shell 34)

[54]

Struggling no more her sorrows to restrain,
 Her streaming eyes look round with *anxious fear*; ¹
 Nor are those tender showers now shed in vain,
 Her soft lamenting voice has reached his ear,
 Where latent he had marked each precious tear;
Sudden as thought behold him at her feet! ²
 Oh! reconciling moment! charm most dear!
 What feeling heart thy pleasures would repeat,
 Or wish thy dearly purchased bliss, however sweet?

[55]

The smiles of joy which swell her glowing cheek,
 And o'er her parting lips divinely play,
 Returning pleasure eloquently speak,
 Forgetful of the tears which lingering stay,
 (Like sparkling dew drops in a sunny day)
 Unheeded tenants of rejoicing eyes;
 His wounds her tender care can well repay:
 There grateful kindness breathes her balmy sighs,
 Beneath her lenient hand how swiftly suffering flies!

¹ Long time ere silence did their *anxious fears* (104 End. 2. 733)

² *Sudden a thought* came like a full-blown rose, (218 St. Agnes 16. 1)

[56]

Freed from the mazes of Disfida's groves,
 The opening landscape brightens to their view;
 Psyche, with strength revived, now onward moves
 In cheerful hope, with courage to renew
 Repeated toils, and perils to pursue:
 Thus when some tender plant neglected pines,
 Shed o'er its pendent head the kindly dew,
 How soon refreshed its vivid lustre shines!
 Once more the leaf expands, the drooping tendril twines.

[57]

Thus cheered, the knight intreats her to impart
 The dangers which her way had since befel,
 Her *timid lips* refuse to speak the art ¹
 Which clothed him in a form she loved so well:
 That she had thought him Love, she blushed to tell!
 Confused she stopt; a gentle pause ensued;
 What chance had brought him to the demon's cell
 She then enquires; what course he had pursued,
 And who his *steps* had led throughout the *mazy* wood.²

¹ So said, his erewhile *timid lips* grew bold, (196 Isa. 9. 5)

² I cannot your light, *mazy footsteps* attend; (15 Ladies 2)

[58]

Sooth he had much to say, though modest shame
 His *gallant deeds* forbade him to declare;¹
 For while through those bewildering woods he came,
 Assisted by his page's active care,
 He had detected Varia's wily snare,
 And forced her wanton retinue to flee.
 With like disgrace, malignant in despair,
 Disfida's slaves their plots defeated see,
 Their feeble malice scorned, their destined victims free.

[59]

But he had marked the traces of their feet,
 And found the path which to the cavern led:
 Whence now, rejoicing in reunion sweet,
 Their way together cheerfully they tread,
 Exempt awhile from danger and from dread;
 While Psyche's heart, with confidence more bold,
 Full oft the hour of rapture pictured,
 When those celestial charms she should behold,
 And feel the arms of Love once more his bride enfold.

¹ To hear of knightly *deeds*, and *gallant* spurning (14 Calidore 143)

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—Charm of Poetry—Psyche beholds the palace of Chastity—Pleads for the admission of her Knight—Obtains it through the intervention of Hymen—Hymn celebrating the triumphs of Chastity—Psyche, enraptured, desires to devote herself solely to the service of Chastity—Entrusted by her to the protection of the Knight—Psyche's Voyage—Tempest—Coast of Spleen—Psyche received and sheltered by Patience.

CANTO V.

[1]

Delightful visions ¹ of my *lonely hours!* ²
Charm of my life and solace of my care!
Oh! would the muse but lend proportioned powers,
And give me language, equal to declare
The wonders which she bids my fancy share,
When rapt in her to other worlds I fly,
See angel forms unutterably fair,
And hear the inexpressive harmony
That seems to *float* on *air*,³ and *warble* through the sky.⁴

¹ Young virgins might have *visions of delight*, (214 St. Agnes 6. 2)

² Temper my *lonely hours*, (305 Sunshine 39)

³ That *float* about the *air* on azure wings, (13 Calidore 74)

⁴ 'Tis still wild *warblings* from the Æolian lyre
. . . *Float* along the pleased *air*, (287 Ode: Apollo 6. 5; 7. 2)

[2]

Might I the swiftly glancing scenes recal!
 Bright as the roseate clouds of *summer's eve*,¹
 The *dreams* which hold my *soul in willing thrall*,^{2 3}
 And half my visionary days deceive,
 Communicable shape might then receive,
 And other *hearts* be *ravished* with the strain:⁴
 But scarce I seek the airy *threads* to *weave*,⁵
 When quick confusion mocks the fruitless pain,
 And all the fairy forms are vanished from my brain.

[3]

Fond dreamer! meditate thine idle song!
 But let thine idle song remain unknown:
 The verse, which cheers thy solitude, prolong;
 What, though it charm no moments but thine own,
 Though thy loved Psyche smile for thee alone,
 Still shall it yield thee pleasure, if not fame,
 And when, escaped from tumult, thou hast flown
 To thy dear silent hearth's enlivening flame,
 There shall the tranquil muse her happy votary claim!

¹ Oh! how I love, on a fair *summer's eve*. (291 Oh! how 1)

² Hath thee *in thrall*!" (356 Belle Dame 10. 4)

³ Into how sweet a *trance* his *soul* was gone,

. . . so he gently drew

. . . From their *sweet thrall*. (13 Calidore 83, 101, 103)

⁴ Of flutes and viols, *ravishing his heart*, (133 End. 3. 772)

⁵ With a silken *thread* of my own hand's *weaving*; (345 I had 4)

[4]

My Psyche's *wanderings* then she loves to *trace*; ¹
 Unrols the glowing canvas to my sight;
 Her chaste calm eye, her soft attractive grace,
 The lightning of her heavenly smile so bright,
 All yield me strange and unconceived delight:
 Even now entranced her journey I pursue,
 And gaze enraptured on her matchless knight;
 Visions of love, *pure, innocent* and true! ²
 Oh! may your graceful forms for ever bless my view!

[5]

See as they tread the green, soft-levelled plain,
 Where never weed, nor noxious plant was found!
 Psyche, enchanted, bids her knight explain
 Who rules that lovely and well cultured ground,
 Where fairest flowers and purest springs abound:
 "Oh! object of my anxious cares," (he cried,
 As with a half-breathed *sigh* he gazed around)
 "A *stranger* here, full oft I vainly tried ²
 "Admittance to obtain, and sooth the sovereign's pride.

¹ And by the *wandering* melody may *trace* (292 This pleasant 7)

² Sweet, holy, *pure*, sacred and *innocent*.

. . . The *Stranger* next with head on bosom bent
Sigh'd . . . (330 Bagpipe 2, 6, 7)

[6]

"Here Castabella reigns, whose brow severe
 "Oft chilled my sanguine spirit by its frown;
 "Yet have I served her with adoring fear,
 "Though her ungrateful scorn will oft disown
 "The faithful homage by her servant shown;
 "Me she hath banished from her fair domain,
 "For crimes my loyal heart had never known;
 "While thus excluded vainly I complain,
 "And feel another's guilt my injured honour stain.

[7]

"With false assumption of my arms and name,
 "Knight of the Bleeding Heart miscalled too long,
 "A *vile impostor* has disgraced my fame,¹
 "And much usurped by violence and wrong,
 "Which to the virgin queen by right belong;
 "On me her irritated vengeance falls,
 "On me, repulsed by force of arms so strong
 "That, never suffered to approach her walls,
 "Unheard, indignant truth in vain for justice calls.

¹ That *vile impostor* Hum, (485 Cap and Bells 88. 4)

[8]

"Yet she alone our progress can assist,
 "And thou, Oh Psyche! must her favour gain;
 "Nor from thy soft entreaties e'er desist
 "Till thou free entrance for thy knight obtain;
 "Here let his faithful services remain
 "Fixed on thy grateful heart! nor thou consent,
 "Nor let their force thy gentleness constrain
 "To leave him, thus disgraced, yet innocent,
 "Thine undeserved neglect forsaken to lament."

[9]

While yet he speaks, before her ravished eyes
 The brilliant towers of Castabella shine:
 The sun that views them from unclouded skies
*Sheds not through heaven a radiance more divine;*¹
 The adamantine walls with strength combine
 Inimitable lustre ever clear;
 Celestial temple! 'tis not lips like mine
 Thy glories can reveal to mortal ear,
 Or paint the unsullied beams which blaze for ever here.

¹ See note on next page.

[10]

Approaching now the well defended gates,
 Which placed at distance guard the sacred fane,
 Their lowly suit a stern repulse awaits;
 The timid voice of Psyche pleads in vain,
 Nor entrance there together can they gain:
 While yet they stay, unwilling to retreat,
 The dove, swift-sailing through the *ethereal* plain,¹
 Has reached already Castabella's seat,
 And in her spotless breast has found a welcome sweet.

[11]

Caressing oft her well remembered guest,
 Serener smiles illumed her softened brow;
 The heaven-sent messenger her soul confest,
 And mildly listened to his murmurs low,
 Which seemed in pleading eloquence to flow;
 His snowy *pinions* then he wide displayed,¹
 And gently lured her from her throne to go
 Even to the gates, where Psyche blushing stayed
 Beside her awe-struck knight half doubtingly afraid.

¹ The *heaven-born radiance* around me shed,
 . . . Sweet Hope, *ethereal* balm upon me shed,
 And wave thy silver *pinions* o'er my head! (20 Hope 23, 5, 6, 29, 30)

[12]

That form majestic might the bravest awe:
 Yet Psyche gazed with love unmixed with fear,
 And felt those charms her soul attracted draw
 As to maternal tenderness most dear;
 Congenial souls! they *at one glance* appear ¹
 Linked to each other by a mutual tie:
 Her courteous voice invites her to draw near.
 And lo! obedient to their *sovereign's eye*,²
 To Psyche's willing steps the barriers open fly.

[13]

But to the lion, and his gallant lord
 Sudden the affrighted guards the *portals close*.³
 Psyche looks back, and mindful of her word,
 Mindful of him who saved her from her foes,
 Guide of her course and soother of her woes,
 The tear that started to her *downcast eye*,⁴
 The deepening blush which eloquently rose,
 Silent assistant of the pleading sigh,
 To speed the unuttered suit their powers persuasive try.

¹ Thou shalt, *at one glance*, behold (238 Fancy 47)

² Due reverence to your most *sovereign eyes*. (288 What is 14)

³ As that of busy spirits when the *portals*
 Are *closing* in the west; (15 Calidore 159, 160)

⁴ The *downcast eye*, repentant of the pain (22 Woman 4)

[14]

And now the knight, encouraged to approach,
Asserts his injured fame, and justice claims,
Confutes each charge, repels each foul reproach,
And each accusing falsehood boldly shames,
While conscious innocence his tongue inflames:
A firm attachment to her reign he vows,
The base impostor's guilty madness blames,
And, while the imputed crimes his spirit rouse,
No intercourse with him his nobler soul allows.

[15]

Mean time his faithful page had not been mute,
And he had found a ready warm ally;
For (while his master urged the eager suit)
As through the goodly train he cast his eye,
He chanced exulting mid the group to spy
A joyous youth, his fondly cherished friend;
Hymen, the festive, love-attending boy,
Delighted his assistance hastes to lend,
Laughing unbars the gates, and bids the parley end.

[16]

Around their queen the timid virgins crowd,
 Who half consentingly receives the knight,
 And checks her sportive boy, whose welcome loud
 Speaks his gay triumph and his proud delight:
 Yet graceful smiles her happy guests invite
 To *share* the *feast* with sacred honours blest; ¹
 The palace opens to their dazzled sight;
 Still as they gazed, the adoring eye confest
 That wondering awe which filled each consecrated breast.

[17]

All was divine, yet still the fairest queen
 Like Dian mid her circling nymphs appeared,
 Or as Minerva on Parnassus seen,
 When condescendingly with smiles she cheered
 The silent Muses who her presence feared:
 A *starry crown* its heavenly radiance threw ²
 O'er her pale cheek; for there the rose revered
 The purer lilies of her saint-like hue,
 Yet oft the mantling blush its transient visits knew.

¹ "To *share* our marriage *feast* and nuptial mirth?" (185 *Lamia* 2. 91)

² "And by thine eyes, and by thy *starry crown!*" (173 *Lamia* 1. 90)
 Cp. IV 14. 8.

[18]

The hand of Fate, which wove of spotless white
 Her wondrous robe, bade it unchangeable
 Preserve *unsullied* its first lustre *bright*,¹
 Nor e'er might be renewed that sacred spell
 If once destroyed; wherefore to guard it well
 Two hand-maids she entrusts with special care,
 Prudence and Purity, who both excel,
 The first in matron dignity of air,
 The last in blooming youth unalterably fair.

[19]

Favourite of heaven! she at her birth received
 With it the brilliant zone that bound her waist,
 Which, were the earth of sun and stars bereaved,
 By its own light beneficently cast
 Could cheer the innocent, and guide the chaste:
 Nor armour ever had the virgin bore,
 Though oft in warlike scenes her youth she past,
 For while her breast this dazzling cestus wore,
 The foe who dared to gaze beheld the light no more.

¹ Of *brightness* so *unsullied*, that therein (59 End. 1. 97)

[20]

But when her placid hours in peace are spent,
 Concealed she bids its latent terrors lie,
 Sheathed *in a silken scarf*, with kind intent ¹
 Wove by the gentle hand of Modesty;
 And see, the blushing maid with down-cast eye
 Behind her mistress hides her charms retired!
 While, foremost of the group, of stature high,
 Firm Courage lifts her brow by Truth inspired,
 Who holds a crystal lamp in flames celestial fired.

[21]

See, fresh as Hebe blooming Temperance stand,
 Present the nectared fruits, and crown the bowl!
 While bright-eyed Honour leads the choral band,
 Whose songs divine can animate the soul!
 Led willing captive to their high control:
 They sing the triumphs of their spotless queen,
 And proudly bid immortal fame enrol
 Upon her fairest page such as had been
 The champions of her cause, the favourites of her reign.

¹ Then *in a silken scarf*,—sweet with the dews (208 Isa. 52. 1)
 My lady's maid had a *silken scarf* (310 The Stranger 4. 1)
 Cp. III 8. 9.

[22]

From Pallas first begins the lofty song,
 And Cynthia, brightest goddess of the skies;
 To her the virgin deities belong,
 And each beholds her with a sister's eyes;
 The mystic honours next of Fauna rise;
 Her solemn rites which purest hands require;
 And Vesta, who her virgins taught to prize,
 And guard the sacred symbols of the fire
 Which earth could ne'er revive if suffered to expire.

[23]

Emblem divine of female purity!
 Whose trust betrayed to like sad fate shall doom;
 Pursued by scorn, consigned to infamy,
 The hapless victims perish in their bloom
 Mid the dark horrors of a living tomb;
 Effulgent queen! thou wilt the pure defend
 From the dark night of this opprobrious gloom;
 Nor even with life thy favouring smiles shall end,
 They bid illustrious fame beyond the grave extend.

[24]

First of the noble youths whose virtue shone
 Conspicuous chief in Castabella's train,
 They sing the firm unmoved Bellerophon;
 And Peleus flying the Magnesian plain,
 Pursued by all a wanton's fierce disdain.
 You too, Hippolytus, their songs employ!
 Beloved by Phædra, but beloved in vain;
 With the chaste honours of the Hebrew boy,
 Which time shall ne'er obscure, nor idle scorn destroy.

[25]

Nor was unsung whom on Hymettus' brow
 The bright Aurora wooed with amorous care;
 He, mindful of his sacred nuptial vow,
 Refused the goddess though celestial fair,
 Breathing pure perfumes and ambrosial air:
 Of wanton Circe's baffled arts they tell,
 And him, too wise her treacherous cup to share,
 Who scorned the enchantress, and her mystic spell,
 And all the Syrens' arts could gloriously repel.

[26]

The long tried virtue of his faithful spouse
 Now sweetly animates the tuneful string,
 Unsullied guardian of her virgin vows!
 Who twice ten years had wept her wandering king.
 Acastus' mourning daughter next they sing;
 The chaste embrace which clasped her husband's shade:
 And thee, Dictynna! who, with daring spring,
 Called from the Cretan rock on Dian's aid:
 And still the goddess loves her favourite luckless maid.

[27]

Pleased to assume herself a name so dear
 She bids her altars to Dictynna rise,
 Thus called, she ever turns, with willing ear,
 To aid each nymph who for her succour cries.
 See how the trembling Arethusa flies
 Through *pathless woods*,¹ o'er rocks and *open plains*; ²
 In vain to escape the ravisher she tries,
 Fast on her rapid flight Alpheus gains,
 And scarce her fainting strength the unequal course
 sustains.

¹ In noisome alley, and in *pathless wood*: (40 Haydon 4)

² They freshly terminate in *open plains* (33 Clarke 116)

[28]

And now more near his dreaded step she hears,
 His lengthened shadow flies before her feet,
 Now o'er her neck his panting breath appears
 To part her locks, which, in disorder sweet,
 Ambitious seemed to fan the fervid heat
 That flushed her glowing cheek and heightened charms:
 Hear how her gasping sighs for aid entreat!
 "Dictynna! pitying see my just alarms,
 "And snatch thy fainting maid from those polluting
 arms."

[29]

The goddess hears, and in a favouring cloud
 Conceals her suppliant from Alpheus' sight;
 In vain he looks around, and calls aloud,
 And wondering seeks the traces of her flight:
 Enveloped, still she views him with affright,
 An icy coldness creeps o'er all her frame,
 And soon, dissolving in a current bright,
 The silver stream retains her honoured name,
 And still unmingled flows, and guards its virgin fame.

[30]

'Twas thus Castalia's sacred fountain sprung,
 Once a fair nymph by bright Apollo loved:
 To Daphne too his amorous strain he sung,
 But sung in vain: her heart remained unmoved,
 No vain delight her modest virtue proved
 To be the theme of all his wanton lays:
 To shun the god the silvan scene she roved;
 Nor prized the flattery of his tuneful praise,
 Nor one relenting smile his splendid gifts could raise.

[31]

Yet were his lips with eloquence endued,
 And melting passion *warbled* o'er his *lyre*,¹
 And had she yielding listened as he wooed,
 The virgin sure had caught the kindling fire,
 And fallen a victim to impure desire;
 For safety cautious flight alone remained,
 While tears of trembling innocence require
 Her parents aid: and lo! that aid obtained,
 How suddenly her charms immortal laurels gained!

¹ 'Tis still wild *warblings* from the *Æolian lyre* (287 Ode: Apollo 6. 5; 7. 2)

[32]

Dear to the Muses still her honours live:
 And they too glory in their virgin name;
 To pure delights their tranquil hours they give,
 And fear to mingle with a grosser flame
 The chaster fires which heaven hath bid them claim:
 They smiled when Pan, on Ladon's banks deceived,
 The fair Syringa clasped, who, snatched from shame,
 Already had her tuneful form received,
 And to the breathing winds in airy music grieved.

[33]

Still in that tuneful form to Dian dear
 She bids it injured innocence befriend;
 Commands her train the sentence to revere,
 And in her grove the vocal reeds suspend
 Which Virtue may from calumny defend:
 Self-breathed, when virgin purity appears,
 What notes melodious they spontaneous send!
 While the rash guilty nymph with horror hears
 Deep groans declare her shame to awe-struck wonder-
 ing ears.

[34]

The spotless virgins shall unhurt approach
 The stream's rude ordeal, and the *sacred fire*.¹
 See the pure maid, indignant of reproach,
 The dreadful test of innocence require
 Amid the *holy priests* and *virgin choir*! ^{2 3}
 See her leap fearless on the blazing shrine!
 The lambent flames, bright-circling, all aspire
 Innocuous wreathes around her form to twine,
 And *crown* ⁴ with lustrous beams the virgin's brow divine.

[35]

Nor was the daring Clusia then unsung,
 Who plunged illustrious from the *lofty tower*; ⁴
 The favouring winds around the virgin clung,
 And bore her harmless from the tyrant's power:
 Nor those, whom Vesta in the trying hour
 Protects from slander, and restores to fame;
 Nor Clelia, shielded from the arrowy shower;
 Nor thou! whose purest hands the Sibyls claim,
 And bid the modest fane revere Sulpicia's name.

¹ Of teeming sweets, enkindling *sacred fire*; (63 End. 1. 224)

² Pan's *holy priest* for young Endymion calls; (163 End. 4. 815)

³ Nor *virgin choir* to make delicious moan

. . . Yes, I will be thy *priest*, . . . (236 Psyche 30, 50)

⁴ That *crowns* a *lofty* clift, which proudly *towers*. (29 Full many 124)

[36]

O'er her soft cheek how arch the dimples play,
 While pleased the goddess hears Sinope's wiles!
 How oft she mocked the changeful lord of day,
 And many a silvan god who sought her smiles:
 But chief when Jove her innocence beguiles;
 "Grant me a boon," the blushing maid replies,
 Urged by his suit: hope o'er his amorous toils
 Exulting dawns:—"thine oath is past," she cries;
 "Unalterably pure thy spotless virgin dies!"

[37]

Rome shall for ages boast Lucretia's name!
 And while its temples moulder into dust
 Still triumph in Virginia's rescued fame,
 And Scipio's victory over baffled lust:—
 Even now the strain prophetically just,
 In unborn servants bids their queen rejoice,
 And in her British beauties firmly trust;
 Thrice happy fair! who still adore her voice,
 The blushing virgin's law, the modest matron's choice!

[38]

Psyche with *ravished* ear the *strain* attends,
Enraptured hangs upon the *heaven-strung lyre*; ¹
 Her kindling soul from sensual earth ascends;
 To joys divine her purer thoughts aspire;
 She longs to join the white robed *spotless* choir,¹
 And there for ever dwell a hallowed guest:
 Even Love himself no longer can inspire
 The wishes of the soft *enthusiast's* breast,²
 Who, filled with sacred zeal, would there for ever rest;

[39]

Despising every meaner low pursuit,
 And quite forgetful of her amorous care,
 All heedless of her knight, who sad and mute
 With wonder hears the strange ungrateful fair,
 A prostrate suppliant, pour the fervent prayer
 To be received in Castabella's train,
 And that in tranquil bliss secluded there,
 Her happy votary still she might remain,
 Free from each worldly care, and each polluting stain.

¹ The sweet majestic tone of Maro's *lyre*:

. . . *Enraptur'd* dwells . . .

. . . Nor move, till ends the lofty *strain*

. . . And leave once more the *ravish'd* heavens in peace.

. . . From a virgin chorus flows

A hymn in praise of *spotless* Chastity.

(286, 287 Ode: Apollo 3. 2, 4; 4. 4, 6; 6. 3, 4)

² Bless Cynthia's face, the *enthusiast's* friend: (15 Ladies 4)

[40]

With gracious smile the Queen her favourite heard,
 And fondly raised, and clasped her to her breast;
 A beam of triumph in her eye appeared,
 While ardent Psyche offered her request,
 Which to the indignant knight her pride confest:
 "Farewell, mistaken Psyche!" he exclaims,
 Rising at length with grief and shame opprest,
 "Since thy false heart a spouse divine disclaims,
 "I leave thee to the pomp which here thy pride enflames."

[41]

"Yet stay, impetuous youth," the Queen replies,
 Abashed, irresolute as Psyche stands,
 "My favourite's happiness too dear I prize,
 "Far other services my soul demands
 "Than those which here in these sequestered lands
 "Her zeal would pay: no, let her bear my fame
 "Even to the bowers where Love himself commands:
 "There shall my votary reign secure from blame,
 "And teach his myrtle groves to echo to my name.

[42]

“My lovely servant still defend from harms,
“And stem with her yon strong opposing tide:
“Haste, bear her safely to her lover’s arms!
“Be it thy care with steady course to guide
“The light-winged bark I will myself provide.
“Depart in peace! thou chosen of my heart!
“Leave not thy faithful knight’s protecting side.
“Dear to me both, oh may no treacherous art
“Your kindred souls divide, your fair alliance part!

[43]

“Here rest to-night! to-morrow shall prepare
“The vessel which your destined course shall speed.
“Lo! I consign my Psyche to thy care,
“Oh gallant youth! for so hath Fate decreed,
“And Love himself shall pay the generous meed.”
She said, and joined their unreluctant hands.
The grateful knight, from fear and sorrow freed,
Receives with hope revived the dear commands,
And Psyche’s modest eye no other law demands.

[44]

Now Peace with downy step and silent hand
 Prepared for each the couch of soft repose:
 Fairest attendant! she with whispers bland
 Bids the obedient *eye* in *slumbers close*; ^{1 2}
 She too the first at early morning goes
 With light-foot Cheerfulness the guests to greet,
 Who *soothed* by quiet dreams refreshed arose, ^{1 2}
 Ready the labours of the day to meet;
 But first due homage pay at Castabella's feet.

[45]

Bright was the prospect which before them shone;
 Gay danced the sun-beams o'er the trembling waves:
 Who that the faithless ocean had not known,
 Which now the strand in placid whispers laves,
 Could e'er believe the rage with which it raves
 When angry Boreas bids the storm arise,
 And calls his wild winds from their wintry caves?
 Now soft Favonius breathes his gentlest sighs,
 Auspicious omens wait, *serenely* smile the *skies*.³

¹ And *soothed* them into *slumbers* full and deep. (8 I stood 224)

² Or on the open turf their *soothed eyelids* closed. (482 Cap and Bells 77. 9)

³ The blue *sky* here, and there, *serenely* peeping (7 I stood 169)

[46]

The eager mariners now seize the oar,
The streamers flutter in the favouring gale.
Nor unattended did they leave the shore:
Hymen, whose smiles shall o'er mischance prevail,
Sits at the helm, or spreads the swelling sail:
Swift through the parting waves the vessel flies,
And now at distance scarce can Psyche hail
The shore, so fast receding from her eyes,
Or bless the snowy cliffs which o'er the coast arise.

[47]

Pleased with her voyage and the novel scene,
Hope's vivid ray her cheerful heart expands:
Delighted now she eyes the blue serene,
The purple hills, and distant rising lands,
Or, when the sky the silver queen commands,
In pleasing silence listens to the oar
Dashed by the frequent stroke of equal hands;
Or asks her knight if yet the promised shore
May bless her longing eyes when morn shall light restore?

[48]

The impatient question oft repeated thus
 He smiling hears, and still with many a tale,
 Or song of heavenly lore unknown to us
 Beguiles the live-long night, or flagging sail
 When the fresh breeze begins their bark to fail.
 Strong ran the tide against the vessel's course,
 And much they need the kind propitious gale
 Steady to bear against its rapid force,
 And aid the labouring oars, their tedious last resource.

[49]

But lo! the blackening surface of the deep
 With sullen murmurs now begins to swell,
 On ruffled wing *the screaming sea fowl* sweep¹
 The unlovely surge, and piteous seem to tell
 How from the low-hung clouds with fury fell
 The demons of the tempest threatening rage;
 There, brooding future terrors, yet they dwell,
 Till with collected force dread war they wage,
 And in convulsive gusts the adverse winds engage.

¹ Give answer from thy voice, *the sea-fowls' screams!* (325 Ailsa 2)

[50]

The trembling Psyche, supplicating Heaven,
 Lifts to the storm her fate-deploring eye,
 Sees o'er her head the livid lightnings driven:
 Then, turned in horror from the blazing sky,
 Clings to her knight in speechless agony:
 He all his force exerts the bark to steer,
 And bids the mariners each effort try
 To escape the rocky coast which threatens near,
 For Hymen taught the youth that dangerous shore to
 fear.

[51]

Who has not listened to his tuneful lay,
 That sings so well the hateful cave of Spleen?
 Those lands, submitted to her gloomy sway,
 Now open to their view a dreary scene,
 As the sad subjects of the sullen queen
 Hang o'er the cliffs, and blacken all the strand;
 And where the entrance of the cave is seen
 A peevish, fretful, melancholy band,
 Her ever wrangling slaves, in jarring concert stand.

[52]

Driven by the hurricane they touch the shore,
 The frowning guards prepare to seize their prey,
 The knight (attentive to the helm no more)
 Resumes his arms, and bids his shield display
 Its brilliant orb: "Psyche, let no dismay
 "Possess thy gentle breast," he cheerly cries,
 "Behind thy knight in fearless safety stay,
 "Smile at the dart which o'er thee vainly flies,
 "Secure from each attack their powerless rage despise.

[53]

"Soon shall the fury of the winds be past,
 "Serener skies shall brighten to our view,
 "Let us not yield to the imperious blast
 "Which now forbids our vessel to pursue
 "Its purposed course; soon shall the heavens renew
 "Their calm clear smile; and soon our coward foes,
 "Despairing thus our courage to subdue,
 "Shall cease their idle weapons to oppose,
 "And unmolested peace restore our *lost repose*." ¹

¹ Love! on their *lost repose* (344 Fanny 7. 8)

[54]

Still as he spoke, where'er he turned his shield
 The darts drop quivering from each slackened bow,
Unnerved each arm, no force remains to wield ¹
 The weighty falchion, or the javelin throw;
 Each voice half choked expires in murmurs low,
 A dizzy mist obscures their wondering sight,
 Their eyes no more their wonted fury know,
 With stupid awe they gaze upon the knight,
 Or, as his voice they hear, trembling disperse in flight.

[55]

Yet raged the storm with unabated power;
 A little creek the labouring vessel gains;
 There they resolve to endure the blustering hour,
 The dashing billows, and the beating rains.
 Soon as the bark the sheltering bay attains,
 And in the shallows moored securely rides,
 Attentive still to soften all her pains,
 The watchful knight for Psyche's ease provides;
 Some fisher's hut perchance the *shelving* ² harbour hides.

¹ Thus whispering, his warm, *unnerved arm* (225 St. Agnes 32. 1)

² See p. 173, n. 1.

[56]

Deep in the *steril* ¹ bank a *grotto* ² stood,
 Whose *winding* ³ caves repel the inclement air,
 Worn in the hollowed rock by many a *flood* ³
 And *sounding* ² surge that dashed its white foam there,
 The refuge now of a defenceless fair,
 Who issuing thence, with courteous kind intent
 Approached the knight, and kindly bad him share
 Whatever good indulgent heaven had lent
 To cheer her hapless years in lonely suffering spent.

[57]

More sweet than health's fresh *bloom* the wan hue
 seemed
 Which sat upon her *pallid cheek*; her eye,⁴
 Her *placid eye*,⁵ with *dove-like* ⁶ softness beamed;
 Her head unshielded from the pitiless sky,
 Loose to the rude wild blast her tresses fly,
 Bare were her feet which prest the shelly shore
 With firm unshrinking step; while smilingly
 She eyes the dashing billows as they roar,
 And braves the boisterous storms so oft endured before.

¹ My skiff along green *shelving* coasts,

. . . The poor folk . . .

Would strew sweet flowers on a *sterile* beach.

See also p. 172.

(121, 122 End. 3. 358, 368, 371)

² It was a *sounding grotto*, vaulted vast (108 End. 2. 878)

³ Whence, from a certain spot, its *winding flood* (71 End. 1. 543)

⁴ To tint her *pallid cheek* with *bloom*, who cons (66 End. 1. 368)

⁵ And *placid eye*, young Calidore is burning (14 Calidore 142)

⁶ *Dove-like* in the dim *cell* lying beyond (142 End. 4. 65)

See also V. 60. 4

[58]

Long had she there in silent sorrow dwelt,
 And many a year resigned to grief had known;
 Spleen's cruel insolence she oft had felt,
 But never would the haughty tyrant own,
 Nor heed the darts which, from a distance thrown,
 Screened by her cavern she could safely shun;
 The *thorny brakes* ¹ she trod for food alone,
 Drank the cold stream which near the grotto run,
 And bore the winter's frosts and scorching summer
 sun.

[59]

In early youth, exchanging mutual vows,
 Courage had wooed and won his lovely bride;
 Tossed on those stormy seas, her daring spouse
 From her fond arms the cruel waves divide,
 And dashed her fainting on that rock's rough side.
 Still hope she keeps, and still her constant heart
 Expects to hail with each returning tide
 His dear remembered bark; hence can no art
 From those unlovely scenes induce her to depart.

¹ That glar'd before me through a *thorny brake* (125 End. 3. 493)

[60]

When the vexed seas their stormy mountains roll,
 She loves the shipwrecked mariner to cheer;
 The trembling wretch escaped from Spleen's control,
 Deep in her silent *cell* ¹ conceals his fear,
 And panting finds repose and refuge here;
 Benevolently skilled each wound to heal,
 To her the sufferer flies, with willing ear
 She woos them all their anguish to reveal,
 And while she speaks, they half forget the woes they
 feel.

[61]

Now to her cave has Patience gently brought
 Psyche, yet shuddering at the fearful blast,
 Largely she heaped with hospitable thought
 The blazing pile, and spread the pure repast;
 O'er her chilled form her own soft mantle cast,
 And soothed her wearied spirits to repose,
 Till all the fury of the storm is past,
 Till swift receding clouds the heavens disclose,
 And o'er subsiding waves pacific sunshine glows.

¹ See p. 173, n. 6.

CANTO VI.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—The power of Love to soften adversity—Exhortation to guard Love from the attacks of Ill-temper, which conduct to Indifference and Disgust—Psyche becalmed—Psyche surprised and carried to the Island of Indifference—Pursued and rescued by her Knight—The Voyage concluded—Psyche brought home beholds again the Temple of Love—Is reunited to her Lover, and invited by Venus to receive in Heaven her Apotheosis—Conclusion.

CANTO VI.

[1]

WHEN pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,
And the gay hours on downy wing advance,
Oh! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth
Breathe the soft vows of love, sweet to entrance
The raptured soul by intermingling glance
Of mutual bliss; sweet amid roseate bowers,
Led by the hand of Love, to weave the dance,
Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,
Or bask in joy's bright sun through calm unclouded hours.

[2]

Yet they, who light of heart in may-day pride
 Meet love with smiles and gaily amorous song,
 (Though he their softest pleasures may provide,
 Even then when pleasures in full concert throng)
 They cannot know with what enchantment strong
 He steals upon the tender suffering soul,
 What gently soothing charms to him belong,
 How melting sorrow owns his soft control,
 Subsiding passions hushed in milder waves to roll.

[3]

When vexed by cares and harassed by distress,
 The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,
 Let Love, consoling Love! still sweetly bless,
 And his assuasive balm benignly shed:
 His downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread
 Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose;
 To Love the tender heart hath ever fled,
 As on *its mother's breast* the infant throws ¹
 Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

¹ Shall the dear babe, upon *its mother's breast* (29 Full many 102)

[4]

Oh! fondly cherish then the lovely plant,
 Which lenient Heaven hath given thy *pains to ease*; ¹
 Its lustre shall thy summer hours enchant,
 And load with fragrance every prosperous breeze,
 And when rude winter shall thy roses seize,
 When nought through all thy bowers but thorns
 remain,
 This still with undeciduous charms shall please,
 Screen from the blast and shelter from the rain,
 And still with verdure, cheer the desolated plain.

[5]

Through the hard season Love with plaintive note
 Like the kind red-breast tenderly shall sing,
 Which swells mid dreary snows its tuneful throat,
 Brushing the *cold dews* from its shivering wing, ²
 With cheerful promise of returning spring
 To the mute tenants of the leafless grove.
 Guard thy best treasure from the venom'd sting
 Of baneful peevishness; oh! never prove
 How soon ill-temper's power can banish gentle Love!

¹ Your pulse is shocking, but I'll *ease your pain*," (474 Cap and Bells 48. 3)

² That thou mayst listen the *cold dews* among? (145 End. 4. 163)

[6]

Repentance may the storms of passion chase,
 And Love, who shrunk affrighted from the blast,
 May hush his just complaints in *soft embrace*,¹
 And smiling wipe his tearful eye at last:
 Yet when the wind's rude violence is past,
 Look what a wreck the scattered fields display!
 See on the ground the withering blossoms cast!
 And hear sad Philomel with piteous lay
 Deplore the tempest's rage that swept her young away.

[7]

The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,
 The pouting lip, the sullen silent tongue,
 May wake the impassioned lovers tender dread,
 And touch the spring that clasps his soul so strong;
 But ah, beware! the gentle power too long
 Will not endure the frown of angry strife;
 He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng
 Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,
 And flies when discord shakes her brand with quarrels
 rife.

¹ Enchantress! tell me by this *soft embrace*, (105 End. 2. 756)

[8]

Oh! he will tell you that these quarrels bring
 The ruin, not renewal of his flame:
 If oft repeated, lo! on rapid wing
 He flies to hide his fair but tender frame;
 From violence, reproach, or peevish blame
 Irrevocably flies. Lament in vain!
 Indifference comes the abandoned heart to claim,
 Asserts for ever her repulsive reign,
 Close followed by disgust and all her chilling train.

[9]

Indifference, dreaded power! what art shall save
 The good so cherished from thy grasping hand?
 How shall young Love escape the untimely grave
 Thy treacherous arts prepare? or how withstand
 The insidious foe, who with her leaden band
 Enchains the thoughtless, slumbering deity?
 Ah, never more to wake! or e'er expand
 His golden pinions to the *breezy sky*,¹
 Or open to the sun his dim and *languid eye*.^{2 3}

¹ His early song against yon *breezy sky*, (72 End. 1. 221)

² Pensive they sit, and roll their *languid eyes*, (437 Lovers 1)

³ This fam'd for *languid eyes*, and that for mirth,—(472 Cap and Bells 42. 8)

[10]

Who can describe the hopeless, silent pang
 With which the gentle heart first marks her sway?
 Eyes the sure progress of her icy fang
 Resistless, slowly fastening on her prey;
 Sees rapture's brilliant colours fade away,
 And all the glow of beaming sympathy;
 Anxious to watch the cold averted ray
 That speaks no more to the fond meeting eye
Enchanting tales of love, and tenderness, and joy.¹

[11]

Too faithful heart! thou never canst retrieve
 Thy withered hopes: conceal the *cruel pain*! ²
 O'er thy lost treasure still in silence grieve;
 But never to the unfeeling ear complain:
 From fruitless struggles dearly bought refrain!
 Submit at once—the bitter task resign,
 Nor watch and fan the expiring flame in vain;
 Patience, consoling maid, may yet be thine,
 Go seek her quiet cell, and hear her *voice divine*! ³

¹ The *enchanted tale*, the tale of pleasing woe. (285 Byron 14)

² Though an immortal, she felt *cruel pain*: (250 Hyp. 1. 44)

³ To catch the tunings of a *voice divine*. (23 Woman 28)

Cp. VI 51. 8.

[12]

But lo! the joyous sun, the soft-breathed gales
 By zephyrs sent to kiss the placid seas,
 Curl the green wave, and fill the swelling sails;
 The seamen's shouts, which jocund hail the breeze,
 Call the glad knight the favouring hour to seize.
 Her gentle hostess Psyche oft embraced,
 Who still solicitous her guest to please
 On her fair breast a talisman had placed,
 And with the valued gem her parting blessing graced.

[13]

How gaily now the bark pursues its way
 Urged by the steady gale! while round the *keel*
 The *bubbling* currents in sweet whispers play,¹
 Their force repulsive now no more they feel;
 No clouds the unsullied face of heaven conceal,
 But the *clear azure* one pure dome displays,²
 Whether it bids the star of day reveal
 His potent beams, or Cynthia's milder rays
 On deep *cerulean skies* invite the eye to gaze.³

¹ Shone like the *bubbling* foam about a *keel* (273 Hyp. 2. 354)

² Gleam delicately through the *azure clear* (123 End. 3. 409)

³ Through clouds of fleecy white, laughs the *cærulean sky*.
 (22 Now Morning 27)

[14]

Almost unconscious they their course pursue,
 So smooth the vessel cuts the watery plain;
 The wide horizon to their boundless view
 Gives but the sky, and Neptune's ample reign:
 Still the unruffled bosom of the main
 Smiles undiversified by varying wind;
 No toil the idle mariners sustain,
 While, listless, slumbering o'er his charge reclined,
 The pilot cares no more the unerring helm to mind.

[15]

With light exulting heart glad Psyche sees
 Their rapid progress as they quit the shore:
 Yet weary languor steals *by slow degrees* ¹
 Upon her tranquil mind; she joys no more
 The never changing scene to wander o'er
 With still admiring eye; the enchanting song
 Yields not that lively charm it knew before,
 When first enraptured by his tuneful tongue
 She bad her vocal knight the heavenly strain prolong.

¹ Along the chapel aisle *by slow degrees*; (212 St. Agnes 2. 4)

[16]

A damp chill mist now deadens all the air,
 A *drowsy* ¹ dullness seems o'er all to creep,
 No more the heavens their smile of brightness wear,
 The winds are hushed, while the dim glassy deep
 Oppressed by sluggish vapours seems to sleep;
 See his light scarf the knight o'er Psyche throws,
 Solicitous his lovely charge to keep
 From still increasing cold; while *deep repose* ²
Benumbs each torpid *sense* and bids her eye-lids close.¹

[17]

Now as with languid stroke they ply the oars,
 While the dense fog obscures their gloomy way;
 Hymen, well used to coast these dangerous shores,
 Roused from the dreaming trance in which he lay,
 Cries to the knight in voice of dread dismay,
 "Steer hence thy bark, oh! yet in time beware;
 "Here lies Petrea, which with baneful sway
 "Glacella rules, I feel the dank cold air,
 "I hear her chilling voice, methinks it speaks despair!"

¹ My heart aches and a *drowsy numbness* pains
 My *sense* . . . (230 Nightingale 1. 1, 2)

² See amid the sapphire heaven's *deep repose* (226 St. Agnes 36. 4)
 Cp. VI 21. 4.

[18]

Even while he speaks, behold the vessel stands
Immoveable! in vain the pilot tries
The helm to turn; fixed in the shallow strands,
No more obedient to his hand, it lies,
The disappointed oar no aid supplies
While sweeping o'er the sand it mocks their force.
The anxious knight to Constance now applies,
To his oft tried assistance has recourse,
And bids his active mind design some swift resource,

[19]

Debating doubtfully awhile they stood,
At length on their united strength rely,
To force the bark on the supporting flood;
They rouse the seamen, who half slumbering lie,
Subdued and loaded by the oppressive sky.
Then wading mid the fog, with care explore
What side the deepest waters may supply,
And where the shallows least protect the shore,
While through their darksome search the star sheds
light before.

[20]

Mean time deep slumbers of the *vaporous mist* ¹
 Hang on the heavy eye-lids of the fair;
 And Hymen too, unable to resist
 The *drowsy* force of the o'erwhelming air,²
 Laid at her feet at length forgets his care.
 When lo! Glacella's treacherous slaves advance,
 Deep wrapt in thickest *gloom*; the sleeping fair ²
 They seize, and bear away in heedless trance,
 Long ere her guardian knight suspects the bitter chance.

[21]

Thus the lorn traveller imprudent sleeps
 Where his high glaciers proud Locendro shews;
 Thus o'er his limbs resistless torpor creeps,
 As yielding to the fatal *deep repose* ³
 He sinks benumbed upon the Alpine snows,
 And sleeps no more to wake; no more to view
 The blooming scenes his native vales disclose,
 Or ever more the *craggy* path pursue,¹
 Or o'er the lichened steep the chamois chase renew.

¹ Upon the top of Nevis, blind in *mist*!
 I look into the chasms, and a shroud
Vaporous doth hide them. . . .

. . . Here are the *craggy* stones beneath my feet,— (333 Read me 2, 3, 4, 10)

² It was a vision.—In the *drowsy gloom* (203 Isa. 35. 1)

³ Seen mid the sapphire heaven's *deep repose*; (226 St. Agnes 36. 4)

Cp. VI 16. 8.

[22]

Lo! to their queen they bear their sleeping prey,
 Deep in her ice-built *castle's gloomy* state,¹
 There on a pompous couch they gently lay
 Psyche, as yet unconscious of her fate,
 And when her heavy eyes half opening late
 Dimly observe the strange and unknown scenes,
 As in a dream she views her changed estate,
 Gazing around with doubtful, troubled mien
 Now on the stupid crowd, now on their dull proud queen

[23]

With vacant smile, and words but half exprest,
 In one ungracious, never-varying tone,
 Glacella welcomes her bewildered guest,
 And bids the chief supporter of her throne
 Approach and make their mighty mistress known,
 Proud Selfishness, her dark ill-favoured lord!
 Her gorgeous seat, which still he shared alone,
 He slowly leaves obedient to her word,
 And ever as he moved the cringing train adored.

¹ Whence may be seen the *castle gloomy*, and grand (13 Calidore 65)

[24]

Nought of his shapeless form to sight appears,
 Impenetrable furs conceal each part;
 Harsh and unpleasing sounds in Psyche's ears
 That voice which had subdued full many a heart;
 While he, exerting every specious art,
 Persuades her to adore their queen's control;
 Yet would he not Glacella's name impart,
 But with false title, which she artful stole
 From fair Philosophy, deludes the erring soul.

[25]

"Rest, happy fair!" he cries, "who here hast found
 "From all the storms of life a safe retreat,
 "Sorrow thy breast henceforth no more shall wound
 "Nor care invade thee in this quiet seat:
 "The voice of the distressed no more shall meet
 "The sympathising ear; another's woes
 "Shall never interrupt the stillness sweet,
 "Which here shall hush thee to serene repose,
 "Nor damp the constant joys these scenes for thee
 disclose.

[26]

"Fatigue no more thy soft and lovely frame
 "With vain benevolence and fruitless care;
 "No deep heaved sigh shall here thy *pity claim*,¹
 "Nor hateful want demand thy wealth to share;
 "For thee shall Independence still prepare
 "Pleasures unmingled, and for ever sure;
 "His lips our sovereign's peaceful laws declare,
 "Centre existence in thyself secure,
 "Nor let an alien shade thy sunshine e'er obscure."

[27]

He spoke, and lo! *unnumbered doors* unfold,
 And various scenes of *revelry* display;²
 Here Grandeur sunk beneath the *massive gold*;³
 Here discontented *Beauty* *ined away*,⁴
 And vainly conscious asked her promised sway;
 Here Luxury prepared his sumptuous feast,
 While lurking Apathy behind him lay
 To poison all the insipid food he drest,
 And shake his *poppy crown* o'er every sated guest.⁵

¹ That I should *claim* your *pity*! Art not well? (403 Otho 4. 1. 109)

² And so it chanc'd, for *many a door* was wide,
 . . . At length burst in the argent *revelry*, (213 St. Agnes 4. 2; 5. 1)

³ That goblet right heavy, and *massy*, and *gold*? (16 Shell 6)

⁴ Where *Beauty* cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love *pine* at them beyond tomorrow, (231 Nightingale 3. 9, 10)

⁵ Sleep, quiet with his *poppy coronet*: (51 Sleep 348)

[28]

The hireling minstrels strike their weary lyre,
 And slumber o'er the oft repeated strain;
 No listless youth to active grace they fire:
 Here Eloquence herself might plead in vain,
 Nor one of all the heartless crowd could gain:
 And thou, oh! sweeter than the Muses song,
 Affection's voice divine! with cold disdain
 Even thou art heard, while mid the insulting throng
 Thy daunted, shivering form moves timidly along!

[29]

Thus o'er the oiled surface softly slides
 The unadmitted stream, rapid it flows,
 And from the impervious plain pellucid glides;
 Repulsed with gentle murmurs thus it goes,
 Till in the porous earth it finds repose,
 Concealed and sheltered in its parents breast:—
 Oh! man's best treasure in this vale of woes!
 Still cheer the sad, and comfort the distrest,
 Nor ever be thy voice by selfishness opprest!

[30]

Psyche with languid step he leads around,
 And bids her all the castle's splendour see.
 Here Dissipation's constant sports abound,
 While her loose hand in seeming bounty free,
 Her scentless roses, painted mimicry,
 Profusely sheds; here Pride unheeded tells
 To nodding crowds his ancient pedigree;
 And Folly with reiterated spells
 To count her spotted cards the yawning group compels.

[31]

"See how, attentive to her subjects ease,"
 To their reluctant prey exclaims her guide,
 "Each fleeting joy of life she bids them seize,
 "Anxious for each gay pastime to provide;
 "See her fast spreading power increasing wide,
 "Adored and worshipped in each splendid dome!
 "Lo! Beauty glows for ever at her side,
 "She bids her cheek the unvarying rose assume;
 "And Bacchus sees for her his votive ivy bloom.

[32]

"Is aught then wanting in this fairy bower?
 "Or is there aught which yet thy heart can move?"
 That heart, unyielding to their sovereign's power,
 In gentle whispers sighing answers, "Love!"
 While scornful smiles the fond reply reprove,
 "Lo!" he exclaims, "thy vanquished Cupid view;
 "He oft with powerful arms had vainly strove
 "Our sovereign's rocky fortress to subdue,
 "Now, subject to her reign, he yields obedience due."

[33]

Wondering she gazed around, and where he points,
 An *idiot*¹ child in golden chains she spies,
 Rich cumbrous gems load all his feeble joints,
 A gaudy bandage seels his stupid eyes,
 And foul Desire his short-lived torch supplies:
 By the capricious hand of Fashion led,
 Her sudden starts with tottering step he tries
 Submissive to attend: him had she bred,
 And Selfishness himself the nursling ever fed.

¹ With most prevailing *tinsel*; who unpen
 Their baaing vanities . . .

Who, through an *idiot* blink, will see unpack't (112 End. 3. 2, 3, 6)
 See also VI 34. 1.

[34]

With lustre false his *tinsel* ¹ arms to deck
 Ungraceful ornaments around him shone,
 Gifts of his sportive guide; she round his neck
 A glittering cord insultingly had thrown,
 Loading its pendent purse with many a stone
 And worthless dross, and ever as he went,
 His leaden darts, with wanton aim unknown,
 Now here, now there, in careless chance she sent,
 That oft their blunted force in *empty air* was spent.²

[35]

Shocked, from the gross imposture Psyche turned
 With horror and disgust her fearful eye;
 Her fate forlorn in silent anguish mourned,
 And called her knight with many a hopeless sigh.
 But see, the crowds in sudden tumult fly!
 The doors, fast closing to exclude some foe,
 Proclaim to Psyche's hopes her hero nigh:
 Escaping from her guard she flies, when lo!
 His form the bursting gates in awful beauty shew.

¹ See p. 195 n.

² His wand against the *empty air* times nine.— (132 End. 3. 753)
Empty the haunted *air*, and gnomed mine (190 Lamia 2. 236)

[36]

"Fly from these dangerous walls," his page exclaims;
 "Swift let us haste our floating bark to gain!
 "See thy knight's wondrous dart in terror flames;
 "Soon shall these ice-built walls no shape retain!
 "Nor can their Queen his dreaded sight sustain."
 Scarcely she heard while rapidly she fled,
 Even as a bird, escaped the wily train
 The fowler with destructive art had spread,
 Nor panting stays its flight, nor yet foregoes its dread.

[37]

See how astonished now the crowd supine,
 Roused by his potent voice, confused arise;
 In tottering masses o'er their heads decline
 Dissolving walls; they gaze with wild surprise,
 And each affrighted from the ruin flies:—
 Pitying he views the vain unfeeling band
 Beneath his care, a vile and worthless prize,
 Their Queen alone his *vengeful* arms demand,
 But unknown *force* was hers his terrors to withstand.¹

¹ The heft away with such a *vengeful force*, (429 Stephen 2. 41)

[38]

A shield she had of more than Gorgon power,
 And whom she would she could transform to stone,
 Nor ever had it failed her till that hour:
 She proves his form invincible alone,
 And calls its force petrific on her own.
 Amazed he sees the indurated train,
 The callous tenants of the *silent* throne,
 And all the *marble* subjects of their reign,
 Inviolably hard, their breathless *shape* retain.¹

[39]

The *magic* ² shield he thence in triumph bore,
 Resolved, in pity to the human race,
 Her noxious hands its might should guide no more,
 And bade the seas conceal its Hydra face:
 Oh! kindly meant, though much defeated grace!
 For though the o'erwhelming weight of sounding waves
 Conceal its rugged orb a little space,
 Snatched by Glacella from the dark deep caves,
 Once more the arm of Love with *potent* ² spell it braves.

¹ What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy *shape*
 . . . Of *marble* men and maidens overwrought
 . . . Thou *silent* form . . . (233, 234 Urn 1. 5; 5. 2, 4)

² This is the *magic*, this the *potent* charm. (477 Cap and Bells 58. 5)
 Cp. 263. 7.

[40]

But Psyche, rescued from their cruel scorn,
 Urges her knight to hasten from the shore:
 The buoyant vessel on the billows borne
 Rides proudly o'er the mounting surge once more;
 Again they spread the *sails*, the *feathered* oar ¹
 Skims with impatient stroke the sparkling tide;
 The blushing Hymen now their smiles restore
 Again to frolic gaily at their side,
 Though still their playful taunts reproach their slum-
 bering guide.

[41]

Psyche looks back with horror on the coast;
 Black, drear, and desolate is all the scene:
 The rocky cliffs still *human shape* may boast; ²
 There the sad victims of the cruel Queen,
 Memorials of her baneful power, are seen:
 No vine crowned hills, no glowing vales appear,
 Nor the white cottage laughs upon the green;
 The *black* and leafless thorn alone is there,
 And the chill *mountains* lift their summits wild and *bare*.³

¹ To meet his rosy child, with *feathery sails*, (66 End. 1. 379)

² To touch this flower into *human shape*! (142 End. 4. 67)

³ That man may never lose his mind on *mountains black and bare*.

(328 Highlands 46)

[42]

Her spirits lighten as they leave behind
 The dreary prospect of Glacella's isle;
 She blest with gladdened heart the *light-winged* wind ¹
 That bears her swiftly from a scene so vile;
 With *glistening eye*, and hope's prophetic smile,²
 She hears her knight foretel their dangers o'er,
 That sure success shall crown their fated toil,
 And soon arriving at that happy shore,
 Love shall again be found, and leave his bride no more.

[43]

Now, from light slumbers and delicious dreams,
 The jocund cry of joy aroused the fair;
 The morn that kissed her eyes with golden beams,
 Bade her the universal transport share;
 Divinely breathed the aromatic air,
 And Psyche's heart, half *fainting with delight*,³
 In the peculiar odour wafted there
 Recalled the breezes which, o'er scenes most bright,
 Their wings of perfume shook, and lingering stayed
 their flight.

¹ That thou, *light-winged* Dryad of the trees, (230 Nightingale 1. 7)

² With lips that tremble, and *with glistening eye*. (13 Calidore 91)

³ And, on a sudden, *fainting with surprise*, (235 Psyche 8)

[44]

The lovely shore the mariners descry,
 And many a gladsome cheer the prospect hails;
 Its graceful hills rise full before the *eye*,
 While eagerly expanding all their sails
 They woo the *freshness* of the *morning* gales:
 The approaching scenes new *opening* charms display,¹
 And Psyche's palpitating courage fails,
 She sees arrived at length the important day,
 Uncertain yet of power the mandate to obey.

[45]

But one dear object every wish confines,
 Her spouse is promised in that bower of rest;
 And shall the sun, that now so cheerful shines,
 Indeed behold her to his bosom prest,
 And in his heavenly smiles of fondness blest?
 Oh! 'tis too much!—exhausted life she fears
 Will struggling leave her agitated breast,
 Ere to her longing eyes his form appears,
 Or the soft hand of Love shall wipe away her tears.

¹ *Fresh* for the *opening* of the *morning's eye*. (293 Elgin 2. 8)

[46]

Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul
 When the long promised hour of joy draws near!
 How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!
 What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!
 To the fond doubting heart its hopes appear
 Too brightly fair, too sweet to realize;
 All seem but day-dreams of delight too dear!
 Strange hopes and fears in painful contest rise,
 While the scarce trusted bliss seems but to cheat the eyes.

[47]

But safely anchored in the happy port,
 Led by her knight the *golden sands* she prest: ¹
 His heart beat high, his *panting* ² breath heaved short,
 And sighs proclaim his agitated breast
 By some important secret thought oppress:
 "At length," he cries, "behold the fated spring!
 "Yon rugged cliff conceals the *fountain* ² blest,
 "(Dark rocks its crystal source o'ershadowing,)
 "And Constance swift for thee the destined urn shall
 bring."

¹ Than the shell, from the bright *golden sands* of the ocean (16 Ladies 23)
 O'er pebbly crystal, and o'er *golden sands*; (26 Mathew 92)
 The semblance of gold rocks and bright *gold sands*, (76 End. 1. 742)
 Cp. I 21. 2.

² And *panting fountains* quivering with deep glows! (418 Otho 5. 5. 47)

[48]

He speaks, but scarce she hears, her soul intent
 Surveys as in a dream each well known scene:
 Now from the pointed hills her *eye she bent* ¹
 Inquisitive o'er all the *sloping green*; ²
 The graceful temple meet for *Beauty's queen*,³
 The orange groves that ever blooming glow,
 The silvery flood, the *ambrosial* ⁴ air serene,
 The matchless trees that fragrant *shade* bestow,⁴
 All speak to Psyche's soul, all seem their queen to know.

[49]

Let the vain rover, who his youth hath past
 Misled in idle search of happiness,
 Declare, by late experience taught at last,
 In all his toils he gained but weariness,
 Wooed the coy goddess but to find that less
 She ever grants where dearest she is bought;
 She loves the sheltering bowers of home to bless,
 Marks with her peaceful hand the favourite spot,
 And smiles to see that Love has home his Psyche brought.

¹ So done, upon the nymph his *eyes he bent* (174 *Lamia* 1. 134)

² Fair, on a *sloping green* of mossy tread, (176 *Lamia* 1. 181)

³ From silv'ry ripple, up to *beauty's queen*; (31 *Clarke* 39)
 Cp. I 5. 6; 13. 9 and I 41. 7.

⁴ Of heaven *ambrosial*; and we will *shade*, (106 *End.* 2. 810)

[50]

On the dear earth she kneels the turf to press,
 With grateful lips and fondly streaming eyes,
 "Are these the unknown bowers of Happiness?
 "Oh! justly called, and gained at last!" she cries,
 As eagerly to seize the urn she flies.
 But lo! while yet she gazed with wondering eye
 Constance ascends the *steep* to gain the prize,
 The eagle's *eyry* is not built so high
 As soon she sees his *star* bright *blazing* to the sky.¹

[51]

With *light* and *nimble* foot the boy descends,²
 And lifts the urn triumphant in his hand;
 Low at the turf-raised altar Psyche bends,
 While her fond eyes her promised Love demand;
 Close at her side her faithful guardians stand,
 As thus with timid voice she *pays her vows*; ³
 "Venus, fulfilled is thine adored command,
 "Thy *voice divine* the suppliant's claim allows,⁴
 "The smile of favour grant, restore her heavenly spouse."

¹ In gulph or *aerie*, mountain or deep dells,
 In light, in gloom, in *star* or *blazing* sun, (115 End. 3. 94, 95)
 The shepherd's pipe comes clear from *aery steep*. (122 End. 3. 359)

² Then the *light* music of her *nimble* toes (5 I stood 97)

³ The many that are come to *pay their vows* (64 End. 1. 291)

⁴ To catch the tunings of a *voice divine* (23 Woman 28)
 Cp. VI 11. 9.

[52]

Scarce on the altar had she placed the urn,
 When lo! in whispers to her *ravished ear* ¹
 Speaks the soft voice of Love! "Turn, Psyche, turn!
 "And see at last, released from every fear,
 "Thy spouse, thy faithful knight, thy lover here!"
 From his celestial brow the helmet fell,
 In joy's full glow, unveiled his charms appear,
 Beaming delight and love unspeakable,
 While in one rapturous glance their mingling souls
 they tell.

[53]

Two tapers thus, with pure converging rays,
 In momentary flash their beams unite,
 Shedding but one inseparable blaze
 Of *blended radiance* and effulgence bright,²
 Self-lost in mutual intermingling light;
 Thus, in her lover's circling *arms embraced*,³
 The fainting Psyche's soul, by sudden flight,
 With his its subtlest essence interlaced;
Oh! bliss ⁴ too vast for thought! by words how poorly traced!

¹ "So sweetly to these *ravish'd ears* of mine (178 *Lamia* 1. 268)
 Cp. I 31. 7.

² Melting into its *radiance*, we *blend*, (78 *End.* 1. 810)

³ Their *arms embraced*, and their pinions too; (235 *Psyche* 16)

⁴ Stretching his indolent arms, he took, *O bliss!* (104 *End.* 2. 712)

[54]

Fond youth! whom Fate hath summoned to depart,
 And quit the object of thy tenderest *love*,¹
 How oft in absence shall thy pensive heart
 Count the sad hours which must in exile move,
 And still their irksome weariness reprove;
 Distance with cruel weight but loads thy chain
 With every step which bids thee farther rove,
 While thy reverted eye, with fruitless pain,
 Shall seek the *trodden* path its treasure to regain.²

[55]

For thee what rapturous moments are prepared!
 For thee shall dawn the long expected day!
 And he who ne'er thy tender woes hath shared,
 Hath never known the transport they shall pay,
 To wash the memory of those woes away:
 The bitter tears of absence thou must shed,
 To know the bliss which tears of joy convey,
 When the long hours of sad regret are fled,
 And in one dear embrace thy pains compensated!

¹ *Fair youth*, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song. . . .

. . . For ever wilt thou *love*, and she be fair! (233, 234 Urn 2. 5, 6, 10)

² With forest branches and the *trodden* weed; (234 Urn 5. 3)

[56]

Even from afar beheld, how eagerly
With rapture thou shalt hail the loved abode!
Perhaps already, with impatient eye,
From the dear casement she hath marked thy road,
And many a sigh for thy return bestowed:
Even there she meets thy fond enamoured glance:
Thy soul with grateful tenderness o'erflowed,
Which firmly bore the hand of hard mischance,
Faints in the stronger power of joy's o'erwhelming trance.

[57]

With Psyche thou alone canst sympathise,
Thy heart benevolently shares her joy!
See her uncloset her rapture beaming eyes,
And catch that softly pleasurable sigh,
That tells unutterable ecstasy!
While hark melodious numbers through the air,
On clouds of fragrance wafted from the sky,
Their ravished souls to pious awe prepare,
And lo! the herald doves the Queen of Love declare.

[58]

With fond embrace she clasped her long lost son,
 And gracefully received his *lovely bride*,¹
 "Psyche! thou hardly hast my favour won!"
 With roseate smile her heavenly parent cried,
 "Yet hence thy charms immortal, deified,
 "With the young Joys, thy future offspring fair,
 "Shall bloom for ever at thy lover's side;
 "All ruling Jove's high mandate I declare,
 "Blest *denizen of Heaven!* arise its joys to share."²

[59]

She ceased, and lo! a thousand voices, joined
 In sweetest chorus, Love's high triumph sing;
 There, with the Graces and the Hours entwined,
 His fairy train their rosy garlands bring,
 Or round their mistress sport on halcyon wing;
 While she enraptured lives in his dear eye,
 And drinks immortal love from that pure spring
 Of never-failing full felicity,
 Bathed in ambrosial showers of bliss eternally!

¹ "My Madeline! sweet dreamer! *lovely bride!* (227 St. Agnes 38. 1)
 Cp. I 61. 4.

² That am not yet a glorious *denizen*
Of thy wide heaven— (44 Sleep 48, 49, 54, 55)
 Cp. II 46. 9.

Dreams of Delight farewell! your charms no more
Shall gild the hours of solitary gloom!
The page remains—but can the page restore
The vanished bowers which Fancy taught to bloom?
Ah, no! her smiles no longer can illumine
The path my Psyche treads no more for me;
Consigned to dark oblivion's silent tomb
The visionary scenes no more I see,
Fast from the fading lines the vivid colours flee!

NOTES

Page 108. *Thus on his bark the bold Biscayen stands,*
The whale fishery, on the coast of Greenland, was
first carried on by the sailors of the Bay of Biscay.
See Goldsmith's Animated Nature, vol. vi.

Page 156. *The mystic honours next of Fauna—*
Fauna, called also the Bona Dea, during her life was
celebrated for the exemplary purity of her manners, and
after death was worshipped only by women.

Page 157. ————— *Bellerophon,*
And Peleus flying the Magnesian plain;

Ut Prætum mulier perfida credulum
 Falsis impulerit criminibus, nimis
 Casto Bellerophonti
 Maturare necem, refert,
 Narrat pene datum Pelea Tartaro,
 Magnessam Hyppolyten dum fugit abstinens.
Hor. Ode vii. lib. iii.

Page 158. *Acastus' mourning daughter—*
Laodamia.

Page 158. *And thee, Dictynna!—*

A virgin of Crete, who threw herself from a rock into the sea, when pursued by Minos. The Cretans, not contented with giving her name to the rock which she had thus consecrated, were accustomed to worship Diana by the name of her unfortunate votary.

Page 161. *Still in that tuneful form—*

In a grove, sacred to Diana, was suspended a syrinx (the pipe into which the nymph Syringa had been metamorphosed) which was said to possess the miraculous power of thus justifying the calumniated.

Page 162. *The stream's rude ordeal—*

The trial of the Stygian fountain, by which the innocent were acquitted, and the guilty disgraced; the waters rising in a wonderful manner, so as to cover the laurel wreath of the unchaste female, who dared the examination.

Page 162. ————— *the daring Clusia—*

Who, to avoid the violence of Torquatus, cast herself from a tower, and was preserved by the winds, which, swelling her garments, supported her as she gently descended to the earth.

Page 162. — *those, whom Vesta in the trying hour—*

Claudia, a vestal, who having been accused of violating her vow, attested her innocence by drawing up the Tiber a ship, bearing a statue of the goddess, which many thousand men had not been able to remove.—Æmilia, who was suspected of unchastity from having inadvertently suffered the sacred flame to expire, by entrusting it to the care of a novice, but, imploring Vesta to justify her innocence, she tore her linen garment, and threw it upon the extinguished ashes of the cold altar; when, in the sight of priests and virgins, a sudden and pure fire was thus enkindled.—Tucia, who being falsely accused, carried water from the Tiber to the forum in a sieve, her accuser miraculously disappearing at the same time.

Page 162. — *thou, whose purest hands—*

Sulpicia, a Roman lady of remarkable chastity; chosen by the Sibyls to dedicate a temple to Venus Verticordia, in order to obtain greater purity for her contemporary country-women.

Page 163. ————— *Sinope's wiles!*

The nymph Sinope, being persecuted by the addresses of Jupiter, at length stipulated for his promise to grant her whatever she might ask, and having obtained this promise, claimed the gift of perpetual chastity.

————— Sinope

Nympha prius, blandosque Jovis quæ luserat ignes
Cœlicolis inmota procis.—

Val. Flac. lib. v. ver. 110.

Sonnets.

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF PSYCHE

WHICH HAD BEEN IN THE LIBRARY OF C. J. FOX.

April, 1809.

DEAR consecrated page! methinks in thee
The patriot's eye hath left eternal light,
Beaming o'er every line with influence bright
A grace unknown before, nor due to me:
And still *delighted fancy* loves to see ¹
The flattering smile which prompt indulgence might
(Even while he read what lowliest Muse could write)
Have hung upon that lip, whose melody
Truth, sense, and liberty had called their own.
For strength of mind and energy of thought,
With all the loveliest weakness of the heart,
An union beautiful in him had shewn;
And yet where'er the eye of taste found aught
To praise, he loved the critic's gentlest part.

¹ Of my *delighted fancy*,—I could brood (35 How many 3)

WRITTEN AT SCARBOROUGH.

August, 1799.

As musing pensive in my silent home
 I hear far off the *sullen* ¹ ocean's *roar*,²
 Where the rude *wave* ¹ just sweeps the level shore,
 Or bursts upon the rocks with whitening *foam*,²
 I think upon the scenes my life has known;
 On days of sorrow, and some hours of joy;
 Both which alike time could so soon destroy!
 And now they seem a busy dream alone;
 While on the earth exists no single trace
 Of all that shook my agitated soul,
 As on the beach new waves for ever roll
 And fill their past forgotten brother's place:
 But I, like the worn sand, exposed remain
 To each new storm which frets the angry main.

¹ The ponderous syllables, like *sullen waves* (271 Hyp. 2. 305)

² Enormous chasms, where, all *foam* and *roar*, (100 End. 2. 601)

SONNET.

WHEN glowing Phœbus quits the weeping earth,
What splendid visions rise upon the sight!
Fancy, with transient charms and colours bright,
To changing forms in Heaven's gay scene gives birth:
But soon the melting beauties disappear,
And fade like those which in life's early bloom
Hope bade me prize; and the approaching gloom,
These tints of sadness, and these shades of fear,
Resemble most that melancholy hour
Which, with a silent and resistless power,
Shrouded my joy's bright beam in shadowy night:
Till Memory marks each scene which once shone gay;
As the dark plains, beneath the Moon's soft light,
Again revealed, reflect a mellowing ray.

WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

O AUTUMN! how I love thy pensive air,
Thy yellow garb, thy visage sad and dun!
When from the misty east the labouring Sun
Bursts through thy fogs, that gathering round him, dare
Obscure his beams, which, though enfeebled, dart
On the cold, dewy plains a lustre bright:
But chief, the sounds of thy reft woods delight;
Their deep, low murmurs to my soul impart
A solemn stillness, while they seem to speak
Of Spring, of Summer now for ever past,
Of drear, approaching Winter, and the blast
Which shall ere long their soothing quiet break:
Here, when for faded joys my heaving breast
Throbs with vain pangs, here will I love to rest.

SONNET.

Poor, fond deluded heart! wilt thou again
 Listen, enchanted, to the syren song
 Of treacherous Pleasure? Ah, deceived too long,
Cease now at length to throb with wishes vain!
Ah, cease her paths bewildering to explore!
 Betrayed so oft! yet recollect the woe
 Which waits on disappointment; taught to know
By sad experience, wilt thou not give o'er
To rest, deluded, on the fickle wing
 Which Fancy lends thee in her airy flight,
 But to seduce thee to some giddy height,
And leave thee there a poor forsaken thing.
 Hope warbles once again, Truth pleads in vain,
 And my charmed soul sinks vanquished by her strain.

WRITTEN IN THE CHURCH-YARD AT
MALVERN.

THIS seems a spot to pensive sorrow dear,
 Gloomy the shade which yields this ancient yew,
 Sacred the seat of Death! soothed while I view
 Thy hills, O Malvern, proudly rising near,
 I bless the peaceful mound, the mouldering cross,
 And every stone whose rudely sculptured *form* ¹
 Hath braved the rage of many a winter's *storm*.¹
 Pleased with the *melancholy* ¹ scene, each loss
 Once more I weep; and wish this grave were thine,
 Poor, lost, lamented friend! that o'er thy clay
 For once this last, sad tribute I might pay,
 And, with my tears, to the cold tomb resign
 Each hope of bliss, each vanity of life,
 And all the passions agonizing strife.

¹ Pale were the lips I kiss'd, and fair the *form*

I floated with, about that *melancholy storm* (349 Dante 13, 14)

SONNET.

FOR me would *Fancy* ² now her chaplet *twine* ¹
 Of Hope's bright blossoms, and Joy's fairy *flowers*,¹
 As she was wont to do ² in gayer hours;
 Ill would it suit this brow, where many a line
 Declares the spring-time of my life gone by,
 And summer far advanced; what now remain
 Of waning years, should own staid Wisdom's reign.
 Shall my distempered heart still idly sigh
 For those gay *phantoms*,³ chased by sober truth?
 Those forms tumultuous which sick *visions* ³ bring,
 That lightly fitting on the *transient* ³ wing
 Disturbed the fevered slumbers of my youth?
 Ah, no! my suffering soul at length restored,
 Shall taste the calm repose so oft in vain implored.

¹ Spares the next swath and all its *twined flowers*: (246 Autumn 2. 7)

² *As she was wont* of old? prepare her steeds (47 Sleep 165)

As she was wont, th' imagination (49 Sleep 265)

Adieu! the *fancy* cannot cheat so well

As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf. (232 Nightingale 8. 3, 4)

³ And scenes of bliss pass as a *phantom* by?

The *transient* pleasures as a *vision* seem, (283 Death 1. 2, 3)

SONNET.

As one who late hath lost a friend adored,
Clings with sick pleasure to the faintest trace
Resemblance offers in another's face,
Or sadly gazing on that form deplored,
Would clasp the silent canvas to his breast:
So muse I on the good I have enjoyed,
The wretched victim of my hopes destroyed;
On images of peace I fondly rest,
Or in the page, where weeping fancy mourns,
I love to dwell upon each tender line,
And think the bliss once tasted still is mine;
While cheated memory to the past returns,
And, from the present leads my shivering heart
Back to those scenes from which it wept to part.

TO TIME.

YES, gentle *Time*,¹ thy gradual, healing hand
 Hath stolen from sorrow's grasp the envenomed dart;
 Submitting to thy skill, my passive heart
 Feels that no grief can thy soft power withstand;
 And though my *aching* ¹ breast still *heaves* the *sigh*,²
 Though oft the tear swells *silent* ² in mine eye;
 Yet the keen pang, the agony is gone;
 Sorrow and I shall part; and these faint throes
 Are but the remnant of severer woes:
 As when the furious tempest is o'erblown,
 And when the sky has wept its violence,
 The opening heavens will oft let fall a shower,
 The poor o'ercharged boughs still drops dispense,
 And still the loaded streams in torrents pour.

¹ O *aching Time*! (251 Hyp. 1. 64)

² Born of the very *sigh* that *silence heaves*: (3 I stood 12)

SONNET.

YE dear associates of my gayer hours,
 Ah! whither are you gone? on what light wing ¹
 Is Fancy fled? Mute is the dulcet string
 Of long-lost Hope? No more her *magic powers* ²
 Scatter o'er my lorn path fallacious flowers,
 As she was wont *with glowing hand* to fling ³
 Loading with fragrance the soft gales of Spring,
 While fondly pointing to fresh blooming bowers,
 Now faded, with each dazzling view of bright,
 Delusive pleasure; *never more return*, ⁴
 Ye vain, ideal visions of delight!
 For in your absence I have learned to mourn;
 To bear the torch of *Truth* ⁴ with steady sight,
 And weave the cypress for my future urn. ⁴

¹ "*Ah! impious mortal, whither* do I roam?" (81 End. 1. 943)

² In *magical powers* to bless, and to sooth. (17 Shell 20, 44)
Cp. 233. 13.

³ These delicates he heap'd *with glowing hand* (224 St. Agnes 31. 1)

⁴ When thou art desolate, *can e'er return*.

. . . "*Beauty is truth, truth beauty*,"—that is all (234 Urn 4. 10; 5. 9)

SONNET.

As nearer I approach that fatal day
 Which makes all mortal cares appear so light,
 Time seems on swifter wing to speed his flight,
 And Hope's fallacious visions fade away;
 While to my fond desires, at length, I say,
 Behold, how quickly *melted from your sight* ¹
 The promised objects you esteemed so bright,
 When love was all your song, and life looked gay!
 Now let us rest in peace! those hours are past,
 And with them, all the agitating train
 By which hope led the wandering *cheated soul*;²
 Wearied, she seeks repose, and owns at last
 How sighs, and tears, and youth, were spent in vain,
 While languishing she mourned in folly's sad control.

¹ They *melted from* my *sight* into the woods; (455 Fall Hyp. 1. 459)

² Down she sat, poor *cheated soul*! (341 St. Mark 69)

WRITTEN AT ROSSANA.

November 18, 1799.

ОН, my rash hand! what has thou idly done?
 Torn from its humble bank the last poor flower
 That patient lingered to this wintery hour:
 Expanding cheerly to the languid sun
 It flourished yet, and yet it might have blown,
 Had not thy sudden desolating power
 Destroyed what many a storm and angry shower
 Had pitying spared. The pride of summer gone,
 Cherish what yet in faded life can bloom;
 And if domestic love still sweetly smiles,
 If sheltered by thy cot he yet beguiles
 Thy winter's prospect of its dreary gloom,
 Oh, from the spoiler's touch thy treasure screen,
 To bask beneath Contentment's beam serene!

WRITTEN AT ROSSANA.

DEAR chestnut *bower*, I hail thy *secret* shade,¹
Image of tranquil life! escaped yon throng,
Who weave the dance, and swell the choral song;
And all the summer's day have wanton played:
I bless thy kindly gloom in silence laid:
What though no prospects gay to thee belong;
Yet here I heed nor showers, nor sunbeams strong,
Which they, whose perfumed tresses roses braid,
Dispersing fear. Their sunny bank more bright,
And on their circled green more sweets abound,
Yet the rude blasts, which rend their vestments light,
O'er these dark boughs with harmless music sound,
And though no lively pleasures here are found,
Yet shall no sudden storms my calm retreat affright.

¹ And show to common eyes these *secret* bowers? (188 *Lamia* 2. 149)

WRITTEN AT THE EAGLE'S NEST,

KILLARNEY.

July 26, 1800.

HERE let us rest, while with meridan blaze
 The sun rides glorious 'mid the cloudless sky,
 While o'er the lake no cooling Zephyrs fly,
 But on the liquid glass we dazzled gaze,
 And fainting ask for shade: lo! where his nest
 The bird of Jove has fixed: the lofty brow,
 With arbutus and fragrant wild shrubs drest,
 Impendent frowns, nor will approach allow:
 Here the soft turf invites; here magic sounds
 Celestially respondent shall enchant,
 While Melody from yon steep wood rebounds
 In thrilling cadence sweet. Sure, life can grant
 No brighter hours than this; and memory oft
 Shall paint this happiest scene with pencil soft.

WRITTEN AT KILLARNEY.

July 29, 1800.

How soft the pause! the notes melodious cease,
 Which from each feeling could an echo call;
 Rest on your oars; that not a sound may fall
 To interrupt the stillness of our peace:
 The fanning west-wind breathes upon our cheeks
 Yet glowing with the sun's departed beams.
 Through the blue heavens the cloudless moon pours
 streams
 Of pure resplendent light, in *silver streaks* ¹
Reflected on the still, unruffled lake.²
 The Alpine hills in solemn silence frown,
 While the dark woods night's deepest shades embrown.
 And now once more that soothing strain awake!
 Oh, ever to my heart, with *magic power*,³
 Shall those sweet sounds recal this rapturous hour!

¹ Like *silver streaks* across a dolphin's fin, (27 Full many 50)

² It is *reflected*, clearly, in a *lake*, (9 Induction 20)

³ In *magical powers* to bless, and to sooth. (17 Shell 20, 44)
 Cp. 228. 4.

ON LEAVING KILLARNEY.

August 5, 1800.

FAREWEL, sweet scenes! pensive once more I turn
 Those pointed hills, and wood-fringed lakes to view
 With fond regret; while in this last adieu
 A silent tear those brilliant hours shall mourn
 For ever past. So from the *pleasant shore*,¹
 Borne with the struggling bark against the wind,
 The trembling pennant fluttering looks behind
 With vain reluctance! 'Mid those woods no more
 For me the voice of pleasure shall resound,
 Nor *soft flutes warbling* ² o'er the *placid lake* ³
 Aërial music shall for me awake,
 And wrap my charmed soul in peace profound!
 Though lost to me, here still may Taste delight
 To dwell, nor the rude axe the trembling *Dryads*
 fright! ⁴

¹ "I stood upon a shore, a *pleasant shore* (270 Hyp. 2. 262)

² In aid *soft warble* from the Dorian *flute*; (275 Hyp. 3. 12)

³ The youth at once arose: a *placid lake* (140 End. 3. 1028)

⁴ Would *fright a Dryad*: whose harsh herbag'd meads (439 What can 40)

TO DEATH.

O THOU most terrible, most dreaded power,
 In whatsoever form thou meetest the eye!
 Whether thou biddest thy sudden arrow fly
 In the dread *silence* of the *midnight hour*; ¹
 Or whether, however o'er the lingering wretch
 Thy sad cold javelin hangs suspended long,
 While *round the couch* the weeping kindred throng ²
 With hope and fear alternately on stretch;
 Oh, say, for me what horrors are prepared?
 Am I now doomed to meet thy fatal arm?
 Or wilt thou first from life steal every charm,
 And bear away each good my soul would guard?
 That thus, deprived of all it loved, my heart
 From life itself contentedly may part.

¹ Upon the *midnight hours*; (236 *Psyche* 31, 45)

Whispering in *midnight silence*. . . . (185 *Lamia* 2. 84)

² On the high *couch* he lay!—his friends came *round*— (192 *Lamia* 2. 309)

TO W. P. ESQ. AVONDALE.

WE wish for thee, dear friend! for summer eve
 Upon thy loveliest landscape never cast
 Looks of more lingering sweetness than the last.
 The slanting sun, reluctant to bereave
 Thy woods of beauty, fondly seemed to leave
 Smiles of the softest light, that slowly past
 In bright succession o'er each charm thou hast
 Thyself so oft admired. And we might grieve
 Thine eye of taste should ever wander hence
 O'er scenes less lovely than thine own; but here
 Thou wilt return, and feel thy home more dear;
 More dear the Muses' gentler influence,
 When on the *busy world*, with wisdom's smile,¹
 And heart uninjured, thou hast gazed awhile.

¹ Shut from the *busy world* of more incredulous. (181 *Lamia* 1. 397)
 Cp. IV 21. 2.

To W. P.

We wished for thee, dear friend! for Summer eve
Upon thy loveliest landscape never end
Looks & more soothing sweetness than the East.
The skimming wing, reluctant to be gone
Whose wings of beauty, fondly seem to leave
Smiles on the softest cheek, that slowly part
In bright succession for each charm thou hast
Thyself so oft admires. And we might grieve
Thine eye of taste should ever wander home
For scenes less lovely than thine own; but here
Thou wilt return, and feel thy home more dear,
More dear the muses gentler influence;
When on the busy world, with Wisdom's smile
And heart uninjured, thou hast gazed awhile.

Boston June 11

Holograph of Mary Tighe's poem "To W. P." now in the possession of Dr. F. L. Pleadwell of Boston, Massachusetts. (See page ix of the introduction.)

ADDRESSED TO MY BROTHER.

1805

BROTHER beloved! if health shall smile again
 Upon this wasted form and fevered cheek;
 If e'er returning vigour bids these weak
 And languid limbs their gladsome strength regain;
 Well may thy *brow* the *placid* glow retain ¹
 Of sweet content, and thy pleased eye may speak
 Thy conscious self-applause: but should I seek
 To utter what this heart can feel, ah! vain
 Were the attempt! Yet, kindest friends, as o'er
 My couch ye bend, and watch with tenderness
 The being whom your cares could e'en restore
 From the cold grasp of death; say, can you guess
 The feelings which this lip can ne'er express?
 Feelings deep fixed in grateful memory's store!

¹ Soothing with *placid brow* our late distress, (284 Peace 3)

ADDRESS TO MY HARP.

OH, my loved Harp! companion dear!

*Sweet*² soother of my *secret grief*,^{1 2}

No more thy sounds my soul must cheer,

No more afford a soft *relief*.²

When anxious cares my heart oppressed,

When doubts distracting tore my soul,

The pains which *heaved* my *swelling* breast³

Thy gentle sway could oft control.

Each well remembered, practised strain,

The cheerful dance, the tender song,

Recalled with pensive, pleasing pain

Some image loved and cherished long.

¹ Of *secret grief*, here in this bowery nest. (71 End. 1. 539)

² I should have felt a *sweet relief*,

I should have felt "the joy of *grief*." (284 Bowl 23, 24)

³ *Heaves* calmly its broad *swelling* smoothness o'er (52 Sleep 377)

Where joy *sat smiling* o'er my fate,¹
 And marked each bright and happy day,
 When *partial friends* around me sat,²
 And taught my lips the simple lay;

And when by disappointment grieved
 I saw some darling hope o'erthrown,
 Thou hast my secret pain relieved;
 O'er thee I wept, unseen, alone.

Oh! must I leave thee, must we part,
 Dear partner of my happiest days?
 I may forget thy much-loved art,
 Unused thy melody to raise,

But ne'er can memory cease to love
 Those scenes where I thy charms have felt,
 Though I no more thy power may prove,
 Which taught my softened heart to melt.

¹ His left *sat smiling* Beauty's paragon. (135 End. 3. 865)

² Too *partial friend!* fain would I follow thee (24 Mathew 11)

Forced to forego with thee this spot,
 Endeared by many a tender tie,
 When rosy pleasure blessed by lot,
 And sparkled in my *cheated eye*.¹

Yet still thy strings, in *Fancy's ear*,²
 With soothing melody shall play;
 Thy silver sounds I oft shall hear,
 To pensive gloom a silent prey.

¹ And catch the *cheated eye* in wide surprise, (150 End. 4. 341)

² Into my *fancy's ear*... (295 Unfelt 2.4)

MORNING.

———— *toties nostros Titania questus*
Præterit, et gelido spargit miserata flagello. STATIUS.

O MORN! I hail thy soft, enchanting breezes,
 Thy soul-felt presence, and reviving light;
 Thy glad approach my anxious bosom eases,
 And care and sorrow for a while take flight.

Like youth's gay hours, or Spring's delicious season,
 To me once more thy balmy breath appears;
 Lost hope returns, assumes the face of reason,
 And half persuades to flight oppressive fears.

While darkened casements vainly light excluded,
 I wooed propitious sleep with languid sighs,
 Care through the gloom his anxious face obtruded,
 And banished slumber from my weary eyes.

The tedious hours I told with watchful anguish,
 And oft, O Morn! accused thy long delay:
 I hail thee now, no longer vainly languish,
 But quit my couch, and bless refreshing day.

Through the long night impatient, sad, and weary,
 How melancholy life itself appeared!
 Lo! cheerful day illumines my prospects dreary,
 And how diminished are the ills I feared!

Though pleasure shine not in the expected morrow,
 Though nought were promised but return of care,
 The light of Heaven could banish half my sorrow,
 And comfort whispers in the fresh, cool air.

I hear the grateful voice of joy and pleasure,
 All nature seems my sadness to reprove,
 High trills the lark his wild ecstatic measure,
 The groves resound with liberty and love:

Ere his glad voice proclaimed thy dawning early,
 How oft deceived I rose thy light to hail;
 Through the damp grass hoarse accents sounded *cheerly*,¹
 As wooed his distant love the wakeful rail.

Oh, you! who murmur at the call of duty,
 And quit your pillow with reluctant sloth,
 For whom the Morn in vain displays her beauty,
 While tasteless you can greet her smiles so loth;

You cannot know the charm which o'er me stealing,
 Revives my senses as I taste her breath,
 Which half repays the agony of feeling
 A *night* of horrors, only less than *death*.²

¹ But *cheerly, cheerly*, (146 End. 4. 176)

² Was ever such a *night*? what horrors more?

. . After the Page's story of the *death* (414 Otho 5. 3. 1, 4)

THE VARTREE.

*Quivi le piante più che altrove ombrose
E l'erba molle, e il fresco dolce appare.* POLIZIANO.

SWEET are thy banks, O Vartree! when at morn
Their velvet verdure glistens with the dew;
When fragrant gales by softest Zephyrs borne
Unfold the flowers, and ope their petals new.

How bright the lustre of thy silver tide,
Which winds, reluctant to forsake the vale!
How play the quivering branches on thy side,
And lucid catch the sun-beam in the gale!

And sweet thy shade at Noon's more fervid hours,
When faint we quit the upland gayer lawn
To seek the freshness of thy sheltering bowers,
Thy chesnut glooms, where day can scarcely dawn.

How soothing in the dark sequestered grove
 To see thy placid waters seem to sleep;
 Pleased they reflect the *sombre* tints they love,
 As unperceived in silent peace they creep.

The deepest foliage bending o'er thy wave
 Tastes thy pure kisses with embracing arms,
 While each charmed Dryad stoops her limbs to lave
 Thy smiling Naiad meets her sister charms.

Beneath the fragrant lime, or spreading beech,
 The bleating flocks in panting crowds repose:
 Their voice alone my dark retreat can reach,
 While peace and silence all my soul compose.

Here, Mary, rest! the dangerous path forsake
 Where folly lures thee, and where vice ensnares,
 Thine innocence and peace no longer stake,
 Nor barter solid good for brilliant cares.

Shun the vain bustle of the senseless crowd,
Where all is hollow that appears like joy;
Where, the soft claims of feeling disallowed,
Fallacious hopes the baffled soul annoy.

Hast thou not trod each vain and giddy maze,
By Flattery led o'er Pleasure's gayest field?
Basked in the sunshine of her brightest blaze,
And proved whate'er she can her votaries yield?

That full completion of each glowing hope,
Which youth and novelty could scarce bestow,
From the last dregs of Joy's exhausted cup
Canst thou expect thy years mature shall know?

Hast thou not tried the vanities of life,
And all the poor, mean joys of Fashion known?
Blush then to hold with Wisdom longer strife,
Submit at length a better guide to own.

Here woo the Muses in the scenes they love;
Let Science near thee take her patient stand:
Each weak regret for gayer hours reprove,
And yield thy soul to Reason's calm command.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND IS THE MEDICINE OF
LIFE.

SON OF SIRACH.

IN the dreams of delight, which with ardour we seek,
Oft the phantom of sorrow appears;
And the roses of pleasure, which bloom in your cheek,
Must be *steeped in the dew* of your tears: ¹

'Mid the fountain of bliss, when it sparkles most bright,
Salt mixtures embitter the spring,
Though its lustre may tremble through bowers of delight,
In the draught disappointment will sting.

But if Heaven hath one cup of enjoyment bestowed,
Unmingled and sweet as its own,
In the streams of affection its bounty hath flowed,
And there we may taste it alone.

¹ When *steep'd in dew* rich to intoxication. (34 Had I 11)

But the pure simple drops Love would seize as his prize
 And defile them with passion's foul tide;
 While the bowl he prepares as it dazzles our eyes
 The poison of anguish can hide.

Let Friendship the stream, as it flows calm and clear,
 Received unpolluted for me;
 Or if tenderness mingle a sigh or a tear,
 The draught still the sweeter will be.

But let me reject the too-high flavoured bowl
 Affectation or Flattery compose,
 From Sincerity's urn thus transparent shall roll
 The cordial of peace and repose.

Oh! give me the friend, from whose warm, faithful breast
 The sigh breathes responsive to mine,
 Where my cares may obtain the soft pillow of rest,
 And my sorrows may love to recline.

Not the friend who my hours of pleasure will share,
But abide not the season of grief;
Who flies from the brow that is darkened by care,
And the silence that looks for relief.

Not the friend who, suspicious of change or of guile,
Would shrink from a confidence free;
Nor him who with fondness complacent can smile
On the eye that looks coldly on me.

As the mirror that, just to each blemish or grace,
To myself will my image reflect,
But to none but myself will that image retrace,
Nor picture one absent defect.

To my soul let my friend be a mirror as true,
Thus my faults from all others conceal;
Nor, absent, those failings or follies renew,
Which from Heaven and from man he should veil.

VERSES WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCE-
MENT OF SPRING.—1802.

OH, breathe once more upon my brow,
Soft gale of Spring, forgotten never!
For thus thy breath appeared as now
In days of joy, ah! lost for ever.

Put forth thy fresh and tender leaves,
Soft *Eglantine*, of fragrance early,¹
Thee Memory first revived perceives,
From childhood's dawn still welcomed yearly.

Burst from thy leafy sheath once more,
Bright Hyacinth! thy splendour showing,
The sun thy hues shall now restore
In all their foreign lustre glowing.

¹ White hawthorn, and the pastoral *eglantine*; (231 Nightingale 5. 6)

Oh, plume again thy *jetty wing*,¹

Sweet Blackbird, charm thy listening lover!
For thus, even thus, I heard thee sing,
When hopes could smile that now are over.

And thou, dear *Red-breast*, let me hear,²

Exchanged once more thy wintry measure,
Thy notes proclaim the spring-tide near,
As they were wont in hours of pleasure.

The Lark shall mount the sapphire skies

And wake the grateful song of gladness;
One general peal from earth shall rise,
And man alone shall droop in sadness.

'Twas here by peace and friendship blest,

I paid to Spring my yearly duty,
When last she decked her fragrant breast
In all the glowing pride of beauty.

¹ Sparkled his *jetty* eyes; his feet did show (22 Now Morning 16)

² The *red-breast* whistles from a garden-croft; (246 Autumn 3. 10)

'Twas here the cordial look of love
 From every eye benignly flowing,
 Bade the kind hours in union move,
 Each lip the ready smile bestowing.

But where the blooming *Cherub Boy*,¹
 Who hailed with us the pleasant season,
 Whose smiles recalled each childish joy,
 That sadder years resigned to Reason?

Those bright, those laughing eyes, where Love
 And Innocence are seen embracing;
 Those fairy hands, that graceful move
 Their fancy-formed circles tracing.

Oh, haste as thou wast wont to do;
 We'll mount yon shrubby steep together:
 Thy care the first wood flowers shall shew,
 Thyself all blooming as the weather.

¹ If a *cherub*, on pinions of silver descending, (16 Ladies 17)

Haste, sweetest Babe, beloved of all!
 Our cheerful hours without thee languish:
 Ah! hush! . . . he hears no more thy call!
 Ah! hush! . . . nor wake a parent's anguish!

That lip of roses glows no more;
 That beaming glance in night is clouded;
 Those bland endearments all are o'er,
 In death's dark pall for ever shrouded.

No, Angel sweetness! not for ever,
 Though Heaven from us thy charms hath hidden,
 We joy for thee, though forced to sever;
 O favoured guest, thus early bidden!

Even o'er thy dying couch, sweet Boy!
 A heavenly Messenger presided;
 He beckoned thee to seats of joy,
 To fields of endless rapture guided.

No, not for thee this bitter tear,
 It falls for those yet doomed to sorrow;
Who feel the load of life severe,
 Who mourn the past, nor hope the morrow.

It falls for those who, left behind,
 Must fill their woes allotted measure;
Who muse in hopes to death consigned
 On visions of departed pleasure.

For those who through life's dreary night
 Full many a watchful hour shall number,
And sigh for long delaying light,
 Or envy those who early slumber.

TO THE MEMORY OF MARGARET TIGHE:
TAKEN FROM US JUNE 7TH, 1804.—ÆTAT 85.

SWEET, placid Spirit! blest, supremely blest,
Whose life was tranquil, and whose end was rest;
'Tis not for thee our general tears shall flow,
Our loss is selfish, selfish is our woe:
We mourn a common parent, common friend,
Centre, round whom thy children loved to bend:
Where hands divided, met again to move
In one sweet circle of united love:
We mourn the tender, sympathising heart
So prompt to aid, and share the sufferer's part;
The liberal hand, the kindly patient ear,
Pity's soft sigh, and ever ready tear;
The graceful form, yet lovely in decay,
The peace inspiring eye's benignant ray;

The lip of tenderness that soothed the sad,
 And loved to bid the innocent be glad;
 The gently, softening, *reconciling word*,¹
 The ever cheerful, hospitable board:
 The unassuming wisdom, pious prayers,
 The still renewed, prolonged, maternal cares:
 All—all are lost!—of thee, blest Saint, bereft,
 We mourn, to whom impoverished life is left:
 Mourn for ourselves! Secure thy lot must be,
 With those who pure in heart their God shall see.

¹ With *reconciling words* and courteous mien (188 *Lamia* 2. 171)

VERSES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS

December, 1804.

O THOU, whom Folly's votaries slight,
Domestic Love! assuasive power!
Life's ruby gem, which sheds its light
Through age and sorrow's darkest hour,

Sweeter than Pleasure's syren lay,
Brighter than Passion's fevered dream!
Still round my pillow soothing stay,
Still spread thy kindly lambent beam.

Alas! for him whose youth has bowed
Beneath the oppressive hand of pain;
Whose claim to pity disallowed
Bids him the unheeded groan restrain.

Alas! for him who droops like me,
 Who mourns life's faded vigour flown,
 But finds no soothing sympathy,
 No tender cares his loss atone.

For him no wakeful eye of love
 Resists the slumbers health would shed,
 With kind assistance prompt to move,
 And gently prop the aching head:

With delicate attention paid
 In hope to minister relief,
 He sees no sacrifices made;
 He sees no Mother's anxious grief!

But I, poor sufferer, doomed in vain
 To woo the health which Heaven denied,
 Though *nights* of horror, days of pain ¹
 The baffled *opiate's* force deride,²

¹ Was ever such a *night*? what horrors more? (414 Otho 5. 3. 1)
 Cp. p. 243.

² Or emptied some dull *opiate* to the drains (230 Nightingale 1. 3)

Yet well I know, and grateful feel,
 How much can lenient kindness do,
 From anguish half its darts to steal,
 And faded hope's sick smile renew.

Oh! how consoling is the eye
 Of the dear friend that shares our woes!
 Oh! what relief those cares supply,
 Which watchful, active love bestows!

And these are mine!—Shall I then dare
 To murmur at so mild a lot?
 Nor dwell on comforts still my share
 With thankful and contented thought?

Though destined to the couch of pain,
 Though torn from pleasures once too dear,
 Around that couch shall still remain
 The love that every pain can cheer.

And o'er that couch, in fondness bent,
 My languid glance shall grateful meet
 The eye of love benevolent,
 The tender smile, the tear most sweet.

And still for me affection's hand
 Shall o'er that couch her roses shed
 And woo from ease her *poppied* band,¹
 To twine around this throbbing head.

O pitying Heaven! these comforts spare,
 Though age untimely chill gay hope;
 May Love still crown the sufferer's prayer,
 And gently smooth life's downward slope!

¹ Their fairest blossom'd beans and *poppied* corn; (63 End. 1. 255)
 Until the *poppied* warmth of sleep oppress'd (223 St. Agnes 27. 3)

PLEASURE.

Alas, syren Pleasure! when thy flattering strains
Lured me to seek thee through thy flowery plains,
Taught from thy sparkling cup full joys to sip,
And suck sweet poison from thy velvet lip,
Didst thou in opiate charms my virtue steep,
Was Reason silent, and did Conscience sleep?
How could I else enjoy thy faithless dreams,
And fancy day-light in thy meteor gleams;
Think all was happiness, that smiled like joy,
And with dear purchase seize each glittering toy?
Till roused at length, deep rankling in my heart,
I felt the latent anguish of thy dart!
Oh, let the young and innocent beware,
Nor think uninjured to approach thy snare!

Their surest conquest is, the foe to shun;
 By fight infected, and by truce undone.
 Secure, at distance let her shores be past,
 Whose sight can poison, and whose breath can blast.
 Contentment blooms not on her glowing ground,
 And round her splendid shrine no peace is found.
 If once enchanted by her *magic charms*,¹
 They seek for bliss in Dissipation's arms:
 If once they touch the limits of her realm,
 Offended Principle resigns the helm,
 Simplicity forsakes the treacherous shore,
 And once discarded, she returns no more.
 Thus the charmed mariner on every side
 Of poisoned Senegal's ill-omened tide,
 Eyes the rich carpet of the varied hue
 And plains luxuriant opening to his view:
 Now the steep banks with towering forests crowned,
 Clothed to the margin of the sloping ground;
 Where with full foliage bending o'er the waves,
 Its verdant arms the spreading Mangrove laves:

¹ This is the *magic*, this the potent *charm*, (477 Cap and Bells 58. 5)
 Cp.VI 39. 9.

And now smooth, level lawns of deeper green
 Betray the richness of the untrodden scene:
 Between the opening groves such prospects glow,
 As Art with mimic hand can ne'er bestow,
 While lavish Nature wild profusion yields,
 And spreads, unbid, the rank uncultured fields;
 Flings with fantastic hand in every gale
 Ten thousand blossoms o'er each velvet vale,
 And bids unclassed their *fragrant beauties* die ¹
 Far from the painter's hand or sage's eye.
 From cloudless *suns* perpetual *lustre* streams,²
 And swarms of insects glisten in their beams.
 Near and more near the heedless sailors steer,
 Spread all their canvas, and no warnings hear.
 See, on the edge of the clear liquid glass
 The wondering beasts survey them as they pass,
 And fearless bounding o'er their native green,
 Adorn the landscape, and enrich the scene;
 Ah, fatal scene! the deadly vapours rise,
 And swift the vegetable poison flies,

¹ A *fragrant* wild, with Nature's *beauty* drest, (291 Oh! how 7)

² Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot
Lustre into the *sun*, and put cold doom (204 Isa. 35. 5)
 Cp. II 24. 1, 2.

Putrescence loads the rank infected ground,
Deceitful calms deal subtle death around;
Even as they gaze their vital powers decay,
Their wasted health and vigour melt away;
Till quite extinct the animating fire,
Pale, ghastly victims, they at last expire.

WRITTEN FOR HER NIECE S. K.

SWEETEST! if thy fairy hand
Culls for me the latest flowers,
Smiling hear me thus demand
Blessings for thy early hours:

Be thy promised spring as bright
As its opening charms foretel;
Graced with Beauty's lovely light,
Modest Virtue's dearer spell.

Be thy summer's matron bloom
Blest with blossoms sweet like thee;
May no tempest's sudden doom
Blast thy hope's fair nursery!

May thine autumn calm, serene,
 Never want some lingering flower,
 Which affection's hand may glean,
 Though the *darkling* mists may lower! ¹

Sunshine cheer thy wintry day,
 Tranquil conscience, peace, and love;
 And thy wintry nights display
 Streams of glorious light above.

¹ Down the wide stairs a *darkling* way they found,— (228 St. Agnes 40. 4)
Darkling I listen; and, for many a time (232 Nightingale 6. 1)

TO FORTUNE.

FROM METASTASIO.

UNSTABLE Goddess! why, with care severe,
 Still dost thou strew with thorns my *rugged path*? ¹
 Thinkst thou I tremble at thy frowns? or e'er
 Will crouch submissive to avert thy wrath?
 Preserve thy threats for thine unhappy slaves,
 The shuddering victims of thy treacherous power;
 My soul, thou knowest, amid o'erwhelming waves,
 Shall smile superior in the roughest hour.
 With me as oft as thou wouldest proudly wage
 The combat urged by thy malicious ire,
 Full well thou knowest, that from thy baffled rage
 My soul has seemed fresh vigour to acquire;
 So the bright steel beneath the hammer's blows
 More polished, more refined, and keener grows.

¹ His *rugged path*; nor dare he view alone (283 Death 2. 3)
 Cp. 293. 6.

THE PICTURE.

WRITTEN FOR ANGELA.

YES, these are the features already imprest
So deep by the pencil of Love on my heart!
Within their reflection they find in this breast:
Yet something is wanting: ah! where is the art
That to painting so true can that something impart?

Oh! where is the sweetness that dwells on that lip?
And where is the smile that enchanted my soul?
No sweet dew of love from these roses I sip,
Nor meet the soft glance which with magic control
O'er the cords of my heart so bewitchingly stole.

Cold, cold is that eye! unimpassioned its beams;
They speak not of tenderness, love, or delight:
Oh! where is the heart-thrilling rapture that streams
From the heavenly blue of that circle so bright,
That sunshine of pleasure which gladdened my sight?

Yet come to my bosom, O image adored!
And, sure, thou shalt feel the soft flame of my heart,
The glow sympathetic once more be restored,
Once more it shall warm thee, ah, cold as thou art!
And to charms so beloved its own feelings impart!

Oh, come! and while others his form may behold,
And he on another with fondness may smile,
To thee shall my wrongs, shall my sorrows be told,
And the kiss I may give thee, these sorrows the while,
Like the memory of joys which are past, shall beguile.

THE SHAWL'S PETITION,

TO LADY ASGILL.

OH, fairer than the fairest forms
Which the bright sun of Persia warms,
Though nymphs of Cashmire lead the dance
With pliant grace, and beamy glance;
And forms of beauty ever play
Around the bowers of Moselay;
Fairest! thine ear indulgent lend,
And to thy suppliant Shawl attend!

 If, well content, I left for thee
Those bowers beyond the Indian sea,
And native, fragrant fields of rose
Exchanged for Hyperborean snows;
If, from those vales of soft perfume,
Pride of Tibet's far boasted loom,

I came, well pleased, thy form to deck,
 And, from thy bending polished neck
 Around thy graceful shoulders flung,
 With many an untaught beauty clung,
 Or added to thy brilliant zone
 A charm that Venus well might own,
 Or, fondly twined, in many a fold
 To shield those lovely limbs from cold,
 Fairest! thine ear indulgent lend,
 And to thy suppliant Shawl attend.

Oh! by those all attractive charms
 Thy slender foot, thine ivory arms;
 By the quick glances of thine eyes,
 By all that I have seen thee prize;
 Oh! doom me not in dark disgrace,
 An exile from Sophia's face,
 To waste my elegance of bloom
 In sick and melancholy gloom;
 Condemned no more in Beauty's train
 To hear the viol's sprightly strain,

Or woo the *amorous zephyr's* play ¹
 Beneath the sunbeam's vernal ray;
 Banished alike from pleasure's scene,
 And lovely nature's charms serene,
 Oh, fairest! doom me not to know
 How hard it is from thee to go!

But if my humble suit be vain,
 If destined to attend on pain,
 My joyless days in one dull round,
 To one eternal sofa bound,
 Shut from the breath of heaven most pure,
 Must pass in solitude obscure;
 At least to cheat these weary hours
 Appear with all thy gladdening powers,
 Restore thy sweet society,
 And bless at once thy friend and me.

¹ Thou wilt think that some *amorous Zephyr* is nigh: (290 Wylie 4. 2)

TO LADY CHARLEMONT,
IN RETURN FOR HER PRESENTS OF FLOWERS.

March, 1808.

YES, though the *sullen* east-wind storm,¹
And sunless skies the Spring deform,
The lovely Nina's *graceful hand* ²
Can, like a fairy's lily *wand*,²
Bid every vernal sweet appear,
And bloom with early fragrance here!
Yes here, even here, they breathe perfume,
Though walls of melancholy gloom,
With northern aspect frowning rude,
Each brighter beam of Heaven exclude.
Behold! at Nina's soft command,
The flowers their *velvet leaves* expand,³

¹ . . . Ha! here the thunder comes

Sullen against the *wind*! . . . (381 Otho 2. 1. 57, 58)

² But bending in a thousand *graceful* ways;

So graceful that it seemed no mortal *hand*

Or e'en the touch of Archimago's *wand*, (9 Induction 4-6)

³ Of *velvet leaves* and bugle-blooms divine; (95 End. 2. 414)

And sweet, and blue like her own eye,
(That loves in languid peace to lie,
And bending beautiful in shade,
Seems of the amorous light afraid)
Fresh violets here their charms diffuse,
And here, with richly mingling hues,
The gold and purple crocus vie
To mock the pomp of majesty.
See how her soul-bewitching smile
Can even selfish love beguile!
While fair Narcissus bends no more
His snowy beauties to adore,
But lifts for once his cups of gold
A fairer image to behold.
Dear Nina! teach a grateful heart
Thine own persuasive, winning art;
So might I best my thanks commend,
So please each kind, each cherished friend!
For, as thy hand with smiling flowers
Hath crowned the lingering, wintry hours,

Even thus for me affection's care
 Hath sheltered from the nipping air
 The tender buds of half-chilled *hope* ¹
 That seemed in withering *gloom* to droop,
 And bid them *bloom*, revived again,
 In spite of years, and grief, and pain.
 O'er me Affection loves to *shed*
 Her comforts full, unmeasured;
 To bless my smiling *hearth* she sends
 The dearer smile of dearest friends,
 And bids my prison couch assume
 No form of pain, no air of gloom;
 But *sweet* content and cheerful ease,
 All that in *solitude* can please,
 And all that soothing, social love
 Can bid its quiet favourites prove,
 Wooed by the voice of tenderness,
 Unite my happy home to bless.
 As round that lovely pictured wreath
 Where Rubens bid his pencil breathe,

¹ See note on next page.

Where touched with all its magic power
 Glow the rich colours of each flower,
 Attendant cherubs sweetly join,
 And all their odorous wings entwine;
 One cherub guards each blushing flower,
 And pure ambrosia seems to shower:
 So, Nina, o'er each peaceful day
 Protecting love and kindness play,
 And shed o'er each some *balmy* ¹ pleasure
 That grateful memory loves to treasure!

¹ When by my *solitary hearth* I sit,
 And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in *gloom*;
 . . . And the bare heath of life presents no *bloom*;
Sweet Hope, ethereal *balm* upon me *shed*, (20 Hope 1, 2, 4, 5)
 See also p. 276.

WRITTEN AT WEST-ASTON.

June, 1808.

YES, I remember the dear suffering saint,
Whose hand, with fond, commemorative care,
Planted that myrtle on my natal day.
It was a day of joy to him she loved
Best upon earth;—and still her gentle heart,
That never felt one passion's eager throb,
Nor aught but quiet joys, and patient woes,
Was prompt to sympathize with all; and most
With that beloved brother.—She had hoped
Perchance, that, fondly on his arm reclined
In placid happiness, her feeble step
Might here have wandered through these friendly shades,
This hospitable seat of kindred worth:
And that the plant, thus reared, in future years
Might win his smile benignant, when her hand

Should point where, in its bower of loveliness,
 Bright spreading to the sun its fragrant leaf,
 His Mary's myrtle bloomed.—Ah me! 'tis sad
 When sweet affection thus designs in vain,
 And sees the fragile web it smiling spun
 In playful love, crushed by the sudden storm,
 And swept to dark oblivion, mid the wreck
 Of greater hopes!—Even while she thought of bliss,
 Already o'er that darling brother's head
 The death-commissioned angel noiseless waved
 His black and heavy wings: and though she mourned
 That stroke, in pious sorrow, many a year,
 Yet, even then, the life-consuming shaft
 In her chaste breast she uncomplaining bore.
 Now, both at rest, in blessed peacefulness,
 With no impatient hope, regret, or doubt,
 Await that full completion of the bliss
 Which their more perfect spirits shall receive.
 Fair blossomed her young tree, effusing sweet
 Its aromatic breath; for other eyes
 Blushed the soft folded buds, and other hands

Pruned its luxuriant branches: friendship still
Preserved the fond memorial; nay, even yet
Would fain preserve with careful tenderness
The blighted relic of what once it loved.
Hard were the wintry hours felt even here
Amid these green protecting walls, and late
The timid Spring, oft chilled and rudely checked,
At last unveiled her tenderest charms, and smiled
With radiant blushes on her amorous train:
But no reviving gale, no fruitful dew,
Visits the brown parched leaf, or from the stem,
The withering stem, elicits the young shoots
With hopes of life and beauty; yet thy care
Perhaps, dear Sydney, thine assiduous care
May save it still. What can resist the care
Of fond, assiduous love? Oh! it can raise
The shuddering soul, though sunk beneath the black,
Suspended pall of death! Believe this lip,
Believe this grateful heart, which best can feel
The life-restoring power of watchful love.

BRYAN BYRNE
OF GLENMALURE.

BRIGHT shines the morn o'er Carickmure,
And silvers every mountain stream;
The autumnal woods on Glenmalure
Look lovely in the slanting beam.

And hark! the cry, the cry of joy,
The hounds spring o'er yon *heathy* brow!—¹
"Tis but the hunter's horn, my boy,
No death-tongued bugle scares us now."

In vain the widowed mother smiled,
And clasped her darling to her breast;
Horror and rage o'er all the child
A manly beauty strange impressed.

¹ Of river sides, and woods, and *heathy* waste, (91 End. 2. 303)
Cp. 306. 11.

Fierce rolled his eye, of heaven's own hue,
 And the quick blood strong passions told,
 As fresh the breeze of morning blew
 From his clear brow the locks of gold.

'Tis not alone the horn so shrill;—
 Yon martial plume that waves on high,
 Bids every infant nerve to thrill
 With more than infant agony.

Yet gentle was the soldier's heart,
 Whom 'mid the gallant troop he spied
 Who let the gallant troop depart,
 And checked his eager courser's pride.

"What fears the child?" he wondering cried,
 With courteous air as near he drew.
 "Soldier, away! my father died,
 Murdered by men of blood like you."

Even while the angry cherub speaks,
He struggles from the stranger's grasp:
Kissing the tears that bathed her cheeks,
His little arms his mother clasp.

"And who are these,—this startled pair,
Who swift down Glenmalure are fled?
Behold the mother's maniac air,
As seized with wild and sudden dread!"

"'Tis Ellen Byrne," an old man cried;
"Poor Ellen, and her orphan boy!"
Then turned his silvered brow aside,
To shun the youth's enquiring eye.

"And is there none to guard the child,
Save that lone frenzied widow's hand?
These rocky heights, these steep woods wild,
Sure some more watchful eye demand."

“Ah, well he knows each rock, each wood,
 The mountain goat not more secure;
 And he was born to hardships rude,
 The orphan Byrne of Carickmure.

“That boy had seen his father’s blood,
 Had heard his murdered father’s groan;
 And never more *in playful mood* ¹
 With smiles his *infant* ² beauty shone.”

Sad was the pitying stranger’s eye:
 “Too well,” said he, “I guess the truth;
 His father, sure, was *doomed to die*,³
 Some poor deluded *rebel* ² youth.”

“No rebel he,” with eye inflamed,
 And cheek that glowed with transient fire,
 Roused to a sudden warmth, exclaimed
 The hapless Ellen’s aged sire.

¹ We must think rather, that *in playful mood*, (9 Induction 8)

² “Shall scare that *infant* thunderer, *rebel* Jove, (257 Hyp. 1. 249)

³ All lovers, whom fell storms have *doom’d to die* (131 End. 3. 722)

“He did not fall in Tarah’s fight,
 No blood of his the Curragh stains,
 Where many a ghost that moans by night
 Of foully *broken faith* complains.¹

“He triumphed not that fatal day,
 When every loyal cheek looked pale,
 But heard, like us, with sad dismay,
 Of fallen chiefs in Clough’s dark vale.

“For, wedded to our Ellen’s love,
 One house was ours, one hope, one soul:
 Though fierce malignant parties strove,
 No party rage could love control.

“Though we were sprung from British race,
 And his was Erin’s early pride,
 Yet matched in every loveliest grace,
 No priest could e’er their hearts divide.

¹ Urging the perfidy of *broken faith*,— (373 Otho 1. 2. 148)

“What though no yeoman’s arms he bore;
 ’Twas party hate that hope forbad:
 What though no martial dress he wore,
 That dress no braver bosom clad.

“And had our gallant Bryan Byrne
 Been welcomed to their loyal band,
 Home might I still in joy return
 The proudest father in the land.

“For, ah! when Bryan Byrne was slain,
 With him my brave, my beauteous son
 His precious life-blood shed in vain;—
 The savage work of death was done!” . . .

He ceased: for now, by memory stung,
 His heart’s deep wounds all freshly bled,
 While with a father’s anguish wrung,
 He bowed to earth his aged head.¹

¹ While his *bow’d head* seem’d list’ning to the *Earth*,
 His ancient *mother*, for some *comfort* yet. (250 Hyp. 1. 20, 21)
 See also 290. 7, 8.

Yet soothing to his broken heart
He felt the stranger's sympathy,
And age is ready to impart
Its page of woe to pity's eye.

Yes! it seemed sweet once more to dwell
On social joys and peaceful days,
And still his darling's virtues tell,
And still his Ellen's beauty praise.

"But say," at length exclaimed the youth,
"Did no one rash, rebellious deed
E'er cloud thy Bryan's loyal truth,
And justice doom thy boy to bleed?"

"No; never rash, rebellious deed
Was his, nor rash rebellious word;
That day of slaughter saw him bleed,
Where blushing Justice dropped the sword.

“In Fury’s hand it madly raged,
 As urged by fierce revenge she flew;
 With unarmed Innocence she waged
 Such war as Justice never knew.”

“’Twas ours (the sorrowing father cried),
 ’Twas ours to mourn the crimes of all:
 Each night some loyal brother died;
 Each morn beheld some victim fall.

“Oh, ’twas a sad and fearful day
 That saw my gallant boys laid low;
 The voice of anguish and dismay
 Proclaimed full many a widow’s woe!

“But doubly o’er our fated house
 The accursed hand of murder fell,
 And ere our Ellen wept her spouse,
 She had a dreadful tale to tell!

“For early on that guilty morn
The voice of horror reached our ears;
That, from their thoughtless slumber torn,
Before a helpless sister’s tears,

“Beneath their very mother’s sight
Three youthful brothers butchered lie,
Three loyal yeomen brave in fight,
Butchered by savage treachery.

“They were my nephews; boys I loved,
My own brave boys alone more dear;
Their rashness oft my heart reproved,
And marked their daring zeal with fear.

“They were my widowed sister’s joy;
Her hope in age and dark distress;
And Ellen loved each gallant boy
Even with a sister’s tenderness.

“It was from Ellen’s lips I heard
 The tidings sadly, surely true:
 To me, ere yet the dawn appeared,
 All pale with fear and grief she flew.

“Roused by her call, with her I sought
 The sad abode of misery:
 But to the wretched *mother* brought
 No *comfort*, but our sympathy.¹

“On the cold earth, proud *Sorrow’s throne*,
 In silent *majesty of woe*,
 She *sat*, and felt herself alone,²
 Though loud the increasing tumults grow.

“In throngs the assembled country came,
 And every hand was armed with death:
 Revenge! revenge! (they all exclaim,)
 Spare no suspected traitor’s breath:

¹ See p. 286, n. 1.

² More *sorrow* like to this; and such like *woe*,
 . . . His sov’reignty, and rule, and *majesty*;—
 . . . Still *sat*, . . . (254 Hyp. 1. 159, 165, 167)

“No; let not one escape who owns
 The faith of Rome, of treachery:
 This loyal blood for vengeance groans,
 And signal vengeance let there be!

“What, shall we feel the coward blow,
 And tamely wait a late defence?
 No; let us strike the secret foe,
 Even through the breast of innocence!

“Poor Ellen trembled as they raved;
Her pallid cheek forgot its tears;¹
 While from the hand of fury saved,
 Her infant darling scarce appears.

“I saw her earnest *searching eye*,²
 In that dark moment of alarm,
 Ask, in impatient agony,
 A brother's dear, protecting arm.

¹ To tint *her pallid cheek* with bloom, who cons (66 End. 1. 368)

² Of all sweet herbs that *searching eye* could cull: (61 End. 1. 156)

“Woe! bitter woe, to me and mine!
Too well his brave, his feeling heart
Already could her fears divine,
And more than bear a brother’s part.

“When the first savage blast he knew
Would bid each deadly bugle roar,
Back to our home of peace he flew:
Ah, home of peace and love no more!

“Oh! would to God that I had died
Beneath my wretched sister’s roof!
Thus heaven in mercy had denied
To my worst fears their utmost proof.

“So had these eyes been spared a sight
That wrings my soul with anguish still,
Nor known how much of life, ere night,
The blood-hounds of revenge could spill.

“Sinking at once with fear and age,
 Her father’s steps my child upheld;
 The mangled victims of their rage
 Each moment shuddering we beheld.

“Down yon steep side of Carickmure,
 Our *rugged path* we homeward wound; ¹
 And saw, at least, that home secure,
 ’Mid many a smoking ruin round.

“Low in the Glen our cottage lies
 Behind yon dusky copse of oak:
 On its white walls we fixed our eyes,
 But not one word poor Ellen spoke!

“We came . . . the clamour scarce was o’er,
 The fiends scarce left their work of death:—
 But never spoke our Bryan more,
 Nor Ellen caught *his latest breath*.²

¹ His *rugged path*; nor dare he view alone (283 Death 2. 3)
 Cp. 268. 2.

² What does he murmur with *his latest breath*, (28 Full many 69)

“Still to the corse by horror joined,
The shrinking infant closely clung,
And fast his little arms intwined,
As round the bleeding neck he hung.

“Oh, sight of horror, sight of woe!
The dead and dying both were there:
One dreadful moment served to show,
For us was nothing but despair.

“Oh, God! even now methinks I see
My dying boy, as there he stood,
And sought with fond anxiety
To hide his gushing wounds of blood,

“Ere life yet left his noble breast,
Gasping, again he tried to speak,
And twice my hand he feebly pressed,
And feebly kissed poor Ellen’s cheek.

“No word she spoke, no tear she shed,
 Ere at my feet convulsed she fell,
 Still lay my children, cold and dead!
 And I yet live, the tale to tell!

“She too awoke to wild despair
 With frenzied eye each corse to see,
 To rave, to smile with frantic air;
 But never more to smile for me!

“But hold! from yonder *grassy slope* ¹
 Our orphan darling calls me hence:
 Sweet child, last relic of our hope,
 Of love and injured innocence.

“Soldier, farewell! To thee should power
 Commit the fate of lives obscure,
 Remember still in fury’s hour
 The murdered youths of Glenmalure.

¹ Nothing more untranquil than the *grassy slopes* (49 Sleep 263)

“And chief, if civil broils return,
Though vengeance urge to waste, destroy;
Ah! pause! . . . think then on Bryan Byrne,
Poor Ellen, and her orphan boy!”

IMITATED FROM JEREMIAH.—CHAP. XXXI.

v. 15.

HARK, the voice of loud lament

Sounds through Ramah's saddened plain!

There cherished grief, there pining discontent,

And desolation reign.

There, mid her weeping train

See Rachel for her children mourn

Disconsolate, forlorn!

The comforter she will not hear,

And from his soothing strains she hopeless turns her
ear.

Daughter of affliction peace,

Let, at last, thy sorrows cease,

Wipe thy sadly streaming eye,

Look up, behold thy children nigh:

Lo! thy vows have all been heard,
See how vainly thou hast feared!
See, from the destroyer's land
Comes the loved, lamented band;
Free from all their conquered foes
Glorious shall they seek repose;
Surest hope for thee remains,
Smile at all thy former pains;
Joy shall with thy children come,
And all thy gladdened bowers shall bloom.

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.



INJURED, hopeless, *faint*, and weary,
 Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
 Through the *desert wild* and dreary,¹
 Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
 Painted in that tearless eye,
 Which beholds her darling languish,
 Languish unrelieved, and die.

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her,
 Perishing with thirst he lies,
 Death with deep despair assails her,
 Piteous as for aid he cries.

¹ To *fainting* creatures in a *desert wild*. (86 End. 2. 119)

From the dreadful image flying,
 Wild she rushes from the sight;
 In the agonies of dying
 Can she see her soul's delight?

Now bereft of every hope,
 Cast upon the burning ground,
 Poor, abandoned soul! look up,
 Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo! the Angel of the Lord
 Comes thy great distress to cheer;
 Listen to the gracious word,
 See divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven! though man forsake thee,
 Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
 From thy *dream* of *woe* awake thee,¹
 To thy rescued child return.

¹ And there I *dream'd*, ah *woe* betide,
 . . . And I *awoke*. . . . (355 Belle Dame 9. 2; 11. 3)

“Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
 Sparkling mid those fruitful trees;
 Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain
 Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

“In the hour of sore affliction
 God hath seen and pitied thee;
 Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
 Thou henceforth his care shalt be.

“Be no more by doubts distressed,
 Mother of a mighty race!
 By contempt no more oppressed,
 Thou hast *found a resting place*.”—¹

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
 Thou, poor soul, all desolate,
 Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
 Found thee, in thy abject state.

¹ As much as here is penn'd doth always *find*
A resting place, thus much comes clear and plain; (107 End. 2. 848)

O'er thy empty pitcher mourning
 Mid the *desert of the world*; ¹
 Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
 From thy cherished pleasures hurled:

See thy great deliverer nigh,
 Calls thee from thy sorrow vain,
 Bids thee on his love rely,
 Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
 Lo! the well of life he shews,
 In his presence ever dwelling,
 Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing
 Open to thy hopes secure;
 Sure of endless joys possessing,
 Of an heavenly kingdom sure.

¹ I leave you to the *desert of the world* (398 Otho 3. 2. 230)

THE, LILY.

May, 1809.

How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
'Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
 The undelighting slighted thing;
 There in the cold earth *buried deep*,¹
 In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
 In gloom upon the barren earth,
 While still, in undisturbed repose,
 Uninjured lies the future birth;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
 Hope's patient smile shall wondering view;
 Or mock her fond credulity,
 As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, *delicious tear!*²
 The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
 The promised verdant shoot appear,
 And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

¹ Up the hill-side; and now 'tis *buried deep* (233 Nightingale 8. 7)

² Full often dropping a *delicious tear*, (291 Oh! how 13)

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring!
 Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
 Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
 Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
 Unsullied from their darksome grave,
 And thy soft petals silvery light
 In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
 Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
 And bid her thus her hopes entrust,
 And watch with patient, *cheerful eye*; ¹

And bear the long, *cold*,² wintry night,
 And bear her own *degraded* ² doom,
 And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
 Eternal Spring! shall burst the gloom.

¹ Thee for enlivening all the *cheerful eyes* (43 Sleep 17)

² *Degraded, cold*, upon the sodden ground (451 Fall Hyp. 1. 322)

SONNET WRITTEN AT WOODSTOCK,
IN THE COUNTY OF KILKENNY,
THE SEAT OF WILLIAM TIGHE.

June 30, 1809.

SWEET, pious Muse! whose chastely graceful form
Delighted oft amid these shades to stray,
To their loved master breathing many a lay
Divinely soothing; oh! be near to charm
For me the languid hours of pain, and warm
This heart depressed with one inspiring ray
From such bright visions as were wont to play
Around his favoured brow, when, to disarm
The soul subduing powers of mortal ill,
Thy soft voice lured him "to his ivyed seat,"
"His classic roses," or "his *heathy* hill;" ¹
Or by yon "trickling fount" delayed his feet
Beneath his own dear oaks, when, present still,
The *melodies of Heaven* thou didst unseen repeat.²

¹ Of river sides, and woods, and *heathy* waste, (91 End. 2. 303)
Cp. 281. 6.

² In melodies that even *Heaven* fair (289 As from 10)

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON.
WHICH FLOWERED AT WOODSTOCK.

December, 1809.

ODOURS of Spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;
And, mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
Shall see her charms no more.

No, no, this anguish cannot last!
 Beloved friends, adieu!
 The bitterness of death were past,
 Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
 That rends my soul from life,
 That soul, which seems on you to hang
 Through each convulsive strife,
 Even now, with agonizing grasp
 Of terror and regret,
 To all in life its love would clasp
 Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark!
 Thus mortally opprest?
 Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
 And bid thy terrors rest;

Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust:—
Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye! who sooth the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer:—
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear,

Whose kindness (though far far removed)
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!

Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

The concluding poem of this collection was the last ever composed by the author, who expired at the place where it was written, after six years of protracted malady, on the 24th of March, 1810, in the thirty-seventh year of her age. Her fears of death were perfectly removed before she quitted this scene of trial and suffering; and her spirit departed to a better state of existence, confiding with heavenly joy in the acceptance and love of her Redeemer.

IF on this earth she passed in mortal guise,
 A short and painful pilgrimage, shall we
 Her sad survivors grieve, that Love divine
 Removed her timely to perpetual bliss?—
 Thou art not lost!—in chastest song and pure
 With us still lives thy virtuous mind, and seems
 A beacon for the weary soul, to guide
 Her safely through Affection's winding path,
 To that eternal mansion gained by thee!

W. T.

NOTES.

Page 251.—Written at Waltrim, the seat of the Reverend M. Sandys, who had lately lost a beloved child.

Page 269.—This, with some other poems, belong to a novel written by Mrs. H. Tighe, and which is now in the possession of the editor.

Page 278.—The myrtle was planted by the author's aunt Mary, at West-Aston, the seat of Thomas Acton, esq. in the county of Wicklow. The "beloved brother" was the author's father, the Reverend William Blachford, who died after a very short illness in the meridian

of life, a few months after the birth of his daughter. The myrtle was destroyed by frost in the winter of 1807, notwithstanding the care of Mrs. Acton, who is addressed in this poem by her christian name of Sydney.

Page 281.—The story of Bryan Byrne is founded upon facts which were related to the author in the autumn of 1798: though the circumstances may not have happened in the exact manner which is recorded in the poem, yet it gives but too faithful a picture of the sentiments and conduct of those days. It is certain that at that period several unarmed persons, report says above twenty, were put to death by the troops near Wicklow, to retaliate the murder of many loyalists, and particularly of the three brothers mentioned in this ballad.

Page 283.—Clough, the place at which Colonel Walpole was killed, and his detachment defeated by the rebels.

THE END.

INDICES

INDEX OF PARALLEL PASSAGES

(Arranged according to the chronological order of the works of Keats, as established by Miss Amy Lowell. References to Keats are by page and line and by page, stanza and line except with the dramas where reference is by page, act, scene and line. References to Mrs. Tighe's poems are by page and line and to the "Psyche" are by Canto, stanza and line.)

	<i>1812-1814</i>	
	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>Imitation of Spenser</i>	21. 2	II 47. 6
	21. 10, 11	II 23. 4
	22. 16	252. 1
	22. 27	VI 13. 9
<i>Fill for Me a Brimming Bowl</i>	283. 14, 15	III 24. 3, 4, 6
		III 68. 8
	283. 9	II 33. 7
	284. 20	I 56. 2
	284. 23, 24	238. 2, 4
<i>On Death</i>	283. 1. 2, 3	225. 9-11
	283. 2. 3	III 30. 6
		268. 2
		293. 6
<i>Sonnet: To Byron</i>	285. 14	VI 10. 9
	<i>1815</i>	
<i>Sonnet: On Peace</i>	284. 3	III 36. 8; 37. 1
		237. 5
<i>To Hope</i>	20. 1, 2, 4, 5	276. 3-9, 12-14; 277. 9
	20. 21	III 40. 1
	20. 5, 6, 23, 29, 30	V 9. 4; 10. 7; 11. 6
	21. 36	III 24. 5
<i>Ode to Apollo</i>	286, 287. 3. 2, 4; 4. 4, 6; 6. 3, 4	V 38. 1, 2, 5
	287. 6. 5; 7. 2	V 31. 2
		V 1. 9
	287. 6. 6	III 51. 9

1815 (Continued)

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>Woman! When I Behold Thee</i>	22. 4	V 13. 6
	23. 18	II 27. 2
		III 23. 5
		III 46. 8
	23. 28	VI 11. 9; 51. 8
<i>To Some Ladies</i>	15. 2	IV 57. 9
	15. 4	V 38. 8
	16. 17	253. 5
	16. 20, 23	I 21. 2; VI 47. 2
<i>On Receiving a Curious Shell</i>	16. 6	VI 27. 3
	17. 17	III 14. 1
	17. 20, 44	228. 4; 233. 13
	17. 34	IV 53. 3
<i>Epistle to Geo. F. Mathew</i>	24. 11	239. 3
	25. 37-45	I 2. 1-4
	26. 92	I 21. 2; VI 47. 2
1816		
<i>To Georgiana A. Wylie</i>	18. 12	II 24. 5
	19. 26	I 27. 6
	19. 57-59	III 9. 1
<i>Sonnet: How Many Bards</i>	35. 3	219. 5
<i>Specimen of an Induction</i>	9. 4-6	274. 3, 4
	9. 8	284. 7
	9. 20	233. 9
	10. 47	Introd. 1. 2
	10. 56	III 1. 2
<i>Calidore</i>	13. 65	VI 22. 2
	13. 70	I 49. 3
	13. 74	V 1. 9
	13. 83, 101, 103	V 2. 3
	13. 91	VI 42. 5
	14. 106	III 31. 9
	14. 109-114	III 8. 7; 9. 1, 2, 6; 20. 1-3; 21. 1, 2, 6, 7
	14. 142	V 57. 3
	14. 143	IV 58. 2
	15. 159, 160	V 13. 2

1816 (Continued)

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>I Stood Tiptoe</i>	3. 12	I 1. 6
		227. 1, 2, 5, 6
	4. 48, 55	III 15. 3, 8, 9
	4. 55, 56	III 37. 9
	5. 97	VI 51. 1
	6. 147	I 45. 1
	7. 169	V 45. 9
	8. 188	III 3. 9
	8. 224	V 44. 4, 7
<i>Sonnet: Oh, How I Love</i>	291. 1	V 2. 2
	291. 7	264. 9
	291. 13	304. 13
<i>Epistle to My Brother George</i>	26. 6	II 15. 2
	27. 33	I 45. 2
	27. 50	233. 8
	28. 69	293. 16
	29. 102	VI 3. 8
	29. 124	V 34. 9; 35. 1, 2
<i>Epistle to Chas. C. Clarke</i>	30. 12	III 23. 1
	31. 39	I 13. 9
		I 41. 7
		VI 48. 5
	32. 93	I 11. 4
	33. 116	V 27. 6
<i>Sonnet: On Chapman's Homer</i>	39. 7	II 43. 6
	39. 10	I 30. 3
<i>Sonnet: To the Ladies</i>	288. 14	V 12. 8
<i>Sonnet: Addressed to Haydon</i>	40. 4	V 27. 6
		III 13. 9
<i>Sonnet: Keen, Fitful Gusts</i>	38. 6	IV 8. 8
<i>Sleep and Poetry</i>	43. 11	II 20. 2
	43. 17	305. 12
	44. 48-55	II 46. 9
		VI 58. 9

1816 (Continued)

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>Sleep and Poetry</i> (Continued)	45. 105	III 1. 7
	45. 106	IV 49. 5
	46. 113	III 43. 9
	47. 165	225. 3
	48. 223	I 3. 3
	49. 263	295. 9
	49. 265	225. 3
	50. 298, 299	II 13. 9; 14. 7
	51. 348	VI 27. 10
	52. 377	238. 7
	53. 401	I 41. 1
<i>Stanzas to Miss Wylie</i>	290. 4. 1	III 17. 6
		II 19. 1, 2
	290. 4. 2	273. 1
<i>Sonnet: As from the Darkening Gloom</i>	289. 10	306. 14
<i>Sonnet: Had I a Man's Fair Form</i>	34. 3	IV 3. 2; 44. 5
	34. 11	248. 4
1817		
<i>Dedication: To Leigh Hunt</i>	2. 4	I 62. 1
<i>Sonnet: Written at the End of 'The Floure and the Lefe'</i>	292. 7	V 4. 1
<i>Sonnet: To Haydon, on seeing the Elgin Marbles</i>	293. 2. 8	VI 44. 3, 5, 6.
<i>Endymion</i>	57. 1. 7	I 21. 5-9
	57. 1. 17	II 50. 2
	58. 1. 61	IV 16. 5
	59. 1. 84	I 2. 1-4
	59. 1. 97	V 18. 3
	61. 1. 156	291. 13
	63. 1. 224	V 34. 2
	63. 1. 255	261. 7
	64. 1. 291	VI 51. 6
	66. 1. 357	II 39. 5
	66. 1. 365	I 25. 5

1817 (Continued)

<i>Endymion</i> (Continued)	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
	66. 1. 368	V 57. 1, 2
		291. 10
	66. 1. 378	I 16. 5
	66. 1. 379	VI 40. 5
	68, 69. 1. 436-449	IV 21. 2, 3
	71. 1. 539	I 29. 9
	71. 1. 543	V 56. 2, 3
	72. 1. 220, 221	III 44. 6, 7
		VI 9. 8
	72. 1. 568, 571	IV 41. 6
	73. 1. 594-603	II 23. 5
	76. 1. 734	IV 3. 2; IV 44. 5
	76. 1. 742	I 21. 2; VI 47. 2
	77. 1. 763, 764	I 39. 1-3
	78. 1. 810	VI 53. 4
	81. 1. 943	228. 2
	85. 2. 85	IV 41. 2
	86. 2. 119	299. 1, 3
	88. 2. 196	II 30. 5
	89. 2. 241-243	III 56. 3, 4, 6
	90. 2. 255	IV 39. 7
	91. 2. 303	306. 11; 281. 6
	92. 2. 322	II 30. 7
	94. 2. 378	I 10. 4
	94. 2. 405	I 15. 1
	94. 2. 406	Introd. 1. 6
	95. 2. 414	274. 12
	97. 2. 496	IV 8. 8
	100. 2. 601	220. 2, 3, 4
	103. 2. 683	II 29. 3
	104. 2. 712	VI 53. 9
	104. 2. 733	IV 54. 2
	105. 2. 756	VI 6. 3
	106. 2. 810	VI 48. 7, 8
	107. 2. 848	301. 12
	108. 2. 872. 2	III 23. 8; 25. 3-5
	108. 2. 878	V 56. 1, 4
	110. 2. 929	III 23. 8; 25. 3-5
	112. 3. 2, 3, 6	VI 33. 2; 34. 1
	114. 3. 75, 76	I 1. 9
	115. 3. 92	II 22. 9
	115. 3. 94, 95	VI 50. 7-9
	118. 3. 225	IV 39. 3

1817 (Continued)

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>Endymion</i> (Continued)	119. 3. 281	IV 9. 2
	120. 3. 292	Introd. 5. 8
	121, 122. 3. 358, 368,	
	371	V 55. 9; 56. 1
	122. 3. 359	VI 50. 7-9
	123. 3. 409	VI 13. 6
	123. 3. 410	IV 44. 4
	123. 3. 421, 422	III 24. 3
	123. 3. 430	Introd. 5. 8
	123. 3. 430	II 30. 7
	124. 3. 462	III 56. 7
	125. 3. 493	V 58. 7
	125. 3. 502	IV 12. 6
	127. 3. 561	I 52. 1
	127. 3. 565	II 47. 8
	131. 3. 722	284. 11
	132. 3. 753	VI 34. 9
	132. 3. 767	I 3. 3
	133. 3. 772	V 2. 6
	133. 3. 783	IV 13. 3
	135. 3. 865	239. 1
	138. 3. 968	I 37. 5
	138. 3. 985	III 47. 8
	140. 3. 1028	I 16. 7
	140. 3. 1028, 1029	IV 45. 1, 3
	140. 3. 1028	234. 10
	142. 4. 65	V 57. 3; 60. 4
	142. 4. 67	VI 41. 3
	145. 4. 163	VI 5. 4
	146. 4. 176	243. 3
	146. 4. 189	I 36. 2
	150. 4. 341	240. 4
	153. 4. 470	II 18. 9
	157. 4. 607	II 10. 2
	159. 4. 666	II 3. 5
	160. 4. 723	III 30. 6
	163. 4. 815	V 34. 5
	164. 4. 860	III 35. 1, 3
	164. 4. 860	III 35. 1
	166. 4. 939	III 46. 3
<i>Unfelt, Unheard, Unseen</i>	295. 2. 4	240. 5

	<i>Keats</i> 1818	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>A Draught of Sunshine</i>	305. 39	V 1. 1
<i>Isabella</i>	196. 9. 5 199. 18. 2 203. 35. 1 204. 35. 4, 5 205. 41. 5 206. 43. 3 207. 50. 8 208. 52. 1	IV 57. 3 III 23. 1 VI 20. 4, 7 II 24. 1, 2 264. 11 III 3. 9 II 14. 4 IV 42. 9 III 8. 9; V 20. 3
<i>Extracts from an Opera: The Stranger</i>	310. 4. 1	III 8. 9; V 20. 3
<i>The Castle Builder</i>	299. 39	I 60. 2
<i>Epistle to J. H. Reynolds</i>	316. 62 317. 65	I 3. 3 I 3. 3
<i>To Ailsa Rock</i>	325. 2	V 49. 3
<i>Sonnet: Written in the Cottage Where Burns Was Born</i>	325. 4	II 10. 1
<i>Lines written in the Highlands</i>	328. 46	VI 41. 9
<i>Sonnet: On Hearing the Bag-pipe</i>	330. 2, 6, 7	V 4. 8; 5. 7, 8
<i>Sonnet: Written on the Top of Ben Nevis</i>	333. 2, 3, 4, 10	VI 20. 1; 21. 8
<i>Fancy</i>	238. 47 239. 84-87	V 12. 5 I 5. 4, 5
<i>I Had a Dove</i>	345. 4	V 2. 7
	1819	
<i>Hyperion</i>	250. 1. 20, 21 250. 1. 36 250. 1, 37, 42, 43 250. 1. 44 251. 1. 64	286. 16; 290. 7, 8 II 26. 8 IV 36. 6-9 VI 11. 2 227. 1, 2, 5, 6

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
	1819 (Continued)	
<i>Hyperion</i> (Continued)	251. 1. 72-74	I 43. 8, 9
	252. 1. 104	IV 26. 6
	254. 1. 159, 165, 167	290. 9-11
	257. 1. 249	284. 8, 12
	265. 2. 114	I 1. 9
	266. 2. 127	III 46. 1
	270. 2. 262	234. 5
	271. 2. 286, 287	III 37. 3, 6, 8
	271. 2. 305	220. 2, 3, 4
	273. 2. 354	VI 13. 2, 3
	273. 2. 371	II 23. 8
	275. 3. 26	I 39. 1-3
	275. 3. 12	234. 10
	275. 3. 41	I 18. 7
	277. 3. 94	IV 24. 3
	279. 3. 131	II 17. 8
<i>The Eve of St. Agnes</i>	212. 1. 7	III 48. 8, 9
	212. 2. 4	VI 15. 3
	212. 2. 7	Introd. 1. 2
	213. 4. 2; 5. 1	VI 27. 1, 2
	213. 4. 6	III 26. 1; 27. 5
	214. 6. 2	V 1. 1
	214. 6. 7	I 27. 6
	215. 9. 7	IV 34. 8
	218. 16. 1	IV 54. 6
	218. 17. 4	I 60. 2
	219. 18. 3	IV 21. 1
	219. 19. 5	IV 40. 2-4
	221. 22. 9; 23. 1-9	III 33. 3-7; 34. 1, 5
	222. 26. 4-6	I 25. 7-9
	223. 27. 3	261. 7
	224. 31. 1	228. 6
	225. 32. 1	V 54. 3
	226. 36. 4	VI 16. 8
		VI 21. 4
	227. 38. 1	I 61. 4
	227. 38. 1	VI 58. 2
	228. 40. 4	III 13. 9
		267. 4

1819 (Continued)

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>The Eve of St. Mark</i>	341. 69 342. 117	229. 11 I 32. 8
<i>Spenserian Stanzas on Chas. Armitage Brown</i>	352. 1. 1	IV 19. 5, 6
<i>Sonnet: As Hermes Once Took etc. . . .</i>	349. 13, ^r 14	224. 6-8
<i>La Belle Dame sans Merci</i>	354. 3. 3 355. 5. 1; 8. 2; 356. 12. 4 356. 10. 1, 2; 11. 1 356. 10. 4 356. 11. 2 355. 9. 2; 11. 3	I 29. 2 III 5. 1; 13. 2; 17. 6; 22. 1; 22. 9; 24. 4-5; 32. 8 III 11. 9 V 2. 3 III 62. 4 300. 15
<i>Sonnet: To Sleep</i>	344. 1-5	II 54. 1-5
<i>Ode to Psyche</i>	235. 2 235. 8 235. 8 235. 11 235. 16 235. 21 235. 22, 23 236. 30, 50 236. 31, 45 236. 32 236. 46, 47 236. 51 236. 53 237. 66 237. 66 233. 1. 3 233, 234. 2. 5, 6, 10 234. 3. 1-4 234. 3. 1-5	I 1. 8 III 40. 6 III 37. 2 VI 43. 6 I 3. 2 VI 53. 6 III 23. 8; 25. 3-5 II 1. 1, 2; 3. 1, 5 I 37. 2 V 34. 5 235. 4 IV 21. 1, 7, 8 III 48. 8, 9 I 1. 4 III 15. 3, 8, 9 III 35. 4 IV 21. 1, 7, 8 II 18. 1, 3 Introd. 4. 2 VI 54. 1, 2 I 21. 5-9 II 1. 1, 2; 3. 1, 5
<i>Ode on a Grecian Urn</i>		

1819 (Continued)

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>Ode on a Grecian Urn</i> (Continued)	233, 234. 1. 5; 5. 2, 4 234. 3. 7 234. 4. 1-3 234. 4. 10; 5. 9 234. 5. 3	VI 38. 7-9 III 33. 3 I 33. 1, 2 228. 10-14 VI 54. 9
<i>Ode on Melancholy</i>	247. 1. 7	I 53. 2
<i>Ode to a Nightingale</i>	230. 1. 1, 2 230. 1. 3 232. 6. 6; 7. 9; 3. 1, 6; 230. 1. 1-3; 233. 8. 5; 6. 1 230. 1. 5 230. 1. 5, 6 230. 1. 7 231. 3, 9, 10 231. 4. 10 231. 5. 6 232. 6. 1 232. 8. 3, 4 233. 8. 7 233. 8. 9	Intro. 4. 3; VI 16. 2, 9 259. 16 IV 21. 1, 6, 7, 8; 22. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9; 23. 4 II 8. 3 II 1. 1, 2; 3. 1, 5 VI 42. 3 VI 27. 4 III 35. 1 251. 6 III 13. 9 267. 4 225. 1, 3 304. 3 I 31. 1, 3, 9; 32. 1
<i>Ode on Indolence</i>	347. 3. 6 347. 3. 5, 6	I 1. 9 III 52. 1
<i>Lamia</i>	172. 1. 36 172. 1. 47, 57, 58 172. 1. 52, 53, 70 172. 1. 65 173. 1. 90 174. 1. 134 174. 1. 135 176. 1. 181 176. 1. 181 176. 1. 181 176. 1. 189 178. 1. 268	IV 44. 5; IV 3. 2 III 51. 9 I 17. 3, 4 Intro. 5. 8 V 17. 6 IV 14. 8 VI 48. 3 Intro. 1. 8 VI 48. 4 I 41. 4 III 34. 2-4; 35. 1 Intro. 1. 9 I 31. 7 VI 52. 2

1819 (Continued)

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>Lamia</i> (Continued)	181. 1. 397	IV 21. 2; 236. 13
	182. 2. 13-21	II 10. 6-9; 11. 1-3
	185. 2. 84	235. 4
	185. 2. 91	V 16. 6
	188. 2. 149	231. 1
	188. 2. 171	257. 3
	190. 2. 236	VI 34. 9
	192. 2. 309	235. 7
<i>Otho the Great</i>	365. 1. 1. 27	III 14. 7
	370. 1. 2. 36	IV 24. 5
	373. 1. 2. 148	285. 4
	375. 1. 3. 7	II 34. 8
	381. 2. 1. 57, 58	274. 1
	381. 2. 1. 58	IV 33. 7
	393. 3. 2. 66	III 52. 2; IV 11. 4
	395. 3. 2. 131	III 23. 6
	398. 3. 2. 230	302. 2
	403. 4. 1. 109	VI 26. 3
	406. 4. 2. 3	I 37. 6
	414. 5. 3. 1, 4	243. 12
		259. 15
	415. 5. 4. 24	IV 13. 8
	416. 5. 4. 40	II 30. 7
	416. 5. 4. 43	II 30. 7
	418. 5. 5. 22	I 13. 9; 41. 2; VI 48. 5
	418. 5. 5. 47	VI 47. 3, 7
<i>A Party of Lovers</i>	437. 1	VI 9. 9
<i>Ode to Autumn</i>	246. 2. 7	225. 1, 2
	246. 3. 10	252. 5
<i>The Fall of Hyperion</i>	446. 1. 105	I 33. 7
	451. 1. 322	305. 13, 14
	452. 1. 372, 373	I 43. 8, 9
	455. 1. 459	229. 6
<i>Lines to Fanny</i>	439. 36	III 42. 6, 7
	439. 40	234. 14
<i>Ode to Fanny</i>	343. 2. 6	II 5. 4
		I 28. 2

1819 (Continued)

	<i>Keats</i>	<i>Tighe</i>
<i>Ode to Fanny</i> (Continued)	344. 5. 2 344. 7. 8	III 47. 8 V 53. 9
<i>King Stephen</i>	429. 2. 31 431. 3. 10 432. 4. 11	VI 37. 9 IV 42. 4 III 13. 1, 2
<i>The Cap and Bells</i>	466. 19. 4 472. 42. 8 474. 48. 3 477. 58. 5 477. 58. 5 482. 77. 9 482. 77. 9 485. 88. 4	IV 42. 2 VI 9. 9 VI 4. 2 II 22. 9 VI 39. 1, 9 263. 7 I 40. 1, 3, 6 V 44. 4, 7 V 7. 3

INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES FROM KEATS

aching Time, pg. 227
 aerie, 204
 aery steep, 204
 aged form, 117
 aged priest, 64
 ah . . . whither, 228
 airy texture, 80
 alabaster steed, 79
 altar, 25
 Ambition, 101
 ambrosial, 203
 amorous zephyr, 273
 angry brows, 129
 anxious fears, 140
 ardent, 82
 arms embraced, 205
 as she was wont, 225
 athwart, 10
 at one glance, 151
 attentive ear, 81
 averted faces, 137
 azure clear, 185

 balm, 277
 beaminess, 109
 beauties, 22
 beauties, rare, 29
 beauty . . . pine, 192
 beauty's queen, 15, 29, 203
 Beauty's self, 58
 bell, 123
 billows rude, 103
 blandishment, 5
 blazing, 204
 bleak-grown pines, 120
 bloom, 173
 bosoms bare, 98
 bowed head, 286

bowl, 87
 breezy sky, 183
 briared path, 90
 bright torch, 54
 broken faith, 285
 bubbling . . . keel, 185
 buried deep, 304
 bursting forth, 126
 busy world, 123, 236

can e'er return, 228
 canopy, 87
 casement, 123
 castle gloomy, 190
 cavern's mouth, 133
 censor, 99
 charmed, 30
 cheated eye, 240
 cheated soul, 229
 cheerful eyes, 305
 cheerly, 243
 cherub, 253
 choir, virgin, 27, 162
 cœrulean sky, 185
 cold dews, 181
 cooling covert, 70
 couch, 235
 courteous knight, 82
 covert branches, 10
 covert, cooling, 70
 coward, 51
 craggy, 189
 crest, 100
 crowns, 162
 cruel pain, 184

darkling, 81, 267
 day of doom, 50

- dazzled, 56
 dazzling, 100
 deep-drawn sighs, 132
 deep repose, 187, 189
 deformity, 51
 degraded, cold, 305
 delicious tear, 304
 delighted fancy, 219
 deliverer, 35
 dell, 91
 denizen of heaven, 68, 208
 desert of the world, 302
 desert wild, 299
 despairing heart, 61
 doomed to die, 284
 dove, 91, 93
 dove, happy, 45
 dove-like, 173
 dove's nest, 43, 93
 downcast eye, 151
 downy, 86
 dreamed, 301
 dream, waking, 24
 drowsy gloom, 189
 drowsy numbness, 187
 Dryad, 234

 earth is glad, 97
 ease your pain, 181
 eglantine, 251
 empty air, 196
 enamoured, 27
 enchanting tale, 184
 enraptured, 164
 enthusiast's, 164
 envy, 49
 eternal spring, 17
 ethereal, 150
 ever new, 19
 expire, 87
 eyes he bent, 203

 face hid, 87
 fading rose, 23
 fainting, 93, 200, 299
 fair youth, 206

 fancy, 95, 225
 fancy's ear, 240
 fans, 28
 fearful roar, 80
 feast, 153
 feathery sails, 199
 fierce agony, 135
 fixed eyes, 58, 86, 98
 float, 145
 flowery, 10
 flowery band, 19
 flute, 234
 flutes, 27
 foam and roar, 220
 folding doors, 33
 fondly . . . softly, 54
 fragrant . . . beauty, 264
 fright a Dryad, 234

 gallant, 142
 gaped wide, 106
 gazed and sighed, 77
 gentle heart, 114, 135
 gentle knight, 5
 gentle soul, 54
 gentle spirit, 75
 glistening eye, 200
 glossy hair, 57
 glowing hand, 228
 golden curl, 56
 golden sands, 19, 202
 golden string, 80
 golden tresses, 53
 grassy slopes, 295
 green recess, 18
 green, sloping, 29, 92, 203
 grotto, sounding, 173
 groves, 98

 half-hidden, 21
 happier hour, 62
 happy dove, 45
 happy lot, 49
 harmonies, 98
 heathy, 281, 306
 heaven blue, 80

- helmeted, 134
 hollow eyes, 120
 holy priest, 162
 holy shrine, 25
 hope, 95
 horrors, 243, 259
 human shape, 199

 idiot, 195
 incense, 99
 infant . . . rebel, 284

 jetty, 252

 knight, gentle, 5
 knights, ladies, 5

 lake, placid, 17
 languid eyes, 183
 languid mazes, 86
 languid paces, 87
 latest breath, 293
 lifted hands, 60
 lightning plays, 52
 light-winged, 200
 listening, 131
 lonely hours, 145
 lore, Muses', 37
 lore of love, 5
 lost repose, 171
 love, lore of, 5
 lovely bride, 39, 208
 lustre, 17, 57, 264
 lyre, 160, 164

 magical powers, 228, 233
 magic . . . charm, 263
 magic . . . potent, 198
 majesty, 290
 marble, 198
 massy . . . gold, 192
 mazy footsteps, 141
 melancholy, 122
 melancholy storm, 224
 melodies, 98
 melted from . . . sight, 229

 melting softness, 87
 midnight, 123, 235
 morning's eye, 201
 mossy tread, 92
 mother . . . comfort, 286
 mother's breast, 180
 mountains black and bare, 199
 mournful Psyche, 35
 mournful throng, 27
 Muses' lore, 37
 music, sweet, 10
 music winged, 93
 myrtle, 14

 near allied, 134
 nimble, 204
 nimble tread, 96

 O bliss, 205
 ocean-cliff, 103
 O let me hear, 60
 onward went, 119
 open plains, 158
 opiate, 123, 259

 paining, 91
 pale, 120
 pale cheek, 9
 pale lip, 80
 pallid, 91
 pallid cheek, 173, 291
 panting, 91
 panting fountains, 202
 partial friend, 239
 pathless wood, 81, 158
 pay their vows, 204
 peerless bride, 133
 phantom, 225
 pillow, 76
 pines, 92
 pinions, 150
 pity, 192
 placid, 93
 placid brow, 237
 placid eye, 173
 placid lake, 17, 134, 234

- plaintive, 123
 playful mood, 284
 pleasant shore, 234
 plumage bright, 56
 plumed, 134
 poppied, 261
 poppy coronet, 192
 portals . . . closing, 151
 portals opened wide, 31
 potent charm, 56
 pressure, 16
 priest, aged, 64
 prized, dearly, 52
 purple couch, 21

 radiance, 150
 radiance . . . blend, 205
 rank . . . forest, 96
 ravished ears, 24, 205
 ravished eyes, 23, 47
 ravished heavens, 164
 ravishing his heart, 146
 ravishment, 31
 recess, green, 18
 reconciling words, 257
 red-breast, 252
 reflected in a lake, 233
 remembrance, 95
 remembrance dear, 9
 resting place, 301
 revelry, 192
 ringlets, 39
 roaring, 120
 rose refreshed, 29
 rove, 82
 rude mockery, 86
 rugged path, 90, 268, 293
 rustling leaves, 117

 sacred fire, 162
 sacrifice, 25
 sage advice, 119
 sandy plain, 59
 sat smiling, 239
 sea-fowls' screams, 169
 searching eye, 291

 secret bowers, 231
 secret grief, 23, 238
 serene . . . sky, 167
 shelving, 173
 shrine, holy, 25
 sigh that silence heaves, 227
 sigh . . . silence, 9
 silent plumes, 93
 silken scarf, 79, 155
 silver streaks, 233
 Sleep, soft, 55
 sleep, soothest, 72
 sloping green, 29, 92, 203
 slow degrees, 186
 slumbers, 167
 slumbrous rest, 123
 slumbery, 5
 smiling day, 40
 smoke, 25
 snow, bed of, 57
 snowy side, 98
 soft embrace, 182
 softly breathe, 138
 softly sigh, 83
 soft . . . melting, 139
 softness, 109
 soft warble, 234
 solemn vow, 82
 solitary hearth, 277
 soothed, 167
 soothed eyelids, 29, 167
 soothest sleep, 72
 soothing, 93
 sorrow, 290
 sounding grotto, 173
 sovereign eyes, 151
 spotless, 164
 spring, eternal, 17
 spurn, 125
 starry crown, 120, 153
 stature tall, 85
 steeped in dew, 248
 sterile, 173
 strain, 98, 164
 stranger, 147

succour the distressed, 90
sudden . . . thought, 140
sullen waves, 220
sullen . . . wind, 274
summer's eve, 146
summer's night, 14
surge, 103
sweet Hope, 277
sweet relief, 238
swelling, 238
swift as thought, 101
swims, 24, 133

tedious hours, 130
thorny brake, 174
thousand guests, 88
thrall, 146
throne of gold, 17
tidings, 125
timid lips, 141
tinsel, 195
tooth, 119
torch, bright, 54
torches glare, 85
towers, 103, 162
trance, 146
tranced, 30
transient, 225
trappings, 79
trembled, 10
trodden, 206
truth, 228
'Twas love, 134
twined flowers, 225

uncertain path, 121
unnerved arm, 172

unsullied, 154
untrodden, 9, 82
urn . . . beauty, 66

vale, 93
vaporous, 189
velvet leaves, 274
vengeful force, 197
venom, 119
verdant hill, 68
vile impostor, 148
virgin choir, 27, 162
vision, 24, 225
visions, 133
visions of delight, 145
voice, 123
voice divine, 184, 204

waking dream, 24
wand, 274
wandering, 147
warble, 234
warblings, 145, 160
weaving, 146
weet, 122
wept for thee, 50
white-handed, 75
wild wood, 68
winding flood, 173
winged boy, 87
withered lips, 132
woe, 290, 301
wonder, 31

Zephyr breathes, 28
zone, 11

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